

# SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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## THE STREET-VENDERS OF NEW YORK.



THE TOOTH-POWDER MAN.

THERE is a certain prejudice extant in the world against peddlers. Those ancient and vagabond traders who tarried on their way to Egypt, and invested twenty pieces of silver in a kidnapped Israelitish youth, are not held in saintliest remembrance. Autolycus, the Bohemian rascal whom Shakespeare paints in such penitentiary colors, sang the praises of his wares and cut the purses of his customers with equal readiness, and then soliloquized,

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enraptured with his own exploits, "Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is!" Even in these modern days many a good and motherly housewife cherishes an unshaken and almost unchristian antipathy against the entire race of peddlers, accounting them intrusive and impertinent and dishonest, and laying I know not what other failings to their charge.

But the difference between the forest wolf and the village dog is scarcely greater than

between the vagrant country peddler, with his pack and staff, and the simple city vender, with his stock of fruits, candies, nuts, or cakes, ranged in a basket or spread on a stand, and with but little choice left save to wait with honest patience for the chinking coins that the swift current of passers-by tosses now and then upon his little commercial beach. The sidewalk dealers who make merchandise of toys or tooth-picks, photographs or flowers, knives or neck-ties, gloves or eye-glasses, balloons or sleeve-buttons, find extortion a losing game, and can only hope to arrest an occasional purchaser by the extraordinary cheapness of their wares. The deep-voiced "licensed venders," whose well-filled carts of fruit or vegetables stand along the curb-stone or slowly traverse the side-streets, are compelled by the keen rivalry of hundreds of fellow-venders to keep their charges within reasonable bounds, however suspiciously small their quart measures may sometimes appear. Furthermore, well-trained city servants do not trust these street purveyors beyond the kitchen door, and they thus escape the temptation that so easily besets their roving country cousins to "convey," as Ancient Pistol smoothly puts it. Even the newsboy, at once the least, the shrillest, and the keenest of the street-vending race, is so hedged about in these latter days with lodging-house comforts and good influences, that his conduct brings no discredit on his older and staidier *confrères* in the picayune traffic of the sidewalk.

Though the street-venders of New York are doubtless by nature quite as depraved as their fellow-beings, they have but little chance or enticement to go astray, and are often too old, too ignorant, or too care-worn to practise knavery. No one, with wit or will to play the rascal, ever stoops to the tedious *role* of sidewalk merchant, and the meagre profits of street-vending rarely permit indulgence in that strong drink which kindles such mischief in those a few steps higher in the social scale. Watching a cart or stand or basket from morning until nightfall, and often till long after, is lazy work, but it leaves these sentinels of the street little scope for Satan's proverbial mischief. Very seldom are they

profane, or even vituperative, and, save in the case of an occasional newsboy, I have never known them to quarrel or to break the peace in any way.

Only one instance ever came to my knowledge in which a New York street-vender was undeniably guilty of deliberate swindling. A worthy dame, living in the brown-stone suburb of Yorkville, was once persuaded to make the odd purchase of a canary-bird from a strolling dealer, who swore it was a charming singer. After a week's anxious waiting, its melodious lay suddenly came in the shape of an egg, which at once convicted the feathered innocent of unmusical femininity, and the unscrupulous seller of downright cheating. But such instances of trickery are too rare to blemish the reputation of the street-venders of New York for a fair share of honesty, as well as for commendable devotion to business.

Including the licensed venders, who are, as a rule, of the sterner sex, the masculine element largely preponderates among these curious camp-followers in the army of commerce. Nevertheless, women keep newsstands not infrequently, and little girls, ragged in dress but stout of heart, sell papers every day in Printing House Square, with the gallant approval of chivalrous newsboys; while scores of baskets and stands, and occasional carts, stocked with orderly heaps of fruit or piles of confectionery, are scattered along the more crowded sidewalks, and patiently tended by aged crones, forlorn and wrinkled, or by here and there a matron, slim and anxious-visaged or cheerful and burly-limbed, and once in a while by a younger and comelier dame with a baby in her arms. There are no jaunty and handsome damsels among these feminine dealers, and they are all too carelessly costumed and too old, ugly, or toil-worn to awaken special interest except by their quaint picturesqueness of aspect or surroundings, or by a certain air of humility and unconscious pathos which suggests a saddened and disastrous life.

Old and young are alike enlisted in the street-vending service, from the gray-haired grandsire who, upon a summer's afternoon, falls asleep beside his basket on the shady



"BISMARCK!"

side of Broadway, to the tiny news-girl scarce halfway to her teens, who flits with plaintive cry along the pavement until long after the curfew hour.

The Emerald Isle furnishes a large quota to the ranks of these street-merchants. Many of the shrewdest were born on American soil, while there are not a few Italians and other Europeans among them, with a sprinkling of Chinamen, and here and there a negro. The Chinese deal chiefly in pine-apple candy and in cigars, in which they monopolize the street trade. A negro newsboy would be as great a rarity in New York as a black swan; and very few of the African race venture to engage in ordinary street-vending; but there are many negro women among the mysterious "hot corn" sellers, whose strangely modulated midnight cry, echoing through the deserted streets, is a sound as unearthly and weird as any wild bird's scream.

A certain commercial shrewdness is not altogether wanting in the sidewalk commercial fraternity, especially among the younger vendors, who are quick to profit by a chance for extra sales. Fans and other summer wares come promptly into the street market as soon as the rising mercury touches the figures of the heated term. The news-dealer near St. Patrick's Cathedral, with an eye to pious patronage, stocks his stand on a pleasant Sunday morning with the latest issue of the *Catholic World*. When the war broke out last summer, between France and Prussia, ex-

citing at once the ire and the patriotism of the phlegmatic Teutons, photographs of Bismarck were speedily for sale in all the great German beer-gardens on the Bowery. And upon the afternoon of the eclipse of 1869, newsboys and bootblacks simultaneously forsook the "extra" and the brush, and devoted themselves to selling a brown and vitreous material, in small rectangular pieces, which the urchins, after many futile and comical attempts at nomenclature, concluded to call "'clip' glasses."

Besides the time passed in attention to his business, the street-dealer finds much leisure to spend in cloudy revery, in tranquil chat with a neighbor, in poring over a book or paper, in smoking a soothing pipe, or in dozing. The newsboys are more gregarious and sportive, and the licensed vendors vary the tedium by long excursions in search of household buyers. But it must be confessed that the average existence of the New York street-vender is a somewhat monotonous and uneventful round, however much some of its features may strike the fancy or pique the interest of the curious student of human nature.

The most picturesque of city peddlers are the balloon men, and the most gipsy-like of the tribe is an old Frenchman who haunts Broadway near Union Square, and whose English vocabulary only includes, "Want one?" "Fifteen cent!" "No understand."



"'CLIP' GLASSES!"



THE BALLOON MAN.

He has a lean and wrinkled visage, gray eyes, a bristly tuft of beard upon his chin, and small silver rings in his ears. His attire is a fine linen shirt and a pair of brown trousers, held in place by a stout red cord twisted thrice around his waist and ending in a heavy tassel. Over his shoulder is strapped a black leather bag full of mysterious odds and ends. In slouched hat and loose shoes he shuffles along at a measured pace, with a stoop in his shoulders and a whistle in his mouth, a brown stick grasped in his right hand, and a bunch of stout threads tightly held in his left. These threads are all tied to one end of the stick, and to each is fastened a round red toy balloon, five or six inches in diameter. These float in a huge cluster like a colossal bunch of scarlet grapes or a flock of rosy soap-bubbles, much to the delight of children, and

somewhat to the curiosity of their elders. Half a dozen odd little shriveled reddish-brown pouches are attached to old Pierre's stick, and his whistle is simply a metallic mouth-piece, with which he blows up one of these pouches till it becomes a balloon, full of common air, that speedily escapes again with a small shriek, as if aggrieved at being forced into such uncomfortable quarters.

Fully half the toy-balloons sold in New York are made in Sullivan street, in a dingy little second-story front room, about twelve feet square. This contains a bed, a table, a stove, and all the smaller paraphernalia of a humble household, in addition to the simple apparatus of balloon manufacture. The maker is a Frenchman, with a fierce moustache and a jolly wife, whose favorite expletive is "Good glory!"



"Make *ballon* seventeen year in Paris, tree year in New York," says François. "Make two, tree hundred a day, sometime four hundred."

He shows a red wooden chest full of the little rubber pouches.

"Come from Paris, blow him up, you see."

And he takes a pair of bellows and inflates the limp and dingy little sack into a glossy scarlet sphere, ties the mouth with a cotton thread, and lets it go.

"Fall on the ground, you see. Must put gas in him."

Water, sulphuric acid, and strips of zinc are the materials used to make this gas. The balloons are filled one at a time, a long thread is wound around the mouth of each and securely fastened, and then they are anchored to the table with a tumbler, tied to the back of a chair, or allowed to rise and bump themselves along the ceiling. Three score of these ruby globes, all floating gracefully in the air, lend a rose-colored and picturesque charm even to this forlorn little room and its shabby inmates. A thin coat of liquid isinglass is applied with a brush, to keep the gas from slowly escaping, and when this dries the balloons are ready for the street.

"Four, six, eight men, all French, sell *ballon* now in New York," says François statistically, "and four men make him. I have had one time eleven men to sell *ballon* under me," he adds, and goes on plying his isinglass brush with a complacent air, suavely saying, "*Bon jour !*" as we pick our way from the little apartment.

Returning to Broadway, the seller of another toy straightway catches our eye. On a small camp-stool frame, covered with a piece of gay-colored carpeting, lie seven or eight little wooden clowns, negroes or Chinamen, six inches high, and dressed in white ruffs, blue or scarlet blouses with a gilt stripe, and short red or yellow trousers. Their arms are stiffly stretched out in front, and when they are placed on their heels they forthwith turn an imbecile somersault. They have lungs of some doubtful kind, and when set down smartly they utter a squeak strongly suggestive of a mouse in distress. This pleasing

noise is much aggravated by pulling their heels. The seller employs himself in making them caper and squeal, or in stalking up and down the sidewalk, with his arms folded, and the air of a man whom the world is not using fairly.

Near Prince street, on Broadway, is another toy man with a black beard and melancholy eyes. He sells canes and whips, card-board butterflies mounted on a pair of wheels, round fur hats which reveal a grenadier when lifted and extinguish him again when dropped, and comical little wooden bald-headed school-masters, dangling at the end of a cord, and spanking a stubborn pupil with unwearied patience.

Other toys often sold on the street are Blondin tops, that gyrate on a thread; round gilt bits of trumpery slightly resembling watches; dolls that ride a three-wheeled velocipede in a ring on the sidewalk; and small tin chanticleers, that have cannon-shaped tails or soldiers on their backs, and that utter an absurd little crow, if you blow in the cannon's mouth or through the soldier's cap. Small medallion



THE CHESTNUT MAN.

heads, made of soft rubber, with very black eyes, very red cheeks, and the most preposterous features, are sold by half a dozen young men, who stand for hours pinching the heads into still more ludicrous aspects, and whistling softly in a way to make the unsuspecting passer imagine that the hideous little gutta-percha visage is mysteriously possessed of fine vocal powers.

In the year of the Fremont campaign, an intelligent young Irishman tried to sell some old cents which had accidentally come into his possession, but the coin-dealer would not pay what the young man thought they were worth, and he resolved to offer them to the public himself. Accordingly, to the consternation of his friends, he at once established himself as the first street coin-vender in New York, believing that he could at least make enough to buy a loaf of bread every day, and a pound of beefsteak on Sunday. Fortune favored the young dealer, for the numismatic fever prevailed in 1857, and he surprised every one by clearing fifteen hundred dollars in eighteen months. Considering himself independently rich, he thereupon made a trip to the old country; but on his return he found such an abatement in the rage for coin-collecting, that since then he has only made a modest living as a street-vender of rare, curious, and ancient currency. For many years he stood at the corner of Broadway and Chambers streets, but last summer he migrated and became a Wall street dealer!

He is a man of moderate stature, quiet manner, and pleasant countenance, with short brown beard and moustache, comfortable attire, and a narrow green necktie embroidered with white silk. His coins are fastened in rows with copper tacks upon three small boards, which are covered with white paper, and suspended by loops of twine to the tips of the iron railing near the Treasury Building. There are American coins on one of these boards, European coins on the second, and small silver Roman coins on the third, besides various medals and tokens in a square red, wooden, cord-suspended box, which also contains a little pile of dingy old paper "Continental money," varying in denomination from three pence to eighty dollars, and most of it

made in Pennsylvania, and inscribed with the ominous warning, "To counterfeit is death."

The highest price this vender ever received was paid for a cent of 1799, which brought forty-five dollars on account of its perfectness and rarity. He sold some time ago an album, containing eighteen hundred kinds of postage-stamps, for three hundred and seventy-five dollars, and, in fact, drives a brisker trade of late in stamps than in coins. He also has for sale a very unique collection of "war envelopes," embellished with an infinite variety of patriotic designs. But these sell slowly, and "selling coins," he says, "is just like fishing; you never know when you will have a bite. Some days I don't get a dollar, and again I take fifty dollars in a single afternoon."

The sale of pictures is a noteworthy branch of street trade. The photograph vender has a rack of pink tapes tacked along a large board frame, studded with sun-portraits of the great, the famous, and the notorious—George Washington and Queen Victoria, General Grant and Ida Lewis, the last murderer, and Lydia Thompson, and a thousand more of the worthies and unworthies of the past and present. A dealer near the Custom House spreads his stock of gay French chromos on the railing and the sidewalk, and a youthful Broadway vender, pipe in mouth, patiently watches a pile of steel engravings, placarded as "racing, religious, landscapes, and other scenes."

The most curious street flower-stand in New York is kept on one of the Broadway corners near Wallack's Theatre, by a Union soldier, who, at Atlanta, stopped a Southern bullet with his arm. It is a dark-green, six foot structure, with four small curved legs, meeting in an upright standard, which branches again in two arms, supporting an oval tin-sided box, about a yard long and four inches deep. Through the bottom of this the standard pushes its way three feet into the air, and spreads out in a dozen short, round, hollow branches of tin, inclined upwards at an acute angle. The ex-volunteer is a short, well-made, moustached individual, with black eyes, an intelligent face, and farmer-like attire. He has a little cottage and garden at Union Hill, where he lives with his wife and two babies.

Every pleasant summer afternoon he crosses the Jersey ferry, about five o'clock, with an immense square basket, which looks as if it might hold a giant's champagne bottles. Upon reaching his post, he takes the stand from a neighboring saloon, whose good-natured proprietor allows it storage during the day, and proceeds to make it blossom like the rose, by inserting a plump bouquet in a stiff white paper jacket into each of the hollow arms, and ranging a score or two of smaller nosegays in a row against the tin rim of the oval box. This done, he takes a sprig of evergreen and sprinkles the flowers with sparkling water-drops from a prosaic tin pail, unfolds his favorite evening paper, and seats himself to wait, often till midnight, for flower purchasers enough to exhaust his stock. This nocturnal waiting is no new experience for him, for he is a veteran street florist, and sold flowers on Broadway when Fillmore was President. Twenty years ago he worked at Niblo's Garden, and the flower-boy's profits inspired him with such a floral ambition that he has been a street florist ever since, save during three years of service in the army, including Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and other well-fought fields.

"Times are hard now," he says, regretfully, "and I can hardly make my expenses. 'Tain't like the old days at Niblo's, when there was plenty of gold and silver coin around, and you sold a dozen bouquets where you can't sell one now. Yes," he continues, "there are a good many street florists on Broadway now—Germans, mostly. They spoil the trade, too—live on 'mahogany bread,' as I call it, and a glass of lager, and sell at half-price, and make money at that."

"Do all the street florists raise their own flowers?"

"Most of 'em, except the little girls. They buy 'em of me or other dealers. They make more money than I do, too."

"How is that?"

"Why, when business is dull, I sell 'em for five cents such a little bouquet as this,"—showing one of eight or ten flowers, with a fringe of geranium leaves—"and they just take it to pieces, and make three or four



THE FLOWER-GIRL AT THE ASTOR HOUSE.

little button-hole bouquets, and sell 'em for ten cents a-piece."

"Some of the dealers come early in the afternoon and make their bouquets on the street?"

"Oh, yes; 'specially down by the Astor House, where they keep 'em in glass cases, mostly, the sun is so hot. Sometimes they have a rustic frame to stick 'em in, or a stand like this, with no middle-piece, and a wire rim instead of tin."

"Or they carry them on a board full of small holes?"

"Yes; a little girl mostly carries bouquets in her hand at first, or gets a piece of stiff paste-board, and punches holes through it with a stick; but when she gets richer she buys a bit of board with two or three rows of holes through it."

"Do you sell flowers here in winter?"

"Oh, no, it's too cold. Even if you kept 'em in a glass case they'd turn black most days if you just took 'em out to show. I keep a place in-doors in winter. The best time to sell flowers on the street is in the fall, when the rich people that buy 'em have just got home from the country, and before the frost comes."

As we pass on, thanking our florist for his courtesy, two brown-faced, bare-footed little girls come skipping along, and chattering Italian volubly, one with a small basket on her

arm, and each carrying a little flower-board full of tiny bouquets. A newsboy brushes by them with a rude push. The taller of the two girls looks incensed. The boy grins, and the girl, handing her board to her companion, clenches her little fist and aims a blow at the discourteous urchin, who returns it with a stroke that sends her basket flying, and scatters its leafy contents on the walk. Nothing daunted, the small Amazon launches a sudden kick, which so smites and discomfits her opponent that he retreats in disorder, leaving the frowning victor to pick up her basket, while the smaller girl chuckles gleefully at the result of the fray.

The stroller down Broadway upon a pleasant afternoon can scarcely fail to observe the "resurrection plant" vender, the only dealer of his kind in New York. He is a well-built man of more than medium size, with a sun-tanned visage and iron-gray hair and moustache, and wears a green coat, a black velvet waistcoat, and a stiff straw hat with a black stripe in the brim. His botanical marvels are displayed in an oblong basket, two feet long and twelve inches deep, and surmounted by a placard inscribed:—

*"Resurrection Plant, or Siempre Vive, from Lower California. This beautiful plant will turn from brown to green in twelve hours after put in water."*

The basket is filled with small egg-shaped

bunches of forlorn vegetation: dry roots and faded leaves, apparently withered to utter lifelessness. But here is one of them in a shallow dish, placed on a little shelf at one end of the basket. The roots are immersed in water, and the broad white plate is almost hidden beneath the fresh and spreading clusters of green and fern-like leaves. These strange plants, which may be dried and revived again at pleasure, rarely or never blossom in this part of the world, but on their native and barren mountain-tops they are said to bloom once a year, sending up short and slender stems tipped with clusters of white or scarlet flowers. The vender has sold thousands of these curiosities on Broadway during the last two years—sometimes a hundred in a single day; but lately he is satisfied if he sells a dozen a day, at thirty-five cents a-piece. He also occasionally vends a very extraordinary oval green leaf, about four inches long, with a purple stem and slightly indented edges. Upon hanging this in a shady place, a small green air-plant, with a bunch of white fibrous roots, will spring from each little indentation, grow rapidly, and, if transplanted to a pot of earth, will produce a single small scarlet four-leaved flower.

Very near Union Square is a certain little fruit-stand, well worthy passing note, although it is one of the rudest and frailest of its sort. A low and narrow table, made of brown and

unplaned boards, with notches sawed in the end pieces, to make it stand more firmly; a covering of thick and dingy paper spread over its rough surface; unsavory little heaps of peaches upon two or three shallow tins, such as housewives bake apples in; the whole shaded by an old, ragged, and weather-beaten umbrella lashed to a bit of stick nailed upright to the end of the stand. This is placed on the sidewalk's edge, and close to it is a still smaller contrivance, which may be opened and shut like the frame of a camp-stool, and



THE BLIND SHOE-STRING WOMAN.

which bears a little wooden tray heaped with a small half-bushel of hard green apples. Bits of card-board with the figures 1, 2, and 3, rudely scratched on them in pencil, indicate the prices of these decidedly unattractive specimens of Pomona's gifts.

A single well-directed kick would throw fruit and all into the middle of the street, and a half-eagle would pay for the damage done. And yet from the profits of this little stand a poor Italian, who cannot speak a word of English except the convenient monosyllable, "Yes," has supported himself, his wife, and seven little children for nearly a year. The boy, who keeps the stand in his father's absence, leans against the lamp-post, basking in the sunshine.

He wears a black velvet cap, a thick dark jacket and trousers, and heavy boots, more battered than polished; his short black hair, crisp and curling, and his full, good-natured face, with swarthy cheeks and long eyelashes, indicate his parentage; but he speaks very good English, for his father sent him to this country to spy out the land more than two years ago.

He is shy of talking; but if you buy peaches he will answer questions, and he is soon enticed into telling that he is fourteen years of age, and the oldest of three brothers and four sisters, all of whom live with their parents in a single second-story room in Elizabeth street. Their Italian home was in the country, in view of a distant mountain, "with fire on top of it," and the father kept a small store, and

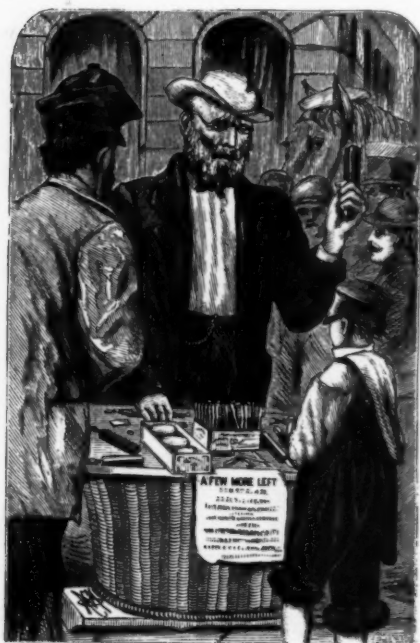


A SOUTH STREET MERCHANT.

sold coffee and spices. But he could not find food for his houseful of little olive branches, and so he came to this country "two or three months before last winter," as the boy oddly phrases it. And ever since he has sold apples, and peaches, and chestnuts, and candies in the streets of the strange city, and gained a more comfortable living for his family from the little stand in free America than from the larger store in sunny Italy.

Another humble alien who fares better here than in his native land is the Chinese candy vender. This brown-faced Asiatic discards his national peculiarities and appears upon the street in ordinary American attire, with his thick black hair cut Christianly short instead of dangling in a long braided cue. His stand is a low frame supporting a wooden





"A FEW MORE LEFT OF THE SAME SORT."

tray with a ragged zinc lining. On it rest two huge round cakes of candy, one white as snow, one yellow as cream, and both smeared over the top with a hard scarlet coating. A stout black-handled, broken-bladed carving-knife and a short heavy hammer serve for breaking these cakes into small angular fragments, about the size of a cubic inch. These pieces fill two tins and half a dozen small cone-shaped bags of brown paper. One cent a piece, or five cents a bag, is the tariff of prices.

"What do you call this?" we inquire.

"Pine-apple candy," is the prompt reply, for our Chinese friend has been here nearly five years and has learned to speak very fair English.

He further tells us that this candy, which he was taught to make in China, is manufactured from water and white or brown sugar, boiled and stirred thoroughly, seasoned with "pine-apple water from a doctor's store," cooled in tin pans in twelve-pound cakes, and coated with the last of the melted sugar, tintured with cochineal. We taste and find

the flavor very pleasant, which seems to be the opinion of others, for the purchasers are many. The smiling vender keeps his stand scrupulously clean with a wet cloth, which he politely offers us to wipe our sticky fingers on, and we come away with an improved opinion of John Chinaman's courtesy and neatness.

The most renowned street-vender in New York, or in the world, is Henry Smith, the "Razor-Strop Man" of Nassau street. Born in England, six months after Waterloo, his youth was roving and dissipated, and his devotion to drink gained him the *sobriquet* of "Old Soaker" before he was twenty-one. Signing the abstinence pledge for a month, and then for life, he became a good husband, an industrious man, and an ardent temperance advocate. In 1842 he sailed in the *Ontario* for America. Landing in New York, he soon began to sell razor-strops, and his street speeches were such droll, witty, and sensible mixtures of prose and poetry, that in three months he made himself the prince of peddlers. His sayings were chronicled in the papers, his portrait was published in the *Sunday Atlas*, and he even appeared for seven nights at the Olympic Theatre in Mitchell's play of the "Razor-Strop Man." His fame rapidly spread, and he made the tour of the Union, teaching temperance and selling his strops, until his characteristic saying, "*A few more left of the same sort*," became a "household word."

He achieved a fortune in a few years; but the spirit of speculation seized him, and the crisis of 1857 swept away his last dollar. With unshaken courage and a fresh basket of strops he began life anew, visited his native England, and won much reputation as a "genuine Yankee peddler." Returning to America, the war found him at Rochester, where he enlisted in a volunteer regiment. In his left leg he still carries a Gettysburg musket-ball. When told that it might be necessary to amputate the limb, he replied, "Well, I suppose I can afford to lose it, as I shall still have one more left of the same sort!" The leg was saved, but the wound disabled him and compelled his return to Rochester, where he served till after the close of the war as recruiting-sergeant,

and in the soldiers' hospital. With a purse from the city, a letter of thanks from the Mayor, and a Zouave uniform from his regiment, the veteran vender returned again to New York and became once more the "Razor-Strop Man" of Nassau street.

Age has whitened his close-cut hair and moustache, and the short growth on his bronzed cheek and chin; and his witty old-time speeches no longer gather crowds of laughing buyers. But his eye still twinkles with kindly shrewdness behind his gold-rimmed spectacles, and his softly spoken, "Here you are, young man!" is often the prelude to a sensible and genial preachment of temperance and the many virtues of the strops, razors, knives, and other wares that overflow his red, white and blue striped "first national basket."

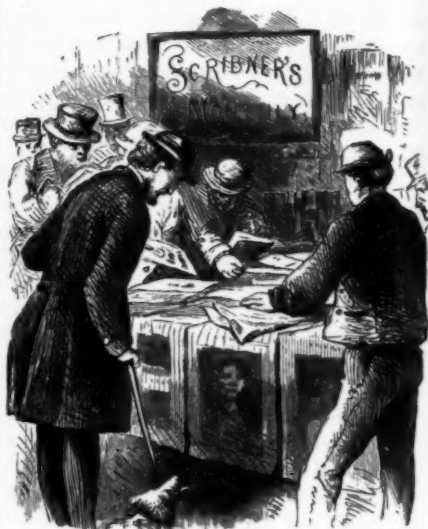
The observant stroller along the highways and byways of the metropolis cannot fail to notice many a street-vender with something curious or amusing in aspect or costume, in the cry that he utters, in the thing that he sells, or in the cart, stand, or other contrivance that contains his wares. Here is a man holding a submissive urchin's nose with tenacious grip, scouring the youngster's teeth with vigorous brush, and proclaiming all the time with persuasive voice the virtues of his mar-

vellous dentifrice. There is a sleepy foreigner selling strong-scented "Tonka Vanilla Mexican" beans out of a square black box, which reposes on a blue tripod with slender iron legs, each ending in a hoof. Here a female Falstaff, with blue bonnet-strings and a ragged, royal purple dress, trimmed with black velvet, vends suspicious cakes and pies, soggy yellow buns, and frightful red tarts, from a stand with a newspaper for a table-cloth, and a green-flowered shade above to shield it from the sun. There a wrinkled old woman in a green sun-bonnet yawns fearfully, takes a pinch of snuff, and then, with a brush of paper strips tied to a stick, drives away the flies from her little sweetmeat-stand, with its jars and boxes and heaps of many-colored confectionery, sticks and caramels and lozenges, and round, rough cakes, red, white, or yellow, of a cocoa-nut sweet-stuff peculiarly characteristic of New York candy-stands. Here is a man with a roll of soft yellow chamois-skins, and a string of still softer sponges; and there is an old woman with a basket of shelled walnuts and diminutive ginger-cakes. Here is a vender of ice-cream in tiny white goblets, which the young barbarians of the street speedily empty with their little red tongues; and there is an enterprising dealer regaling thirsty purchasers with "ice-water, one cent a glass." Here is an old man calmly compounding red lemonade in a huge tin pan; and yonder is a soda-water stand with its green marble urn, its company of inverted glasses, and its array of richly colored syrups in bottles generously large. Here is a basket of rough-coated pine-apples, and a burly woman with gold ear-rings converting the imperfect ones into piles of juicy slices, which a bit of ice keeps cool and fresh. There is a long stand with a green heap of uncut water-melons and a tempting array of red-fleshed, black-seeded halves and quarters. Here is a poor woman sitting on the church steps with a baby in her arms and two little ones crouching at her feet, mutely asking all who pass to buy a box of matches or a pair of shoe-laces at a charitable price. And there is an old blind man with tight-shut eyes, sitting in a broken chair, with a tedious doggerel appeal framed and hanging on his breast, and a box of wretched cigars in his lap, awaiting



"SODA WATER—3 CENTS A GLASS."

a pitying purchaser. Here is the stencil plate-cutter, his little stand curtained with much-marked handkerchiefs; and there is the street cutter, with a troop of open many-bladed knives sticking upright in the bottom of his tray. Here is a little girl slipping a long file of penny ballads behind two stout cords stretched along an iron railing, and across the street is a dazzling array of tinware spread out on the sidewalk, as a net for purchasers. Here is a lad with half a dozen hammers for sale, and there is another with a handful of combs. Here is a yellow-whiskered man selling bunches of quill tooth-picks and Russian cigarettes out of a green box, and there is a black-moustached fellow with an overflowing stock of gay neck-ties and knots. Here is a street optician with steel-rimmed spectacles, or a cheap jewelry-stand with jet ear-rings and breast-pins and coral sleeve-buttons, all made of glass; and there is a street clothing-store with gloves and handkerchiefs, stockings, suspenders, and other kindred wares. Here is a news-stand shaded by a red-fringed and white and blue striped awning, and stocked with the day's papers, the month's magazines, and a pictorial array of police gazettes and



NEWS-stand.

illustrated weeklies, slipped under cords or weighted with fragments of marble to keep them from blowing away. Yonder is a mob of ragged newsboys, racing and shouting around the office of an evening journal, and shaking the last edition in the face of every passer. Here is a little newsgirl with half her long black hair flying loose, devouring an apple, and exclaiming lustily between the mouthfuls, "Extra *Commercial*! Defeat of the French!" Yonder is another bare-headed lassie, leaping nimbly on the step of a passing street-car, with the cry, "Fourth German!" meaning "fourth" edition of the "*German*" *News*. Here is a licensed vender in a yellow cart, full of water-melons, going one way, and there is another vender in a green cart, full of musk-melons, travelling in the opposite direction, both uttering discordant shouts scarcely more intelligible than the strange street-cry which once awakened at a hotel a certain husband who positively declared that it was "*Lager beer*!" while his wife as stoutly affirmed that it was "*Lozenges*!" and it proved upon inquiry to be "*Glass put in*!" These vendors sell all kinds of fruits and vegetables, fish in their season, fowls at Christmas and Thanksgiving, and I have even known them to vend hats and other



"FOURTH GERMAN!"

out-of-the-way wares. The humbler class use a two-wheeled cart pushed by hand, while the richer ones indulge in a four-wheeled chariot and a fiery steed.

The three finest out-door stands in New York are at the junction of Wall and Nassau streets, on the broad stone sidewalk in front of Jay Cooke's banking-house. They are all neatly roofed, corniced, and painted, and one is actually panelled and grained to imitate black walnut. Each has a counter and a door, and at the first French candy and tobacco are sold, while tarts and cakes, sandwiches and pies are vended at the other two, ice-cold soda water being the beverage at the second, and smoking hot coffee at the last.

Nassau street is a favorite haunt for street vendors of all kinds, including one thrifty fellow

who rejoices in the neatest of four-wheeled box-carts, with a spreading fruit-laden top, and red stars painted on the sides; and another whose huge square basket has a door behind and space enough within to hold at least a dozen bushels. In Printing House Square is a curious colony of venders, among whom the principal figures are a helpless genius who whittles with his toes, and an old one-handed peanut merchant with a lavishly heaped cart, rows of nut-filled tin cups, and a black sheet-iron "roaster" with a cone-shaped chimney.

Before we leave the Square, let us stop a minute here in one of the sheltering doorways of the *Tribune* Building. Observe that large basket, thick-woven of small straw-colored reeds, and shaped like an inverted truncated cone, oval instead of round. It is twenty inches deep and nearly three feet long, and



A SCENE IN PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE.

would make a charming cradle if it had rockers instead of the two stout handles at each end, one on the edge, and the other halfway down. It has a cunning little oblong door behind, and a wicker shelf, fitting snugly across it near the edges, and resting on a woven ridge, converts it into an admirable fruit-tray, with a brown paper lining nearly hidden under a newspaper, one loose corner of which flutters in the breeze. A couple of bananas and a score of rosy-cheeked peaches are fenced off by a thin and narrow strip of board from two piles of juicy pears, separated by a paper bag folded lengthwise. Small squares of pasteboard, marked in purple ink with the modest numerals, 1, 2, and 3, surmount the piles and denote the prices.

This basket, one of half a dozen standing in sight along the outer edge of the sidewalk, is watched by a little girl, a rosy-faced maid with brown hair and smiling eyes. She wears a green dress spotted with tiny pink flowers, and a little black silk apron. A small square hood of white worsted, with red edges and long woven strings, covers her short, wavy locks, and her round bare legs appear between the hem of her dress and the tops of her black and threadbare shoes. She is dusting the fuzz off the peaches with a stiff, red-handled whisk-broom, and every now and then she makes a raid on half a dozen flies that are buzzing impertinently about, and strikes a vicious little blow at the biggest of the winged marauders.

But the sun shines too hot for so much exertion, and pretty soon she crouches down on the stone flags in the shade of the round red ventilator that stands on the corner like a huge lamp-post, nestles up against it, and crosses her legs like a Turk or a diminutive tailor. The glare of the smooth, stone sidewalk makes her scowl till her round face is full of wrinkles, and her little red lips move as if she were humming a tune to herself. Suddenly she dives into a large pocket tied under her apron and brings out a handful of coins, which she eyes approvingly and makes a feint of counting. At intervals she softly exclaims, as if afraid of making too much noise, "Penny a-piece ! bananas and peaches !"

Here comes a small and chubby-fisted fellow

who grapples with the biggest peach in the basket, while his bearded papa smiles and drops a cent in its place. The little girl jumps quickly up, pockets the coin, and picks up another jerked on the ground by an office-boy in his shirt-sleeves, who snatches up a pear, thrusts it into his mouth and holds it there, while his forefinger travels post-haste through the pockets of his waistcoat in search of a stray two-cent piece. The next purchaser is a deliberate gentleman with a cane and a gray moustache. Carefully extracting a new ten-cent stamp from his porte-monnaie, he puts three choice pears in his pocket, picks out the soundest peach, and places the money in the outstretched palm of the little seller, whose eyes snap with delight at such a wholesale transaction.

Then the crowd rushes by once more without even glancing at the fruit, and the girl drops down again in the shade, but suddenly springs briskly up and commences to chatter volubly to a short stout woman who is evidently the mistress of the basket. The newcomer wears a square red-and-white hood, a little plaid shawl around her neck, and a ragged calico dress looped up over a dingy striped skirt. She has brought a bit of bread and meat in a paper, and the little girl, after giving account of her stewardship, falls to munching as busily as the sailor's wife in Macbeth, while the woman takes her stand on the street-side of the basket, routs the flies with the broom, gives the peaches a whisk, straightens up the price-cards, promotes a couple of pears from the two-cent to the three-cent pile, puts the nicest ones on top with the nicest side in view and all the stems sticking up, and then sets one arm akimbo, grasps the broom in the other hand, and trusts to Providence for customers enough to sweep away the last of her fruit before nightfall.

If you ask you will find that her husband is a licensed vender, who stocks his cart and his wife's basket at the same time, while the girl is her little English niece, fresh from London, where she went to school "some little times ;" but here she helps her aunt to sell until her widowed mother can make a new home, and give her little Mary another chance to learn to read.



We stroll on again past a score of baskets and stands. The summer afternoon is growing late. St. Paul's clock has struck six, and the slant rays of the sun are burnishing the cupola of the City Hall. A stream of people, homeward bound, begins to flow along the sidewalks, and the horse-cars are rattling by, loaded to the steps. Just at the junction where one busy thoroughfare meets the other, and adds its quota to the hurrying crowd, a licensed vender has intrenched himself. The two streets unite in an angle as sharp as the pointed tip of the letter V, and the shrewd dealer has backed his four-wheeled, peach-loaded cart so close to the apex of this angle that it stands within arm's length of the passers on either sidewalk.

The horse, with an air of tranquil indifference to surrounding things, switches his tail occasionally or stamps his iron-bound hoofs upon the flinty pavement, to drive away the

flies that persist in promenading along his sleek gray sides. His harness is unpatched, and he has the air of a beast to whom a measure of oats is by no means an unknown luxury. There is no need of tying him, for the thought of running away never enters his head, and the ends of the reins lie, with a little black whip, upon the loose straw in the bottom of the wagon.

This vehicle is painted green, and, though well worn, is neatly and strongly made. Upon the side appear the words "Licensed Vender" in small white letters, and underneath is the number of the cart, which is up among the five hundreds. The springs are good, the box is shallow, and the tail-board lets down with a couple of hinges. There is a wooden seat, with a bit of sheepskin for a cushion.

In the back end of the cart the peaches are heaped up in a pile of four or five bushels.



"HERE YOU ARE, NICE FRESH FISH."

They are of medium size, plump and ripe, juicy and fresh, and reasonably sound, for they reached the city this morning, and have just been poured out of the boxes in which they made the trip from Delaware. Behind this pile, sitting on his heels in the bottom of the cart, with a small wooden measure between his knees, is a young fellow of eighteen, with a Scotch cap on his head, a white handkerchief knotted around his neck, and the sleeves of his red patched flannel shirt rolled up to his elbows.

On the seat, with their backs to the horse, are two lads, with faded check shirts and prodigious lungs. About thrice a minute one of them cries, at the top of his voice,

"Pe-e-e-eaches! Pe-eaches! Fi-i-i-ive cents a quart!"

To keep up this cry costs the poor little fellow such vocal exertion, that a great cord in the side of his neck starts out on the smooth surface when he opens his mouth, and disappears again when the sound ceases. His eyes glisten as if the tears were starting, and he almost gasps for breath after each effort. The other lad contents himself with throwing in an occasional cry, by way of relieving his more zealous companion.

Upon the sidewalk stands the vender himself, a slim, sun-burnt young man, with a smooth face, a stiff round-topped hat, a decent pair of boots, a dark coat, and gray trousers with a black stripe. He dispenses with the vanities of waistcoat and neck-tie, but there is nothing vicious or repulsive in his appearance. Two other young men, with moustaches and straw hats, one on the sidewalk and the other on the seat, are quietly busy folding squares of rustling yellow wrapping paper into conical horns of plenty. The tip of each of these is thrust into the mouth of its predecessor, and the little stacks thus made are placed in the bottom of the cart within easy reach of the vender.

Peaches are selling in the markets for twenty cents a quart, and the cry of the juvenile Stentor in the check shirt attracts so many buyers that the fellow on his knees can scarcely fill his measure fast enough. Grasping it with both hands, he shoves it into the pile, scoops it full, adds two or three

peaches with his hand to heap it up, and speedily empties it into the cone-shaped bag held by the vender, who puts in one more from the pile, hastily folds down the top of the paper, and jams the parcel into the hands of the purchaser, whose money is speedily tossed into the old cigar-box that serves as a till.

All kinds of people buy. The clerk marches away with a paper of peaches under his arm, and the school-boy walks off emptying his cornucopie as he goes. Old women carry the fruit away with trembling hands, and shop-girls stop their chattering long enough to fill their reticules. Patrick, with a short pipe in his mouth and a dinner-pail on his arm, buys a couple of quarts for Bridget and the "childer," and Hans takes home a paper-bag full to his blue-eyed wife and chubby babies.

So brisk is the business, that a young chap with red hair and a roguish face makes bold, without waiting for an invitation, to climb up on the wheel and lend a helping hand. Pitching his voice on the topmost key, he sings out, with a very laughable intonation,

"'E-e-ere you are! Delaware peaches, nice 'n' ripe! o-o-o-only five cents a bushel!"

Now and then, by way of recompense, he demurely allows himself to indulge in a peach or two, and throws one of the stones within an inch of the nose of a short-sighted German gentleman, who looks daggers at the grinning youth.

Presently the business slackens, and the vender takes up the cry in a hoarse, bass voice, "Delaware peaches! five cents a quart!"

The red-shirted individual in the devout attitude chimes in with the same chorus, and the pile continues to grow rapidly less. But it is long after dark before the last are sold. The rest of the party go away, leaving the vender to light a flaring oil lamp, let down the tail-board of his cart, lean idly against it, and wait with patience for tardy buyers. The hours pass slowly. The gas-lights flicker along the pavement. A policeman swings his club on the opposite corner, and listens to the noises of rude revelry from a dozen concert saloons. The pile of peaches grows smaller and smaller, and diminishes at last to a single handful, which the tired vender gives to a

belated newsboy with pinched face and wistful look, and then, extinguishing his lamp, he jumps into the cart, seizes the reins, and

drives briskly away, hoofs and wheels clattering noisily along the deserted street until the sound dies away in a distant echo.

## JAIL-BIRDS AND THEIR FLIGHTS.



CASANOVA PIERCES THE FLOOR OF HIS CELL.

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage—

So wrote Colonel Richard Lovelace "to Althea from prison," meaning thereby that he had a soul superior to captivity, as is implied in the complementary verses :—

Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for a hermitage.

The proposition of the light-hearted adherent of King Charles has been taken for true in quite another sense, and been brought, indeed, to a Q. E. D., again and again, by men of fortitude and resource, whom adverse fortune has consigned to prison walls. Stone walls do *not* a prison make to such men ; and when we consider how often escapes have been made from the strongest Bastilles, and how the wisest precautions of tyrants and keepers have proved of no effect to secure their prisoners, we may well doubt if the jail has ever been built from which artifice or audacity could not effect a deliverance.

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The records of captivity might furnish one of the most interesting chapters in the history of literature, should so general a work—likely to prove as tardy in the writing, and as voluminous, as Mr. Austin Caxton's *History of Human Error*—ever be compiled. Illustrated by the genius of Byron in the *Prisoner of Chillon*, and made tender by the affecting little story of *Picciola*, it might teach us the lessons of endurance and submission, where a healthful sympathy was inspired with the victims, without reverting to the sufferings of Galileo or the Apostle Paul. And here, with reference to the title of this article, which is to notice some of the most remarkable escapes that have been made from prison, it may be said that "jail-birds" is not necessarily a term of reproach. Though generally thus employed, we shall use it solely in its adaptability to the fugitive efforts of the subjects to whom it is applied ; and although, as we shall see, some of them may fairly come

under the denomination of "bad uns," other some will be found entitled not only to our sympathy, but our unqualified respect. The jail-bird is as various in his character as are the species or genera of ornithology. He may be a magpie or a vulture, an eagle or a dove. He may be kept in confinement because his freedom is supposed to be incompatible with the general interests of society; or for reasons of State policy; or as a temporary means of security until it shall become expedient to wring his neck. Frequently it has happened that before that moment arrived, the bird had flown. And very few, indeed, are the jail-birds, whatever may be the strength of their jail or the vigilance of its officers, who are ready to cry, with Sterne's starling, "I can't get out! I can't get out!"

Among the most noteworthy and conspicuous personages of the Eighteenth Century, a man that might be called a fine bird if fine feathers make one, was the Signor Giovanni Giacomo Casanova di Seingault. In the vivacious memoirs which he left behind him, he speaks of himself as "un des plus mauvais sujets de Venise," but herein he undeniably flattered himself, for he did not rise to the eminence of a great criminal, but was simply a gay, graceless scamp, whom we should sooner entitle a *chevalier d'industrie*. Arrayed in the richest garments of the picturesque period and country in which he lived, garments that were never paid for, Casanova went from court to court of Europe, delighting everybody with his airy bravado and his graceful insolence, winning the hearts of the women and borrowing the money of the men, until there remained for him no longer a theatre for the practice of his arts and the display of his attractions. In biographical writings he is mentioned as the Don Juan of his time; but the Don Juan of the dramatic or the lyric stage was a modest and retiring person in comparison with the Venetian adventurer. He went to visit Voltaire at Ferney, and Frederick the Great at Sans Souci; he saw, but does not seem to have fascinated, Catherine the Second at St. Petersburg, and gained some favor with Pope Benedict XIV. at Rome; he met George III. and the

Chevalier d'Eon in London, and encountered Cagliostro at Aix—Cagliostro, who, alone of all his contemporaries, was altogether as accomplished and magnificent a charlatan and beggar as himself. From his social triumphs in such illustrious company, Casanova came down often to most ignoble straits, and was forced to sorry expedients, for so great a man, to make a living. Perhaps the most respectable position he ever occupied, until the lettered close of his remarkable career, was as a member of the orchestra, in 1745, of the theatre of San Samuele in Venice. Here he played for some time, in one of his intervals of impecuniosity, until he could refit his wardrobe and organize his plans for another campaign. Such scamps rarely come to a good end, and yet the last twelve years of Casanova's life were spent in creditable, nay, honorable employment, as the librarian of Count Waldstein of Bohemia, in whose well-stored alcoves he wrote the History of Poland and prepared a translation of the Iliad.

At daybreak on the morning of the 26th July, 1755, when Casanova was living as a man of fashion in Venice, the Grand Master, acting under the orders of the much dreaded Council of Ten, entered his chamber and bade him instantly rise, dress himself, gather up all his manuscripts, and follow where he, the Grand Master, should lead. Upon questioning his authority and receiving for answer that it was on the part of the Tribunal—a word which almost turned Casanova into stone—that the arrest was made, our fine gentleman put on a laced shirt and his best habit, and otherwise obeyed. They got into a gondola and were carried to the house of the Grand Master, from which Casanova was presently conveyed along the Grand Canal to the quay of the Prisons, where, disembarking with the guard, he was made to enter a building, ascend several flights of stairs, traverse a gallery, and cross the Canal, to another building opposite, by a bridge. It was the Bridge of Sighs.

On his way, Casanova passed through the very hall of the Council, and arriving upon the floor above it, was confined in a small cell communicating with a great garret, where,

with other prisoners, he was allowed at stated times to walk. It was that part of the prison which was known by the descriptive and memorable title of "Under the Leads."

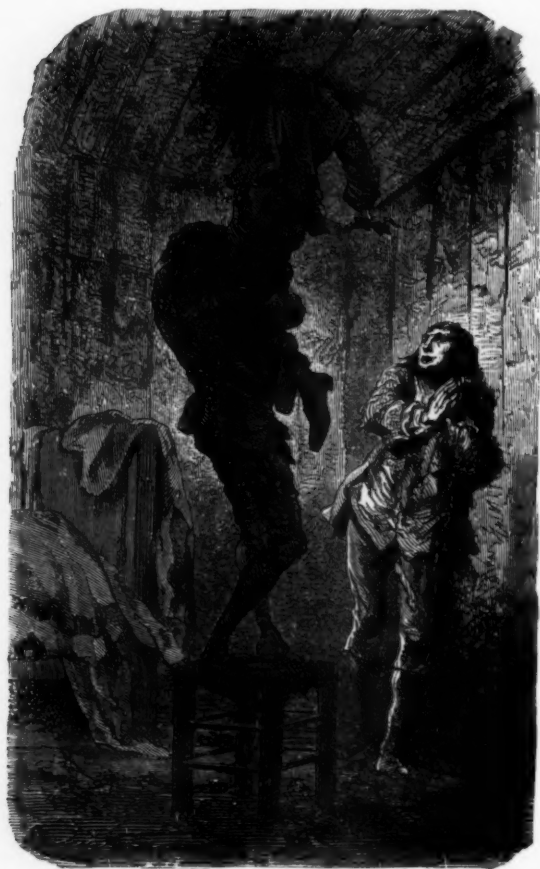
It need hardly be said that with so fertile a mind and irrepressible a spirit as he possessed, Casanova entertained, from the very moment of his incarceration, the idea of escape. Fortune favored him at the start. In wandering about the old garret he found an iron bolt, of the thickness of an ordinary walking-cane and twenty inches in length, which he sharpened, upon a piece of loose marble from the walls, into a sort of pike. With this he undertook to cut his way through the floor, which was of three thicknesses, into the apartment below. It was a work of great difficulty. Fearing that the hole to be made under his bed would be discovered by the servants when they came to sweep his cell, he feigned a cough, and by a cut upon the finger stained his handkerchief with blood to corroborate his assertion of hemorrhage produced by the dust. In this way he obtained an exemption from the sweeping of the cells, and went to work with a will. It was only at night that he could proceed without fear of disturbance, and to work at night a lamp was indispensable. With a saucepan, the Lucca oil given him for his salad, and cotton wicks from the lining of his doublet, he improvised a lamp. But how to light it? Casanova was affected at times with an eruption upon his arm, and he brought it into immediate requisition for getting from the prison surgeon some flowers of sulphur. Then, under pretext of wishing a pumice-stone for alleviating toothache by rubbing, he prevailed upon the keeper Laurent to give him instead a piece of flint, with which, and the steel buckle of his belt, he was able to produce a flame. Thus provided, he went on cutting deeper and



THE HIDDEN PIKE.

deeper into the floor, until he had almost reached the under surface. At this period of his labors, and about eleven months after the date of his consignment to the Leads, Casanova suffered a horrible fright, and just missed being discovered in the very act of working at his hole. He was extended at full length upon the floor, with his arm thrust into the opening, when suddenly he heard with mortal terror the noise of a bolt drawn back in the door, and he had scarcely time to conceal his operations, when Laurent entered, bringing with him another prisoner, who was to share Casanova's cell. The new-comer came very near betraying his efforts at once, by declaring that there was a strong smell of partially extinguished lamp-wick in the cell, as, indeed,





CASANOVA'S ASCENT.

there was, Casanova not having had time to put the lamp entirely out as the keeper entered. But Laurent fortunately suspected nothing, and the only untoward result was an eight day's interruption of his proceedings, for in eight days his cell-mate was removed. Casanova congratulated himself upon this early relief, as he had previously been interrupted for two months by an inopportune and baleful Jew, who was temporarily, in like manner, a joint occupant of the cell.

Resuming his work with alacrity, he had the satisfaction of getting so near the end of it without discovery, that he was able to fix upon the eve of the fête of St. Augustine, the 27th of August, as the time for his flight.

But on the 25th a sad misfortune befell him. Laurent came suddenly into his cell, and informed him that he was to be immediately transferred to another cell of more spacious dimensions, where the air was pure and the light of heaven streamed in through the window. Laurent questioned Casanova's sanity in being reluctant to change his quarters, but reminded him that resistance was useless, so that Casanova yielded to the necessity, and was in a measure consoled for the unhappy conclusion of his plan of escape in seeing that his arm-chair, in the bottom of which was concealed his iron pike, was to be taken to his new place of confinement.

From the grated windows there was a fine view of Venice, reaching as far as the Lido, and when the window was open the breeze from the Adriatic tempered the almost insufferable heat of the prison. Two hours after Casanova had taken possession, Laurent, having discovered the opening in the floor of the cell just left vacant, broke in upon his prisoner with the bitterest taunts, demanding to know who it was that had supplied him with the tools with which he had cut

through the planks. After affecting for a time to know nothing whatever about the matter, Casanova at last startled Laurent by the declaration that he himself had furnished all the materials requisite for the work, and promised to reveal everything in the presence of a secretary, an offer which the frightened jailer was prompt to decline, since a revelation of this sort might have caused him to be hanged for his carelessness.

Laurent was therefore to some extent in Casanova's power, and the latter, profiting by this advantage, and furthermore cajoling the jailer by presents of money to his wife, obtained many little favors, such as the loan of books belonging to other prisoners. By

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ON THE ROOF.

means of one of these books he conducted a correspondence with two gentlemen, Marin Balbi, a Venetian noble and monk, and the Count André Asquin, who were confined in the room immediately over his head. Their notes were secreted in the pocket formed between the parchment of the back and the body of the volume, and Casanova was even adroit enough to send his iron pike to Balbi in this way, by inducing Laurent to carry a pie to the monk in a dish, which was placed upon the volume spread open in the middle and used as a waiter. Balbi, armed with the pike, began at once to cut into the floor, by way of establishing a communication with the cell of Casanova, and was making excellent progress, when for the third time a fellow-prisoner was introduced into this latter apartment.

The new-comer was an ill-looking wretch, whose wife was the daughter of a Secretary of the Council, and had himself served as a spy in the employment of the Grand Master, so that it was necessary to act towards him with great circumspection. Casanova worked upon his fears and his superstition, inducing him to believe that upon a certain night—the time agreed upon between Balbi and himself for effecting their escape—a messenger from

heaven would descend to deliver them from the prison. At length the night arrived, the monk overhead pierced the ceiling, and Casanova ascended to the next floor, taking with him his companion, who was in a condition of abject terror.

At the last moment, when an opening had been easily effected from the upper cell, directly under the leads, to the roof, the courage of the Count André Asquin failed him, and Casanova and Balbi, leaving also behind them the trembling ex-spy, made their way to the top of the building, armed with the iron pike, and carrying long ropes, made of strips of clothing, with which they hoped to effect a descent to the ground. The roof was steep, and rendered slippery by a dense mist; the moon had gone down; far below them lay Venice, and as they crawled to the ridge-pole, it was at the momentary risk of sliding off and being dashed to pieces against the pavement.

After vainly endeavoring to find some bolt or beam to which he might attach their cords, Casanova went on a voyage of exploration around the roof, peering across the blackness of the intervening space at the clock-tower of St. Mark's, which rose darkly above them, but finding no way by which they could get down from their dizzy elevation. When the

effort seemed almost hopeless, a garret window was discovered at an apparently inaccessible point below them. By means of a ladder left upon the roof, very perilously adjusted by them, the monk and the chevalier managed to gain an entrance by the window into the garret, from which they made their way, little by little, to the lower apartments, passing through the grand audience gallery, and, at last, in the early morning, when the janitor came to open the building, walking leisurely down the grand staircase, unquestioned, into the open air.

Casanova tells us, with a delightful assumption of piety, that his heart overflowed with gratitude that he had not yielded to the

temptation, which beset him once or twice, to throw the monk over to the pavement for his selfishness and cowardice; and that it had not become necessary for him to kill the janitor in descending the staircase, which he should have done, had that official attempted to arrest him, without compunction or hesitancy. It is also recorded by him that before entering upon this final desperate attempt he had devoutly committed himself to the protection of Heaven, and as he jumped with the monk into a gondola and bade the boatman row rapidly to Fusine, he was no doubt cheered by the reflection that his escape was a direct dispensation of Providence. "Reflecting," says he, "upon the terrible night I had

just passed, upon the dangers I had just escaped, upon the place where, the evening before, I had been confined, upon the many chances of fortune which had turned out favorably to me, upon the liberty I was beginning to enjoy, and which I had in prospect, all this moved me so violently, that, full of thankfulness to God, I felt suffocated with sensibility, and I melted into tears."

Casanova met with many adventures on his way to the frontier (passing one night under the hospitable roof of a high officer of the police, who had left home in search of him), but at length gained a place of safety without the jurisdiction of Venice, whence he went not long afterwards to Paris, and recounted his hair-breadth 'scapes, with great éclat, in the drawing-rooms of that wonderful capital.

A contemporary of Casanova, and a man yet more remarkable for the resolution he displayed during a long and hopeless imprisonment, was Frederick Baron Trenck, son of a high officer in the Prussian army, and cousin-german of the famous Trenck, Colonel of Pandours in the service of Maria Theresa. At the



TRENCK CAUGHT BY THE LEG.



AT FULL GALLOP.

age of eighteen the Baron became an officer of the body-guard of Frederick the Second, and was greatly in favor with that sovereign. Young, handsome, of approved courage, he had many enemies, among whom, unfortunately, he had soon to number the King himself. One reason that was given for the change in the royal disposition towards Trenck was that he had made himself acceptable in the eyes of the Princess Amelia, the King's sister. Carlyle altogether discredits this *affaire du cœur*; and, indeed, throughout his life of Frederick the Second, mentions Trenck only in most contemptuous Carlylese, as a fraud—a babbling, conceited, empty fellow, who had not quite got his deserts. Whatever may have been the cause of Frederick's dislike, it is certain that it was manifested in a very decided way.

An imprudent correspondence with his cousin, the Austrian, was made the pretext of his earliest imprisonment in the Castle of Glatz. Trenck, who could not conceive that a man of his rank and distinction should remain long in duress, wrote a somewhat bold letter to the King, demanding to be tried by a military tribunal. Frederick did not respond, and Trenck, seeing that his place in the royal body-guard had been given to

another, after peace had been concluded, began to meditate upon escape.

His first attempt ended quickly in mortifying failure. He had won over many of the guards of the castle by a liberal use of money, with which he was abundantly supplied. Two of them agreed to aid him, and accompany him in his flight, but the three most imprudently desired to carry off with them an officer who had been condemned to ten years' imprisonment in the same fortress. When all their preparations had been made, this scoundrel, whom Trenck had loaded with favors, betrayed them, and received his pardon as the price of his perfidy. One of the officers was warned in time to save himself, and the other got off with a year's confinement, by dint of Trenck's money. As for the Baron himself, from this day forward he was more narrowly guarded. But years afterwards, the villain who had sold them, meeting Trenck at Warsaw, received the chastisement he deserved, and desiring satisfaction with weapons, was left dead on the spot.

The king was greatly irritated at the discovery of this plot, which seemed to him to confirm the imputations against the prisoner. Solicited a short time before by Trenck's mother to set her son at liberty, he

had replied in terms that gave her reason to hope for his pardon after a year spent in prison. But Trenck had not been advised of this, and his more rigorous treatment drove him to fresh efforts to gain his freedom; efforts which the good-nature or the well-paid complicity of his keepers greatly favored.

Our hero's second attempt covered him at once with mud and ridicule. He was confined in a tower looking out upon the town. His window gave a view of the ramparts at an elevation of sixty feet. Upon getting clear of the castle in this direction, he would enter the town at once, and the probability was that he would find some place of concealment there. An officer prevailed upon an honest soap-maker to receive Trenck at his house should he succeed in obtaining his liberty. By making a saw of a pocket-knife the Baron was enabled to cut through three bars of his window-grating. An officer then procured him a file, with which he severed five more. Then, with a rope made of strips of leather cut from his portmanteau and of the coverlet of his bed, he slid down without accident to the ground. The night was dark and rainy, and all things favored the fugitive. But an unexpected difficulty presented itself in a sewer, which he was compelled to cross in order to reach the town, and there the luckless Baron floundered, being neither able to advance nor to retire, and was at last fain to call upon the sentinel to extricate him. A more ridiculous predicament could hardly be imagined for a fine young officer, once of the body-guard of the monarch.

Eight days only had elapsed after this most absurd and unfortunate adventure, when Trenck, with unparalleled audacity, had nearly gained his liberty in a way wholly unpremeditated. The commandant of the castle made him a visit of inspection, and im-

proved the opportunity of giving this desperate young fellow a lecture on his frequent attempts at escape, by which he said his crime had been seriously aggravated in the king's estimation. The Baron fired up at the word crime, and demanded to know for how long a term he had been consigned to the fortress. The commandant replied that an officer, who had been detected in a treasonable correspondence with the enemies of his country, could never expect the pardon of the King. The hilt of the commandant's sword was within easy and tempting grasp; there were only a sentinel and an officer of the guard in attendance; it seemed a golden moment; Trenck seized it, in seizing the sword, rushing rapidly from the room, hurling the sentinel and the officer



AT BAY.





BENVENUTO CUTS UP HIS BED-CLOTHES.

down the stairs, and cutting his way out of the building. He leaped the first rampart and fell upon his feet in the fosse; he leaped the second rampart, a yet more daring and perilous venture, and again fell upon his feet, without so much as losing hold of the major's sword. There was not time for the garrison to load a piece, and no one was disposed to pursue the Baron along the steep way he had chosen. It was a considerable détour from the interior of the castle to the outer rampart, and Trenck would have had a good half-hour's start of his pursuers, had fortune, so far propitious, continued to favor him. A sentry with a fixed bayonet opposed him in a narrow passage; the Baron cut him down.

Another sentry ran after him; Trenck attempted to jump over a palisade, but caught his foot between two of the timbers beyond all hope of extrication, seeing that the unreasonable sentry held on to it with dogged persistence until aid arrived, and thus our hopeful runaway was carried back to the castle and put under stricter surveillance than ever.

Still he did not despair. He employed his money to such advantage in gaining the guard over to his service, that thirty-two of them had agreed to assist him. Of the four officers that formed the superior guard, three were devoted to him. A sub-officer, Nicolai, was to command the expedition planned for the deliverance of all the prisoners in the fortress and the flight with them into Bohemia. Nicolai unhappily confided the scheme to an Austrian deserter, who betrayed him to the commander. Finding himself about to be arrested, he leaped into the casemates, rallied his companions, and by main force broke with them out of the castle, and succeeded in reaching the Bohemian frontier. Before leaving the castle, however, he endeavored to liberate Trenck; but the door of his room was locked, and being

solidly built of iron, it resisted all their attempts at bursting it open.

This affair brought down on the Baron's head a storm of wrath, and his guard was instantly doubled. But he bore up under all, looking yet to the officers, who were not suspected of having any concern with Nicolai, to furnish him the means and opportunity of escape.

Lieutenant Bach, who every four days mounted guard near him, was a very quarrelsome fellow and was always challenging and slashing his comrades. One day this terrible man, seated on Trenck's bed, was recounting to him how he had pinked Lieutenant Schell the evening before, when Trenck said to him,



BENVENUTO ATTACKED BY DOGS.

"If I were not a prisoner, you should not wound me with impunity, for I know how to handle a sword myself." Bach immediately had foils brought and Trenck touched him on the chest. He left the room in a fury without saying a word, and presently came back with cavalry sabres, offering one of which to Trenck, he said, "Now, my hectoring blade, we shall see what you can do." The Baron protested against it; Bach insisted; they fought, and the Baron gave Bach a wound in the right arm. Throwing aside his sabre, the disabled man instantly embraced Trenck, crying out, "You are my master, friend Trenck; you shall have your liberty as sure as my name is Bach." Talking the matter over with him afterwards, he told the Baron that it would be impossible for him to get away safely unless the officer of the guard went with him; that for himself he was ready to make any sacrifice for him short of his honor, and that to desert, being on guard, would be dishonorable. But he promised him every assistance, and the next day he brought to him Lieutenant Schell, saying, "Here's your man." Schell vowed perfect devotion, and the two immediately began to concert measures for getting off.

Their project was precipitated in consequence of Schell's having discovered that he

had been betrayed to the commandant. A fellow-officer, Lieutenant Schroeder, gave him the intelligence in full time for him to have saved himself, and even offered to accompany him; but Schell, faithful to Trenck, refused to abandon him. Unwilling to risk an arrest by delay, however, he went at once to Trenck's room, carrying him a sabre, and said to him, "My friend, we are betrayed; follow me, and do not permit my enemies to take me alive." Trenck tried to speak, but he seized his hand, repeating, "Follow me, we have not a moment to lose."

Schell passed the sentinel with Trenck, saying to that soldier, "Remain here; I am to take your prisoner to the officers' quarters." They went rapidly in that direction, but suddenly turned off in quite the opposite one, hoping to pass under the arsenal as far as the outer work and then leap the palisades; but meeting two officers, they were compelled to jump from the parapet, which at that point was not very high. Trenck alighted with only a scratch of the shoulder. Schell was less fortunate, and sprained his ankle.

Upon gaining the country the two fugitives were in a wretched case indeed. There was a thick fog and a frosty air; the ground was covered with a deep snow crusted over with

ice. Schell soon began to experience great pain, and already they heard behind them the alarm gun of the castle, and knew that the stir of pursuit was going on. Trenck managed to carry or drag his companion along, and swam with him across the freezing river Neisse, where, for a short distance, it was out of ford, and then for many weary hours they wandered in the cold and darkness, until morning found them on the verge of perishing from hunger and the frost.

There was no help for it but to apply at the nearest farm-house for food and some means of transportation. Accordingly, they invented a story that Trenck, whose hands Schell tied behind him, and who had smeared his face with blood, was a culprit Schell desired to take without delay to the nearest justice. He had killed Schell's horse, so the lieutenant's fiction ran, and caused him to sprain his ankle, notwithstanding which Schell had given him some sabre cuts, disabling him, and had succeeded in pinioning him, and now what he wanted was a vehicle to convey them to town. This story Schell told with great gravity to two peasants at the door of their house, when the elder of them, a man advanced in years, called the lieutenant by

name, informing him that they were well known for deserters, as an officer, the evening previous, had been at the house of a farmer near by, and had given their names and a description of the clothes they wore, narrating, at the same time, all the circumstances of their flight.

But the old peasant, who had known Schell from having seen him often at the village when he was there in garrison, and who besides had a son in the lieutenant's company, had no thought of informing upon them, and though he begged hard for his horses, he yet permitted the runaways to take two from the stable.

And now behold them mounted upon frantic steeds, bareback, without their hats, which they had lost in leaving the castle, and flying across the country at full speed. Their garments, their bare heads, their whole appearance told what they were; but it was Christmas day, and the inhabitants were all at church as they galloped along through the villages, and thus they escaped observation.

On the very confines of Bohemia they ran a narrow risk of capture by a corps of hussars stationed upon the frontier; but a friendly brother officer, recognizing Schell, warned



CAUMONT DE LA FORCE RESCUES.

him of their danger, and they turned off upon another road. It was not long before they passed the boundary, and Trenck was at last free. His courage and resolution had at last been rewarded. But the Baron was far from being a happy man. Pursued by the vengeance of Frederick, and sorely beset by Prussian spies, who tried to kidnap him, he wandered miserably about for many months, and subsequently took service in the Austrian army. Finally, after many wonderful adventures, he was basely given up by the governor and authorities of the town of Dantzick to the Prussian king. This sad mischance completely demoralized Trenck. Though many opportunities were afforded him to get away from the escort that convoyed him to Prussia, he had not the spirit to do so. Again he was consigned to prison. This time they took him to Magdeburg and locked him up in the citadel.

Trenck's sufferings were now greater than ever. His cell was exceedingly narrow, damp, and dark; he was loaded heavily with irons, and the strictest watch was kept over him. Yet he contrived to free himself of his chains, and on one occasion had succeeded in opening three of the four doors which confined him, though in attempting the fourth he broke the blade of his knife and could do nothing more. But in the morning he placed himself at bay in the arch of the doorway, determined to compel the officer to make terms with him, and when the guard essayed to enter he laid at his feet the first grenadier that presented himself. Finding the prisoner resolute, the officer agreed with him upon a capitulation, the doors were rebuilt, and Trenck was again fettered and manacled, besides having a heavy iron belt fixed around his body and attached by a chain to the wall.

His subsequent life in the fortress of Mag-



LATUDE RUNS OFF IN THE FOG.

deburg was but a repetition of his previous unrelenting efforts at escape; but he never again left the prison until he was released by order of the king. He lived many years after his liberation, and was guillotined at Paris in the Revolution, at the same time with André Chenier.

All lovers of art are familiar with the incomparable works in gold and silver of Benvenuto Cellini. This gifted man was a sad reprobate, whose self-indulgence led him into numberless scrapes, and whose ungovernable temper made him as regardless of the sixth as the seventh commandment. He had acquired the favor of the Pope Clement VII. by his spirited defence of the Castle of St. An-

gelo against the Constable Bourbon, and the jewels of the Holy See had been intrusted to him for safe keeping. A rival worker in the precious metals sought his ruin at Court, and Benvenuto stabbed him in open day in the streets of Rome. An interregnum in the Papacy occurred about this time, but on the accession of Paul III. our scapegrace was pardoned. Soon afterwards one of Benvenuto's workmen charged him with embezzlement of the moneys and diamonds committed to his care during the siege. His Holiness readily enough condoned a murder, but the loss of his treasure was quite a different affair. Benvenuto was arrested while taking his morning walk and consigned to St. Angelo, the very fortress he had defended, and to which Pius IX. retired in September, 1870, upon the approach of the King of Italy.

The prisoner was allowed some freedom of movement, and was treated with a consideration beyond that of ordinary prisoners. Availing himself of these advantages he secured a very large supply of bed-clothing of a strong texture, under pretence of giving away the soiled sheets to the soldiers, and with these materials made a rope long enough to reach the bottom of the tower in which he was confined. Accident favored him in his securing a pair of pincers, with which he drew the hinges from the window-shutters, and he was thus enabled to descend. But in getting over the outer walls of the castle he fell, breaking his leg, and could then only drag himself along to the city's gates, at which he arrived about the dawn of day. He managed to effect an entrance by loosening some of the stones and crouching under the gateway, but had no sooner gained the inside than he was set upon by the multitudinous dogs of Rome, and was nearly bitten to pieces. At last, however, he



COUNT LAVALLETTE ESCAPING IN DISGUISE.

reached a place of safety in the house of a rich and powerful friend, was afterwards re-committed to the castle, and finally liberated at the intercession of the French Minister.

One of the most exciting escapes on record was that of young Caumont de la Force, an episode of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. His father, the Baron, a distinguished Huguenot, and his brother, were slain in the streets of Paris, and the boy was also left for dead between their mutilated bodies. In reality he was unhurt, but dared not move for fear of discovery and instant assassination. There he lay all day until four in the afternoon, when, some of the tenants of the neighboring houses coming out to strip the vic-





THE DUKE OF NORMANDY RESCUED.

tims, a tennis-marker lifted him up. The boy begged for mercy, and the man, touched with a feeling of compassion, said, "Hush, keep quiet, they are still there," pointing to a group of the murderers who were hovering near by. In a little while the tennis-marker brought a dirty cloak and threw over him, and the boy was taken to the Arsenal, where his aunt dwelt, and where, disguised as a page, he eluded the vengeance of the Court. The Arsenal was once searched, but the king's agents failed to find the little fellow, who lay concealed between two feather beds, and who can only be classed among jail-birds by reason of the duress in which he was placed by his relatives for his own safety.

The history of Paris abounds in wonderful

stories of escape from prison. Latude, who underwent a long and memorable imprisonment in the Bastille, in consequence of having once sent a foolish letter to Madame de Pompadour, and was constantly getting out of jail and being sent back again, once escaped from Vincennes by running off in a fog so dense that pursuit was out of the question. But the most interesting of all adventures of this kind was that of the devoted and heroic Madame Lavalette, by whose admirable finesse her husband was saved from the fate of Marshal Ney. The Count Lavalette had been condemned to death for having taken an active part in the return from Elba, and was confined in the Conciergerie. His wife, having vainly interceded with Louis XVIII. and the Duchesse d'Angoulême for the Count's pardon, was thrown upon her own resources. Tuesday had already arrived and the execution had been fixed for Thursday. Tuesday evening she went to dine at the prison and exchanged garments with her husband, who walked out, leaning on the arm of their daughter, through triple

lines of guards, to the open street, where, getting into a sedan, he was borne safely away. The danger of detection was very great indeed. The Count was taller than his wife, and was likely to strike the flowers of his wife's bonnet against the top of the doors in passing under them. Moreover he was compelled to expose his foot in lifting it over the door-step. Worse than all, he could but partially conceal his face with his handkerchief, as Madame Lavalette had never worn a veil. But the coolness and self-possession of the Count carried him happily through all.

Nine hundred years ago, the little French town of Laon, so recently taken by the Prussians under circumstances implying villany on the part of the garrison which surrendered

it, was the scene of a successful plan of liberation from prison. The young Duke of Normandy was there confined by a designing usurper under pretence of giving him an education suited to his rank. The prince's steward persuaded him to feign extreme illness, by which the vigilance of his keepers was relaxed, and then carried him off in a

bundle of loose hay which lay in the courtyard.

Such are some of the most memorable escapes that have been effected from bastilles, castles, and State prisons. On this subject M. F. Bernard has written a very entertaining book, to which we acknowledge our indebtedness for much the greater part of this article.

### THE HOOSAC TUNNEL.

It is a matter of wonder that those enterprising gentlemen who proposed during the late war to reconstruct the map of the United States, leaving New England out in the cold, did not discover and point out the fact that New England is divided from the rest of the country by a mountain wall which might well serve as the boundary of a separate State.

The westernmost of the three mountain chains which form the great Appalachian system, stretches without interruption from the western boundary of South Carolina to the northern boundary of Maine. Through the Carolinas, Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, it is known as the Blue Ridge. In New Jersey it is called Schooley's Mountain. Crossing into New York, it breaks into a magnificent group of craggy peaks, and, parting to let the Hudson pass, is christened the Highlands. Thence it trends to the eastward, and pushes away to the north near the western boundary of Connecticut, till it reaches the southern line of Massachusetts, where it divides into two parallel ranges. The western range serves as a boundary between Massachusetts and New York, and bears the name of the Taghconics or Taconics. Over the tops of the other range of hills which are known as the Hoosac range, the zig-zag line of Berkshire county runs. Near the Vermont border these parted columns are massed again in the broad bulwark of the Green Mountains, which stretches northward through Vermont, then north-westward along the northern boundary of Maine, terminating in the Canadian peninsula that separates the Gulf of St. Lawrence from the Bay of Chaleur.

Do I hear my intelligent readers suggest-

ing that they knew all this geography before? I must beg your pardon, ladies and gentlemen, for doubting whether half of you know it now.

We are only concerned at present, however, with the fact that the western ridge of the Appalachian chain separates New England from the rest of the Union. A narrow belt of country in Vermont is found on the west of this natural boundary, but neither of the other States crosses it. The commercial intercourse of New England with the West has been greatly obstructed by this mountain barrier. It has not served to stem the tide of emigration westward, neither has it weakened the affection of the people of the new States for their old homes; but it has prevented the emigrants from keeping up the close business relations with their native States that they would, under other circumstances, have maintained. The western merchant, arriving at Albany or Troy by railroad or canal, finds a magnificent river waiting to bear him and his merchandise to New York; while between him and the New England markets, stretches for hundreds of miles up and down an abrupt and difficult mountain wall. It is not surprising, therefore, that he goes to New York with his merchandise. Emigration may follow parallels of latitude, but traffic always follows the easiest and shortest route to market, with no reference at all to parallels or pedigrees.

The people of New England did not, however, sit down behind their mountain wall and suck their thumbs. Close business relations with the great West were essential to their prosperity, and they determined to establish and maintain them. Some way must



GREAT BEND, ON THE DEERFIELD RIVER.

be provided whereby a share of the western trade might reach their markets. If the mountain would not give way to Mahomet, Mahomet must go through the mountain. That is how the Hoosac Tunnel came to be built. It is a clear announcement that New England does not intend to be left out in the cold.

At the present time freight and passengers from the West are brought to the metropolis of New England by three principal routes: the Grand Trunk Railroad through Canada, which reaches the Atlantic coast at Portland, Maine, and approaches Boston from the East; the Vermont Central Railroad, which draws its traffic from the St. Lawrence river by various connecting lines, and the Boston and Albany Railroad. Of these three roads, the two former pierce the mountain barrier by passes far to the northward without any very difficult engineering, but they follow routes too circuitous to be of much practical advantage to Boston as through lines from the West. The Boston and Albany Railroad is nearly as short as any railroad connecting the Hudson river with Boston can be; but between Springfield and Pittsfield, where it climbs over the

Hoosac range, the grades are terrific. For this reason, though the railroad is managed with vigor and enterprise, it is still inadequate for the transaction of the business that ought to be carried on between Boston and the West.

If it had not been for the veto of Governor Claflin, the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Railroad might have been added to these thoroughfares from New England to the West. That, however, reaches the Hudson at a point too near to New York to prove of any great benefit to the Western trade of New England.

Long before either of these railways was thought of, before railways had been heard of, indeed, the Hoosac Tunnel route had been surveyed and commended as the most feasible line of communication between the East and the West. This was done in 1825, by a Legislative

Commission appointed to ascertain the practicability of a canal from Boston to the Hudson river. Comparing this route with that now followed by the Boston and Albany railroad, the Commissioners unhesitatingly gave the preference to this one *for the building of a canal*. There was no way of getting round the mountain, and they thought it easier to go through it than to go over it with a canal. This is their conclusion:—

“There is no hesitation, therefore, in deciding in favor of a tunnel; but even if its expense should exceed the other mode of passing the mountain, a tunnel is preferable, for reasons which have been assigned. And this formidable barrier once overcome, the remainder of the route from the Connecticut to the Hudson presents no unusual difficulties in the construction of a canal, but in fact the reverse; being remarkably feasible.”

It was during this very year, however, that the first railway was put in operation in America; and the Massachusetts Legislature paused, before building the proposed canal, to await the results of this experiment. It soon became evident that the railroad was to super-

sede the canal; and the Legislature decided to adopt this improved method of communication in opening a route to the West. In 1828 another Commission reported to the Legislature of Massachusetts that they could get over the mountain *with a railroad* more quickly and more cheaply than they could get through it; and, therefore, recommended the Boston and Albany line, which was opened for travel in 1842.

The northern line was not, however, abandoned. But for the one formidable obstacle presented by the Hoosac range it was by far the most practicable route between the East and the West. Extending west from Fitchburg, it descends the valley of Miller's river to Greenfield; then crossing the Connecticut, it finds a deep though sinuous passage which the Deerfield river, coming from the west, has cut through the hills for thirty miles. Following this stream upward without difficulty, it reaches at length a bend in the river where the Deerfield comes down from the north, and its course is no longer practicable. Up to this point, with a little care in his alignments, the engineer has found an easy passage, but now he is confronted by the steep sides of the Hoosac mountain range, standing directly across his path. Starting at Troy, the western end of his line, and going eastward, he meets with exactly the same problem. The Hoosac river, which empties into the Hudson a little above Troy, has cut the Taghkanics in twain for him, and a most beautiful route is open to the village of North Adams, where the west side of the Hoosac mountain rises before him more abrupt and lofty than the eastern side. But for this Hoosac mountain, the route, as the Commissioners say, is, considering the nature of the country between the Connecticut and the Hudson, remarkably feasible. Old Loammi Baldwin, the engineer who made the first survey with reference to the canal, used to grow enthusiastic over this line. "Why, sir," he would exclaim, "it seems as if the finger of Providence had marked out this route from the east to the west."—"Perhaps so," answered one who was deficient both in enthusiasm and in reverence, "but it is a pity that the finger of Providence

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hadn't been thrust through the Hoosac Mountain."

This was a work which Providence left to the people of this generation. In 1848 the Troy and Greenfield Railroad Company was chartered, with a capital of \$3,500,000; "to build a railroad from the terminus of the Vermont and Massachusetts railroad, at or near Greenfield, through the valleys of the Deerfield and the Hoosac to the State line, there to unite with a railroad leading to the city of Troy." Three years passed before any work was done. Subscriptions came in slowly, and the faith of capitalists in the enterprise appeared very small. On the 7th of January, 1851, the directors pluckily voted to break ground the next day; and in the absence of any information to the contrary it is to be presumed they did it. Indeed, there is a tradition in North Adams that the ceremony took place on the line of the railroad, a little to the east of that village. On the 27th of May, in the same year, the directors voted to expend a sum not exceeding twenty-five thousand dollars in experiments upon the east side of the mountain, at or near the mouth of the proposed tunnel. The result of this vote was the building of a stupendous drilling machine which will be described hereafter. This machine was set in operation at the east end, at some time during the year 1852,—and this, so far as I can learn, was the first work done upon the tunnel. I regret that I am not able to give with greater precision the date of the beginning of this important work; but a diligent study of all the reports, and inquiries addressed to every body who would be likely to know about it, have failed to elicit any definite information. Everybody knows when they began to blow, but nobody knows when they began to strike.

This tunnelling machine was a failure, and after it was abandoned very little, if anything, was done for two or three years. Repeated applications were made by the company to the Legislature for loans; but it was not till 1854 that a loan of two millions of dollars was authorized by the Legislature. By the aid of this loan and liberal subscriptions to the stock of the company, by several of the towns along the line of the railroad, work was at last be-

gun with considerable vigor in 1855. The first contractor who showed signs of force and capacity was Mr. Herman Haupt, afterward, in the late war, General Haupt, the great bridge-builder, under whose command the long bridge at Acquia Creek went up so quickly during Grant's campaign with the army of the Potomac. Haupt is a small, wiry looking man, of great capacity and boundless energy; and when the work passed into his hands it was soon evident that he meant business. The financial infirmities of the company greatly embarrassed him, however, and in 1862 he abandoned the work, and the Troy and Greenfield Railroad Company transferred to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, under the mortgages held by the Commonwealth, all the property of the corporation. After a year had passed, during which no work was done upon the tunnel, the State took possession of the property, three commissioners were appointed by the Governor to superintend it, and a Committee of the Legislature visited it every year. The chief engineer in charge during this stage of the enterprise was Mr. Thomas Doane, of Boston, who originated most of the methods now in use, and to whose judgment and skill the enterprise is very largely indebted. The work was carried on in this manner, under the direct supervision of the State, until December, 1868, when, under an appropriation of five millions of dollars by the Legislature, a contract was made with Walter and Francis Shanly, of Canada, for the completion of the tunnel. These gentlemen entered upon the work in the month of March following, and have since been pushing it vigorously. Under their administration no doubt is expressed concerning the success of the tunnel.

The Messrs Shanly are Irishmen by birth,



WALTER SHANLY.

originating in the County of Queens, in the Emerald Isle. In 1836 they emigrated to Canada, and have since been engaged, the greater part of the time, as civil engineers and contractors upon various public works in Canada and the United States. Walter, the elder, took an important part in the construction of the St. Lawrence and Welland Canals, and afterward, until 1862, was engineer and manager of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. In 1863 he was returned to the Provincial Parliament for the County of South Grenville, including the City of Prescott, and in 1867 he was re-elected from the same county to the House of Commons of the New Dominion, which position he still holds. Both these brothers immediately impress a stranger as being men of extraordinary force of character. With erect, athletic frames,



PROFILE OF THE HOOSAC MOUNTAIN.



fair and clear complexions, eyes that mean vigilance, and lips that mean resolution, they appear to be abundantly able to manage their own business, and thus far they have done it, I believe, to the satisfaction of everybody. The frank courtesy of their manners, and the quiet precision with which they do their work, have earned for them the respect of the Yankees among whom they are now sojourning, and have convinced us that the old Irish gentleman is not wholly a creature of the imagination.

The Hoosac Mountain, of which a profile is here presented, has two crests or summits with a valley between them. The Hoosac River washes the western base and the Deerfield River the eastern; and it is a curious fact that these rivers are at precisely the same height above tide-water, making it necessary to enter the mountain on each side at exactly the same elevation. Most of the tunnels heretofore built are upon an ascending grade; and it is necessary that there should be some descent in order that the water, which is usually met with in large quantities, may be carried off. In this case the only method of securing proper drainage was to have a summit at the centre, from which the grade should descend to either portal. Accordingly the grade rises about twenty feet in a mile toward the summit level in the heart of the mountain. But this manner of constructing the tunnel increased the difficulties of ventilation. If built on a continuous grade an upward current of air might be expected; and when this failed to secure ventilation, the rapid driving of a train downward through the tunnel would create a current by which it would be cleared of smoke; but if built in this manner, with a summit level in the centre, neither of these methods could be depended on. It therefore became necessary, in the judgment of eminent engineers both in this country and Europe, to sink a shaft from the top of the mountain to the summit level of the tunnel. By this shaft it was hoped not only to secure ventilation, but also to expedite the work, by affording four faces of rock instead of two to work upon, when the shaft was sunk to grade. The central shaft was, however, an afterthought, not having

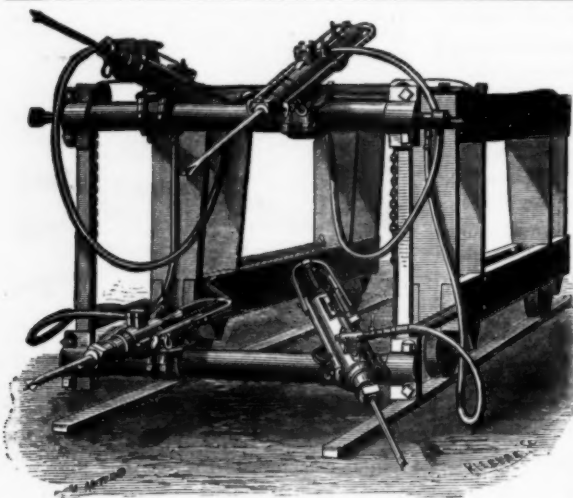


THE DEERFIELD DAM.

been begun till the work had been in progress for several years.

The visitor to the tunnel finds the work going on at both ends and at the middle. From the eastern to the western portal the distance is four miles and eighty-four hundredths;—making a longer tunnel than any now in operation in the world. The Moun Cenis Tunnel, now nearly completed under the Alps between France and Sardinia, is however about seven and three-fifths miles in length. The longest one now in use is the Woodhead Tunnel near Manchester, England, which is a trifle over three miles long. The rock of the Hoosac Mountain is mica slate with occasional veins of quartz. Except when the quartz seams occur, it is easy to drill, but quite difficult to displace by blasting.

With these general explanations concerning the character and magnitude of the work the reader will be prepared to imagine himself a visitor, and to examine it in detail. Alighting from the cars at Hoosac Tunnel station, on the eastern side of the mountain, he crosses the Deerfield upon a wagon bridge, and finds himself in a most romantic little valley, walled in on every side by steep hills. The road which he follows leads for half a mile along the southern bank, which soon becomes a precipitous cliff as the mountain elbows the valley aside and comes down to the water. Cut in the side of this steep hill, the road gradually rises till it reaches that bend in the Deerfield heretofore described, where it is fifty or sixty feet above the water. Here we are first confronted with signs of the tunnel. A huge pile of broken rock, which has been thrown down this high bank, pushes far out



THE BURLEIGH DRILLS UPON THE CARRIAGE.

into the bed of the river. Judging them by their chips, these miners must be good workmen. A rough tramway running out to the brink of this bank indicates the dumping-place of the cars by which the rock is brought forth from the mountain. Scattered about in various picturesque localities upon the hill-sides are the huts of the miners and the houses of the engineers and superintendents in charge. The store, at which all the necessities of life—from a tobacco-pipe to a tarpaulin—are furnished to the workmen, stands upon the edge of this glacier of rock. On the other side of it, a little farther up the stream, is the machine shop and the compressor building, the machinery of which is driven by the water-power of the Deerfield Dam, a short distance above. In this building the power is generated by which work is done at the heading, nearly a mile and a half away.

At the very outset the project of tunnelling this mountain by machinery was entertained, and an enormous machine, to which reference has already been made, was built at South Boston, and set in operation here in the winter of 1852. This machine was "designed to cut a groove around the circumference of the tunnel thirteen inches wide and twenty-four feet in diameter, by means of a set of revolving cutters. When this groove had been cut to a proper depth the machine was to be run

back on its railway, and the centre core blasted out by gunpowder or split off by means of wedges." Great hopes were entertained of the success of this mechanical monster, but they were not realized. It cut a very smooth and beautiful hole into the rock for about ten feet, and then it stopped forever. Subsequently another boring machine was tried at the west end. This was intended to cut the heading only—a hole eight feet in diameter, which was to be enlarged by manual labor and blasting. But this was even a more signal failure than the other. It would not go forward an inch. And this

was the end of the boring machines. The fact is, that all machines of this sort are built in disregard of one fundamental principle in engineering, viz., that in excavations of rock as little cutting as possible should be done, and as much of the work as possible should be left for the explosive agents to do. It is impossible that any machinery should be made that will cut hard rock as cheaply or as rapidly as nitro-glycerine will break it. No force that can be harnessed to machinery bears any comparison with the forces that are lodged in these chemical compounds.

After the failure of these boring machines the work was for a long time done by means of hand-drills and gunpowder. But it was found that the most rapid progress that could be made with hand-drills, under the most favorable circumstances, would not exceed sixty feet a month at either heading. Making allowance for accidents and unavoidable delays, the average progress would be much less than that; so that though by this means the tunnel might ultimately be completed, it was not likely to be done within a generation. This fact led to the introduction of power-drills. Several experiments were made with machines of this description, resulting in the adoption of the Burleigh Drill, invented by Mr. Charles Burleigh, of Fitchburg. This drill, like all the others that were tried, is

driven by compressed air. That appears to be the only motive power which could be used in a work of this kind. A steam-engine under ground would fill the air with smoke ; and the steam could not, of course, be generated outside and conducted to the machines in pipes, as it would condense before traveling far. But air can be compressed by machinery and carried anywhere, by means of strong iron pipes, without losing its elastic force.

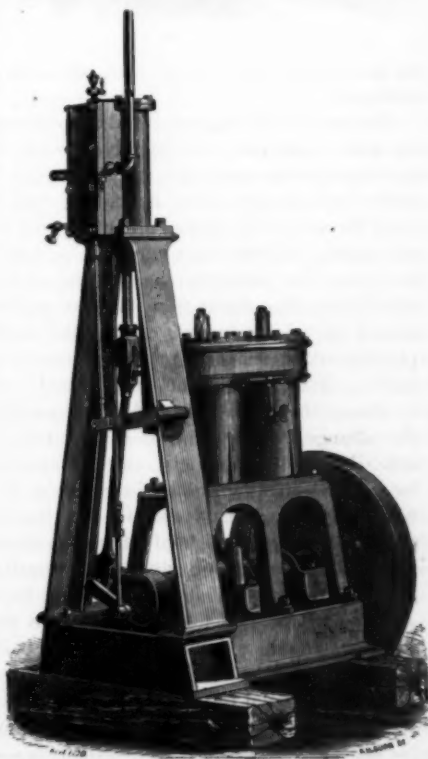
In the upper story of this machine shop we shall find several of these drills in process of repair ; for, unlike the one-horse shay of the deacon, Mr. Burleigh's invention has several "weakest spots," and often breaks down, but never wears out. It stands the severe strain, however, much better than any machine of the sort heretofore invented. The Burleigh Rock Drill consists simply of a cylinder and a piston. The compressed air being admitted by a hose from the iron pipes, by its elastic force moves the piston quickly back and forth in the cylinder, making about three hundred strokes a minute. To the end of this piston the drill is firmly fastened, and is thus driven into the rock by the strokes of the piston. A ratchet upon the cylinder turns the piston and the drill round a little with every stroke.

In the lower story of this building the compressors are at work, packing the air into small compass for use at the heading. A pressure of six atmospheres, or ninety pounds to the square inch, is given to the air which is collected in the huge pipes that lead from these machines into the tunnel. The compressor is simply an enormous air forcing-pump worked by water or steam.

By the use of drilling machines the progress of the work has been greatly accelerated. An average advance of one hundred and fifty feet a month is made at the heading at this end, and at the west heading, where the rock is harder, ninety feet a month.

The portal of the tunnel is only a few rods from the bank of the river. Just before reaching it we pass on the right the blacksmith shop, where the drills are sharpened, and the engineers' signal station, a little octagonal building standing directly in the line of the tunnel. Looking back across the river another station

is perceived on the top of the opposite hill, and a slashed line through the forest on the hill-side leading up to it. A similar station is built upon each summit of the Hoosac Mountain, and another upon the hill west of the Hoosac River ; and the greatest care has been taken by the engineers to keep the alignments accurate. Working from each end toward the middle, and from the middle toward each end of an underground line nearly five miles in length, it is evident that some care is necessary. The portal of the tunnel at this end is in the solid rock, and is twenty feet high and twenty-four feet wide. A little stream comes down the mountain side on the right of the portal ; and the attempt was first made to follow this stream upward a considerable distance before entering the mountain ; but it was soon found that the rock was more easily managed than the water ; and instead of fight-



THE AIR COMPRESSOR.



EASTERN PORTAL.

ing the stream they flanked it by this lower entrance.

Mule power only was employed in the removal of the broken rock till recently; but the increasing distance made the employment of a swifter and stronger force necessary; and a small locomotive is now in use at this end of the tunnel. Clothed in a tarpaulin and rubber boots for protection against the water, which drips abundantly from the roof of the tunnel, the visitor mounts one of the small platform cars attached to this locomotive, and is drawn slowly into the tunnel. If it chance to be a sultry day in summer, the change of temperature will be noticeable. A cool atmospheric current, created by the air which the drilling machines at the heading are liberating,—and, if a blast has recently taken place, freighted with unmerchandise odors,—is blowing outward continually. The reverberation of the noises of the locomotive and the cars fills the air with an unearthly clangor, and timid souls are usually willing to return before they have gone very far.

From the portal to the heading the distance is now \* seven thousand five hundred and

thirty-five feet, or nearly a mile and a half; but the tunnel is not complete for this distance. First a heading, eight feet high by twenty-four feet wide, is driven into the mountain; some distance behind these workmen come another gang, who add about six feet more to the height of the excavation; and some distance behind these another gang, who complete the work. For about half a mile from the portal the excavation is completed, or nearly so; at that distance the roof drops down a few feet, and for half a mile further the excavation is only about three-fourths completed; beyond that point is only the first excavation, twenty-four feet wide and eight feet high.

On the car we may observe a fellow-passenger with a bucket or a basket in his hand, containing a

dozen, more or less, of tin cans, a foot and a half or two feet in length, and an inch and a half in diameter, and closed at the end with a large cork. These are the cartridges of nitro-glycerine which are used in the enlargement. When a sufficient number of holes are drilled in the face of the rock, the corks are taken from these cartridges and perforated; through the holes in the cork the wires of an electrical fuse are drawn, and the cork is replaced, leaving the fuse in the cartridge, with the short ends of insulated copper wire projecting from the cork. Then the cartridges are carefully placed in the holes which have been drilled in the rock (no tamping being necessary), and the wires of the fuses are connected with longer wires attached to an electrical machine some distance toward the portal. The miners withdraw, a few turns are given to the crank of the electrical machine,



ELECTRIC FUSE.

\* Sept. 1, 1870.

the circuit is completed, and the rush of the air and the stunning reverberation proclaim that the mightiest of all the chemical forces yet discovered by man has dealt another crushing blow at this barrier of rock.

Simultaneous blasting by the use of electrical fuses is found to be far more effective than the old-fashioned method. A very ingenious fuse, invented by Mr. Charles A. Brown, of North Adams, is used in this work. It consists of a hollow cylinder of wood, about an inch and a quarter in length and half an inch in diameter, one end of which is closed. Into the open end is thrust a little wooden plug, the bottom of which is also hollow. In the hollow of this little plug a very sensitive fulminate is confined, and the points of two copper wires in the same little chamber are separated only a little space. These wires connect with two others which enter the main cylinder on either side.

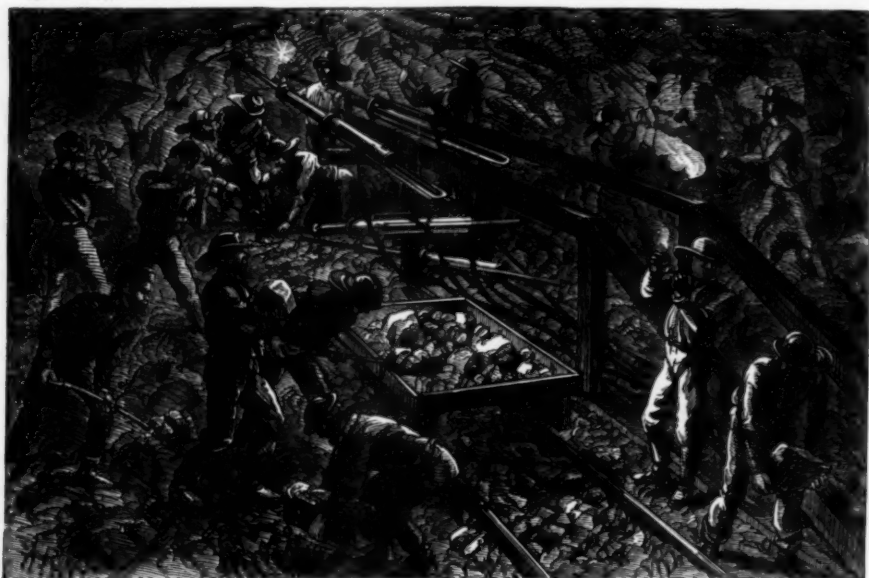
The fulminate in the little plug answers as the priming of the fuse; the main chamber of the cylinder is filled with a less sensitive and less costly explosive material. The electric spark, leaping from the one copper wire to the other in the little primer, ignites the cap and thus explodes the fuse.

Several explosive agents have been tried in the progress of this work. Gunpowder was used for a long time exclusively, and is still employed in the softer portions of the rock. Dr. Ehrhardt, a German chemist, sought to introduce in 1866 a blasting powder which he regarded as very powerful. The experiments made with it were not, however, satisfactory, a poisonous gas being evolved which drove the workmen from the tunnel. During the last year Lieut. Ditmar, a Prussian inventor, has been exhibiting a preparation which he calls Dualine, and for which he makes great claims. Dualine is, according to Lieut. Ditmar, much cheaper, much more powerful, and much less dangerous than nitro-glycerine. It can be handled and used, he says, with perfect safety, not being liable to explode from concussion, and, unless confined, harmless when ignited. It is certainly very innocent-looking stuff, resembling nothing so much as sawdust. Indeed the inventor admits that it is woody fibre, with

which, by a process known only to himself, the component parts of nitro-glycerine are chemically combined. Other chemists are inclined to disparage Lieut. Ditmar's invention, asserting that it is nothing in the world but sawdust soaked in nitro-glycerine; and since the great explosion at Worcester, in which this tranquil sawdust kicked up such a terrible bobbery, there has been, if you will pardon the expression, considerable dualine between the chemists in the newspapers, and several shots have been exchanged, with what result I am unable to say. The experiments with this explosive at the tunnel did not, however, justify all the claims that were made in its favor; and nitro-glycerine has not as yet been superseded. It seems difficult to believe that anything can be more powerful than this; and, with proper care in the handling, it is not more dangerous than gunpowder. Several serious accidents have occurred at the tunnel through its use, but these, so far as the circumstances are known, have been occasioned by inexcusable carelessness. One of the most serious casualties connected with it took place in the autumn of 1869 at the magazine where it was stored at the east end. The magazine stood upon the hill-side, a quarter of a mile from the portal, and it contained at the time of the accident about five hundred pounds of the nitro-glycerine. Three of the miners, whose business it was, went one morning to the magazine to prepare the glycerine for the day's use; and by some unknown accident an explosion took place, killing them all. One of the men was outside the building, and he, though terribly lacerated, was identified when he was picked up; but of the other men hardly a vestige was to be found. They were literally blown to atoms. Of the building, not a plank nor timber was left in the neighborhood; and nothing but an ugly fissure in the ground remained to mark the spot where it stood.

This ride into the tunnel is far from being a cheerful one. The fitful glare of the lamps upon the walls of the dripping cavern,—the frightful noises that echo from the low roof, and the ghoulish voices of the miners coming out of the gloom ahead, are not what





WORK AT THE HEADING.

would be called enlivening. It therefore occurred to me, on seeing the miner, with his basket of tin cans, take passage on the same car with us, that it might be agreeable to while away the moments of this rather anxious ride by telling these soothing tales of nitro-glycerine.

About four-fifths of a mile from the portal passengers change cars for the heading. Beyond this point mule power is still employed to bring down the broken rock. Our friend with the basket goes no farther; powder, instead of glycerine, being used in the soft rock at the heading. The roof of the tunnel for the rest of the journey is very low, and the scenery does not on the whole improve as we go forward. Through the smoke before us spectral lights are seen flitting about, and a frightful din in the region of the lights grows louder as we approach. Presently we dismount, and conclude not to go any farther. Mr. Shanly has not the slightest objection to our pursuing the journey if we choose; but it is probable that circumstances entirely beyond our control will make it inconvenient for us to do so. We are in the heading, almost a mile and a half from daylight horizontally,

and about a quarter of a mile vertically. A huge iron frame-work, resting on rollers, is pushed up against the face of the rock; to this the drilling machines are securely clamped, and at various angles they are pounding holes into the mountain. The clamor which they make is absolutely terrific. When the blast takes place, the carriage upon which the drilling machines are fastened is moved back a short distance, and two firm plank doors are shut before it, to protect the machinery from the flying rock. About fifteen men are employed at this heading; and here, as on all other portions of the work, there are three relays or "shifts," as they are called, in the twenty-four hours; each shift working eight hours only. The men are brawny fellows, principally Irishmen, though there is a large sprinkling of Cornish miners among them. The average number of men employed upon the work is seven hundred and fifty.

Having explored the works at the east end to our satisfaction, we are prepared for a visit to the other side of the mountain. From the Hoosac Tunnel Station to the North Adams Station, the distance, when the tunnel is com-

pleted, will be about seven miles. By stages it is nine miles. The journey through the mountain will be much more quickly made than the journey over the mountain can be; but travellers who hurry through this dark passage in future years will miss the very best part of the journey between Boston and Troy. For pleasure-travel this line has been, since its opening in the summer of 1868, constantly growing in popularity; and the stage-ride over the mountain is the grand feature of the journey. It might be difficult to find anywhere in New England a public road which affords within an equal number of miles an equal variety and magnificence of scenery. The elegant six-horse coaches are crowded every day in the summer with tourists, who have discovered that quite the pleasantest journey from the east to the west is that which includes the ride over the Hoosac Mountain.

The western portal of the tunnel is two miles south of the village of North Adams. The road leading to it passes over and among a series of conical foot hills that rest against the base of the mountain. These immense tumuli are no doubt the remnants of a terrace of the drift period, which has been washed away in part by torrents from the mountain, leaving a row of mounds where the terrace once stood.

Leaving the road, we follow the high embankment on which the track is to be laid up toward the mountain. Soon the road which runs beside the embankment has reached its level; then, taking the track, we enter a deep cutting, and are soon at what was once the western portal of the tunnel. At the end of this cutting Mr. Haupt first began tunnelling on this side; and the short excavation in front of us is still known as Haupt's tunnel. At the foot of all the hills which surround this valley, a secondary formation of limestone rocks is found overlaying the mica slate which forms the body of the mountains. When Mr. Haupt began his tunnel here,

in the limestone, he expected to pass directly through it into the solid primary rock; but his expectations were not realized. After a few feet the limestone began to dip, and he found overhead a soft material, which made it necessary for him to build the roof of his tunnel of masonry. Soon the limestone disappeared entirely below the grade of the tunnel, and in place of it was the famous demoralized rock which has brought such grief to engineers. This was a disintegrated mica schist, dissolving readily in water (of which there was plenty in those parts), and utterly unmanageable. Hoping to escape it a little farther on, the engineers went a few hundred feet farther up the hill, and made a deep excavation to the grade of the tunnel. But, instead of finding solid rock, here again was the porridge, and the tunnel must in some way be carried through it. The task of tunnelling a bed of quicksand would be no harder; but by some means it must be done. The excavations were made with the greatest difficulty. Drifts were run out for considerable distances on either side the line, to drain off the water; and then, as the excavations were advanced, a complete casing of timber was necessary to support the crumbling and dissolving walls. Inside this casing of timber



WESTERN PORTAL.

the brick arch of the tunnel was built. The porridge would not, of course, support the walls of the arch, and therefore an inverted arch or trough of brick was laid in the bottom, and on this the side-walls of the tunnel rest. For about seven hundred feet at this end the tunnel is, therefore, a complete tube of brick, seven courses in thickness; beyond that point, for fourteen hundred feet, the rock, though soft enough to require arching, is firm enough to sustain the walls of the arch, so that an invert is not needed. Of the twenty-one hundred feet of brick arching, about thirteen hundred are now completed.

The western portal of the tunnel is therefore, at present, at the bottom of a deep hole in the ground. The little Haupt tunnel will eventually be cleared away, and this portal will be approached through a deep open cutting.

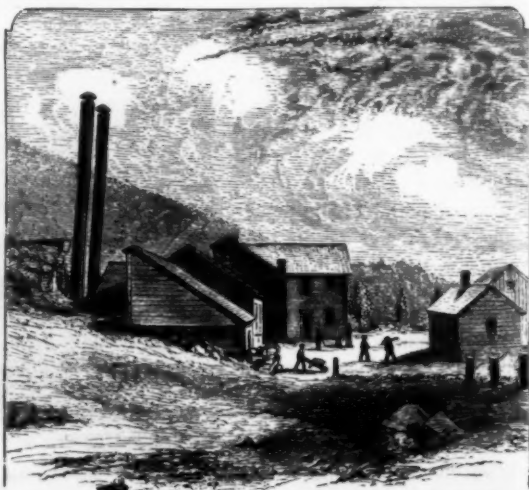
The greater part of the progress on this side the mountain has been made, however, not from the west end, but from the west shaft. While the engineers were floundering in the porridge at the west end, they wisely resolved to climb a little higher up the mountain side and sink a shaft to grade. This shaft is about half a mile from the portal, and its depth is three hundred and eighteen feet. Working outward from the bottom of this shaft a few hundred feet, the miners came upon the soft rock, and their progress was checked in that direction. Going westward from the shaft, their only difficulty was with the water, which appeared in troublesome abundance. In spite of the most careful provisions for its removal, the water several times got the better of the enormous pumps, and drove the miners from the tunnel, delaying the work for long periods. At length a narrow drift or adit was pushed through from the west shaft to the west end, permitting the water to escape in that direction, and dispensing with the use of the pumps.

From this shaft the heading is now advanced eastward two thousand seven hundred and seventy-

five feet, making the whole linear excavation from the western portal five thousand two hundred and twenty-two feet—a few feet less than a mile.

This, then, is what the visitor sees at the west side of the mountain. Climbing out of the cutting, at the end of which the Haupt tunnel begins, he follows the road up toward the mountain a few hundred feet to a point where he can look down into the deep pit, at the bottom of which the portal of the brick tunnel is seen. South of this pit is the brickyard, where the bricks for the tunnel are manufactured. Good clay is found in abundance within a few rods of the portal. It would not be a very perilous adventure to clamber down the sides of this pit and walk up the track a quarter of a mile to the place where the miners and bricklayers are at work. There is nothing to fear save noise, darkness, and dirt. When completed, the western portal is to have a fine façade of granite.

Along the northern verge of this pit runs a little stream: in dry times a very tame and innocent rivulet, but, like other mountain streams, not to be trusted in a storm. In the great flood of October, 1869, this brook, swollen into a torrent, made havoc for a little while. At that time the embankment by which the brook is separated from the tunnel was much less strong than at the present

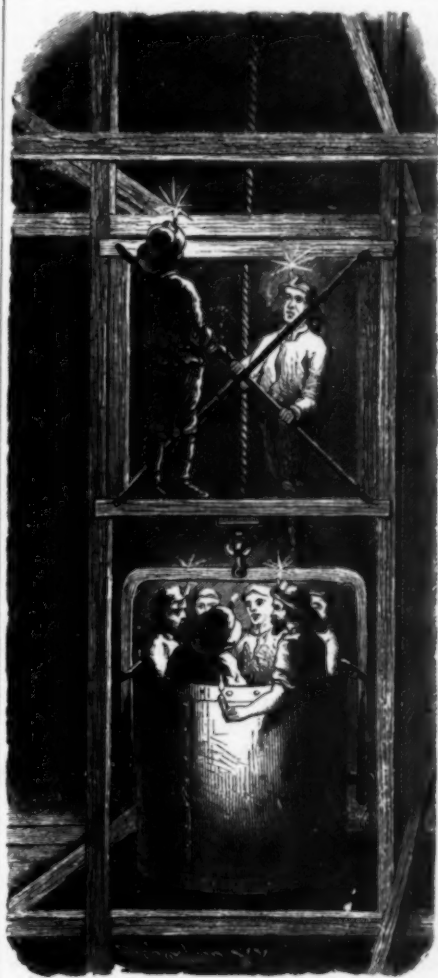


BUILDINGS AT THE WEST SHAFT.

time ; and before any one had suspected the danger, the brook had torn the embankment away, and was pouring its whole volume down into this pit. The little Haupt tunnel was quickly filled with *débris*, and then the water rushed into the portal of the tunnel. The alarm was quickly given to the men at work ; and by running for their lives all but one of them escaped. One poor fellow, who was doing his first day's work in the tunnel, and who was probably hindered in his escape by his lack of familiarity with the ground, was swept back by the torrent and drowned. In an incredibly short time the whole tunnel was brimful of water.

The road to the west shaft follows this brook upwards. On the right of the road, a short distance above the western portal, is the school-house provided by the town for the children of the miners. From seventy-five to a hundred children receive instruction here during the week, and for a part of the year the house is occupied on Sunday by two Sunday-schools, meeting at different hours ; one of which is under the care of the Roman Catholics, and the other of which is conducted by one of the Protestant churches.

The wooden buildings of the west shaft stand upon the mountain side, a little way above where the gradual slope, up which the road has brought us, changes to an abrupt acclivity. The road winds up to the buildings through rows of huts occupied by miners, at the doors of which numerous young children and other live stock, both biped and quadruped, some with feathers and some without, may be seen at any hour of the day. A vast pile of broken rock lies upon the mountain side, and the little hand-cars that are running out every few moments upon the tramway at the top are adding every hour to its bulk. A little farther south are the buildings where the nitro-glycerine is made. In the building which stands over the mouth of the shaft are the blacksmith shop, where the drills are sharpened, the machine shop, where the drilling machines are repaired, the four large air-compressors, by which power is furnished for drilling below, and the steam-engines, by which the compressors are driven, and the hoisting of the shaft is done. Over the



MINERS DESCENDING THE SHAFT.

wide door by which the little cars are trundled out is the legend, "No Admittance ;" but, armed with the proper pass from Mr. Shanly, we step inside, and find ourselves immediately upon the brink of the shaft. In this shaft, the section of which is eight by fourteen feet, a timber frame-work has been set, and in this frame-work two strong wooden cages run up and down—the one ascending while the other descends. The wire cable, by which these cages are lifted, passes over a large drum in the other room, which is turned by the engine. The cages are provided with automatic brakes,

by which they would be instantly stopped in the descent if the cable should break. Into these cages the little cars of rock are rolled at the bottom of the shaft; and on reaching the top they are pushed out and rolled down upon the tramway to the dumping-place.

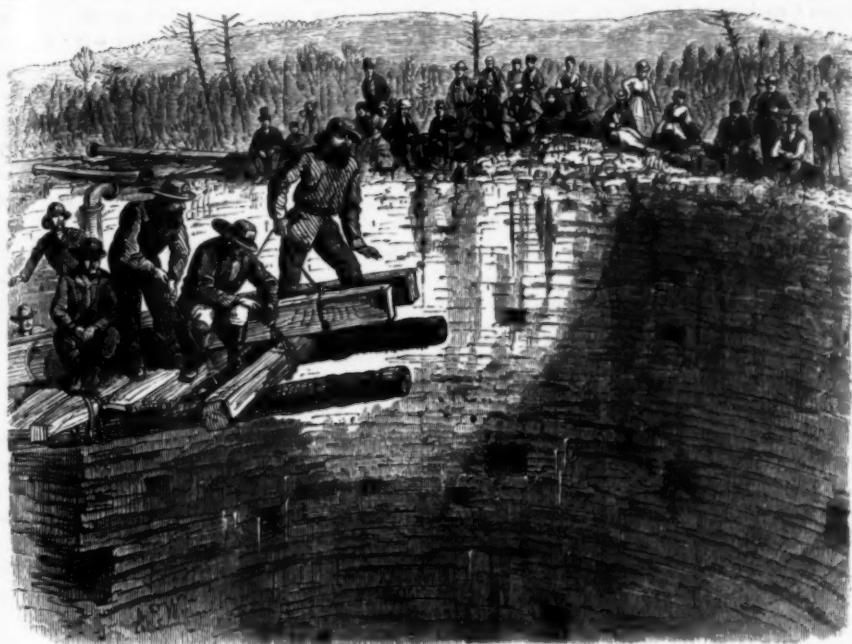
It is quite worth while for the visitor to make the descent of the shaft. Provided with old clothes and rubber boots, he will suffer no damage whatever, and the sensation is worth experiencing. The feat has frequently been accomplished by ladies—sometimes to the detriment of their skirts, but never with any worse disaster. If you walk out to the heading about this time, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have stood directly under the western summit of the Hoosac Mountain, with seventeen hundred feet—a full third of a mile—of solid rock between your head and the sky.

And now, if you have seen what is underground, it may be well enough to turn about and devote a moment to what is visible above ground. One of the fairest little valleys your eyes ever rested on lies at your feet; on your right, at the foot of its encircling hills, the outskirts of the village of North Adams are visible; South Adams is on your left in the distance, and directly across the valley, Old Greylock, the highest mountain in Massachusetts, lifts his hoary head. It is a scene you will not be likely soon to forget.

In the order of time, as the philosophers would say, we should have visited the central shaft on our way from the east to the west end; but the order of logic required that we should describe both ends before visiting the middle, and the inspection of that part of the work has therefore been postponed till our return over the mountain. About midway between the two summits a road turns southward, and following it a mile and a half we reach the central shaft. This is not located at the bottom of the valley between the two ridges, but is half a mile west of the lowest point, on the slope ascending to the western summit. The bed of Cold River, the little stream which flows southward through the valley, is two hundred feet lower than the spot where the central shaft is sunk. The higher ground was chosen for two reasons.

In the first place, the work might be greatly impeded at the bottom of the valley by water, the engineer's worst enemy. In the second place, the bed of the Cold River is much nearer the east than the west end. Work on the eastern section of the tunnel has progressed much more rapidly than on the western section; if, therefore, the shaft had been located at the lowest point near Cold River, when it was sunk to grade, much less work would remain to be done on the east than on the west side of it. It was for this reason judged expedient to locate the shaft at a point on the western ridge nearer to the west end, in order that at its completion the work on either side might be more equally divided. The distance from the shaft to the east end is, in round numbers, thirteen thousand feet, and to the west end twelve thousand. The shaft is of an elliptical form, the longer diameter, on the line of the tunnel, being twenty-seven feet, and the transverse diameter fifteen feet. Its depth is one thousand and thirty feet. It was only during August, 1870, that grade was reached; and the preparations are now nearly made for beginning the excavations east and west from the bottom of the shaft. The hoisting is done here, as at the west shaft, by steam; but, instead of the heavy cages and cars, large copper buckets are here employed for bringing up the rock. The bucket is attached to cross-bars of wood, which slide in a frame-work of timber, thus preventing it from swinging back and forth in its passage. It goes up and down at a fearful rate, only two minutes being occupied in the ascent or descent of more than a thousand feet. The miners ride to and from their work, sometimes sitting in the bucket, and sometimes standing on its rim, or on the cross-bars, and holding on by the cable. Most of those at the central shaft are Cornish miners, and their life-long experience in such holes in the ground has made them reckless of danger. The fatal accidents that frequently occur among them have no effect to make them more cautious. When the whistle blows for the "shift" of hands, every man at the bottom wants to come up in the first bucket, and generally the whole dozen of them do all come up at once, two or three sitting





CENTRAL SHAFT.—DESCENT OF MALLORY.

in the bucket, and the rest standing on the rim and the cross-bars, and clinging fast. If a man can get one foot on the cross-bar and one hand on the cable, he had much rather come up in that way than wait three minutes for the bucket to return for him.

The rock of the Central shaft, like the rock of the East end, is much softer than that of the West end. During the last year the average monthly progress downward has been about thirty feet. The drilling has for the most part been done by hand: drilling machines have been employed to some extent, but handwork has been found, on the whole, more economical. The electrical machine by which the blasts are discharged is kept in the office at the top of the shaft; two permanent wires, well insulated, extend from the top to the bottom; and when the blast takes place the miners are all brought up to the surface—out of danger.

The shaft is expected to serve an important purpose in ventilating the tunnel when it is completed. By dividing it into compartments, after the manner of the ventilators now in

general use, it is supposed that a strong current of air can be constantly maintained. Another expectation is entertained concerning the Central Shaft, it is said, which is perhaps less likely to be realized. This lofty plateau between these mountain peaks includes the town of Florida, called by that name probably on the *lucus a non* principle, because it is the coldest and the least flowery spot this side of Greenland. The only tropical fruit raised in Florida is the potato, for the culture of which it is deservedly famous. It is, however, somewhat difficult for the Florida farmers, or planters, if you please, to get their potatoes to market, owing to the long and steep hills down which they must be carted. Now it appears that it is necessary for a railroad to obtain the right of way, not only when it runs over a man's farm, but also when it runs under it; the theory of the law being that freeholders own all the ground within their boundaries down as far as the centre of the earth, be the same more or less. (This being the case, how vast must be the possessions of the Florida farmers!) To the Hon.

Alvah Crocker, of Fitchburg, the duty of securing for the railroad the right of way under these Florida farms was committed. Mr. Crocker is a man of immense energy and un-failing resource; from its first inception until now he has been one of the stoutest friends of the tunnel; and the success of the project is in a very large degree owing to his exertions. It is said, with how much truth I do not know, that the denizens of this elevated region had high notions about the value of that portion of their land which lay a thousand feet, more or less, beneath the surface; and were not disposed to grant the right of way until Mr. Crocker shrewdly suggested that there might be a depot in Florida, on the line of the tunnel, and that potatoes might be shipped to the North Adams market via Central Shaft. That suggestion silenced all objections and the right of way was readily granted.

Here, on the 19th of October, 1867, occurred the most terrible tragedy that has ever been enacted upon this public work. Early in the progress of the shaft, the experiment was made of lighting it with gas produced from gasoline. The experiment was not, however, deemed successful by the engineer, and after a short trial the apparatus was condemned by him as unsafe. In the summer of 1867, the work at the Central Shaft and the east end was placed in the hands of contractors, and these gentlemen, finding this lighting apparatus in the buildings at the shaft, determined to make a new trial of it. On the very first day of the trial, by some accident, the gasoline in the tank, which was situated near the engine, took fire. In an instant, the whole building was in a blaze. Thirteen men were at work at the bottom of the shaft, which was then nearly six hundred feet in depth, and it was impossible to rescue them. In a very few seconds the engineer was driven, badly singed, from his post, and no way was left of communicating with the miners. Two minutes more would have answered, the engineer said,—three minutes would have been ample time—to send a man down for them, and bring them all up safely; but it was impossible for him to remain at the wheel another moment. So the poor fellows all perished there in the darkness. Nobody

knows how soon, or by what means they became aware of the danger they were in; nor is it certainly known in what manner they died, but the more probable conjecture is that they were suffocated. Very quickly after the air-pumps stopped working, the supply of pure air would be exhausted; probably the intense heat at the top of the shaft would accelerate the exhaustion of the oxygen; and it is not likely that any of them were conscious half an hour after the fire broke out. After the stoppage of the water-pumps the shaft rapidly filled with water, and if they had escaped suffocation from the bad air, they must have been drowned in a very few hours by the rising water. The fire broke out at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon. At two o'clock the next morning the flames had been extinguished and the rubbish cleared away from the mouth of the shaft, so that tackling could be rigged for a descent. A workman named Mallory, who had superintended the timbering of the shaft, and was familiar with every part of it, volunteered to make the descent. A rope was fastened round his body, three lanterns were attached to him, and a small cord for making signals was put into his hand. In this way he was slowly lowered into the darkness. Those who watched at the top saw two of his lanterns go out as he neared the bottom; then heard him shout, but heard no reply; then felt a nervous jerk of his signal cord. On this he was quickly drawn up, and when he reached the top was nearly insensible from the effects of the foul air. He reported about fifteen or twenty feet of water at the bottom, and no signs of the men. Before any appliance could be obtained for procuring their bodies the water was so deep as to render it impossible. Within a few days the shaft was full of water, and for its removal buildings must be erected and machinery prepared. It was not till October, 1868—a full year after the accident—that the shaft was emptied of water, and the bodies were secured. They were all in such a state of preservation as to be easily identified, though quickly crumbling after exposure to the air.

By the contract, Mr. Shanly agrees to finish the tunnel by the first day of March, 1874.

and if the work goes on at the present rate that time will not be exceeded. The tunnel is twenty-five thousand and thirty-one feet in length; and there is now from both ends a linear excavation of twelve thousand seven hundred and fifty-seven feet, more than half the entire length. With two new faces to work upon at the bottom of the Central Shaft and with improved facilities the work will be greatly accelerated. If the contract be fulfilled, more than twenty-six years will have elapsed between the chartering of the road and its completion; and more than twenty-two years since work was begun upon the tunnel. During a part of this time work has been

suspended, but it is probable that nearly if not quite eighteen years of steady work will have been done upon the tunnel by the time it is finished. As to the cost, that is a mere bagatelle. Before the State took the work in charge the State Treasurer had paid something more than a million of dollars. The Commissioners expended in round numbers three millions and a quarter; the Messrs. Shanly are to have for finishing the tunnel \$4,594,268, making the whole cost of the work in the neighborhood of nine millions of dollars. That is the price which Massachusetts consents to pay rather than be left out in the cold.

## NATASQUA.

(Continued from page 69.)

## CHAPTER IV.

MRS. VAUX nodded. She meant to tell him now that he was her son. Whatever strength or mother's love there was in her, lifted her unreliable nature at that moment into unnatural heights of courage. But the moment was as terrible to her as though her shallow, fidgety soul had been unexpectedly called to judgment before God.

"At any rate, I want to be alone," she said irritably, pulling on and off her glove. "Go out, Romy, go out: I have something to say to—to this gentleman."

Romy went out, blushing. She thought of course she knew what her mother wanted to talk about. There was only one secret in the world for her at that time.

There was only one for Dick. It put blood and life into everything else. As he came up the path, he was thinking what a confoundingly raw uncomfortable day it was, and how a bushel or two of mussel-shells would help that potato patch; but when he saw the gray-cloaked figure in the porch, the air between him and it grew full of autumnal, golden lights; he saw the green arch of trailing vines over her crusted with purplish drops of grapes; the roses along the path opened wide, blood-red, and pungent.

"You here! I never found you here before. You—" He had reached her with a bound and touched her hand. He always took

her hand for an instant when they first met. The touch of it, white, warm, yielding, lingered on the man's rough paw until it came again, though that were for days.

"I came to see your father. I thought you were at the village."

"No matter. You are here."

She turned to look at the sky, the grapes, the pine-knots in the floor. Dick's eyes breathlessly followed hers—trembling, fugitive, conscious. No doubt when this man and woman were babies of five years old they behaved with more reason and dignity; but oh, how red were those roses, how the grapes glimmered and shone, how God poured life into the cold wind that afternoon!

"I forgot," she said at last with a start, "my mother is in the house. She wishes to see you. I will walk down to the orchard until your talk with her is over."

Dick helped her over the stile and stood to watch her furtively as she walked away. "If she cared for me she would give one look back," he thought. He had fallen into this habit of spying upon the girl when unsuspected. He watched at the door of her heart perpetually with a fierce hunger like a beast of prey to seize on the secret of her love if it should creep out. He would have stolen it: there were times when he would have liked to wrench it from her by force; he could do

anything but say to her manfully "I love you," and so put his own fate to the final test. Dort, who was naturally manly and straightforward, was neither manly nor straightforward in his love. The life-long swagger had been completely cowed out of him the other day by a swagger that was bigger and falser than his own. The Major's glitter and brag had paralyzed him, as with the spell of the evil eye. Fashion, after all, is your malign enchanter; nothing lames or palsies a fresh young nature like it.

"I'm glad," thought Romy, "he is going to meet mother." He would see that they were not all of them sham and varnish: the silly, affectionate little woman would give him courage, no doubt. She might even some day be a mediator between Dort and her father. Romy was sanguine, as you see.

"I'm glad," thought Dort, knocking the mud off his shoes on the steps, "I am to meet her mother." If she were the gentle, lovable creature that Romy had described, he could insure himself a chance through her. Between his love and the savage snubbings he had lately received, Dick's heart had never found its way so near to the surface; he had never been so humbled, or so hungry for cordial sympathy or comfort. If Mrs. Vaux had owned herself his mother at that moment, it is probable he would have eagerly accepted her as the one thing which his life needed. But to-morrow was always Mrs. Vaux's accepted time of salvation.

Hearing his steps crunching the sand, she came toward the door to meet him. But just then her eye fell on a square looking-glass on the wall, and she caught sight of her gaudy yellow and purple dress, fluffy hair, and the paste jewelry dangling from neck and ears. She drew back as if she had had a blow.

"Why! what will he think of me? I look like a soubrette at the Bowery," she said aloud. "No, I'll not claim my son until I am decently dressed." She stood in the middle of the room adjusting her collar, a cold sweat on her face, and a sudden, awful void in her heart.

Dort stepped up into the doorway. He was broad and loosely built; his eyes gray, keen, and good-tempered, like his father's. A bold, downright air, too, like his father's. *His*

*father!* Oh God! Now, now she knew how she had loved that stupid, good-natured John Walt, who lived and died long ago in a country doctor's office. A country doctor, but he seemed like a very god to her, now, in the remembering.

Dort crossed the room, smiling, his hand out. "This is—I believe—"

"Your—your—" Her eye fell on the purple skirt. "I am Miss Vaux's mother."

It was not the first time that a tag of ribbon or daub of rouge has come between a soul and its salvation.

"I'm very glad to see Miss Vaux's mother under this roof," said Dick, bustling about to find her a seat. What odd pleading eyes she had! There was certainly none of her husband's pomp or circumstance about this little lady.

"You are glad to see *me*?"

She sat down looking white and scared. Evidently, she knew less of the usages of society than Dick himself. As he was convinced of that he grew quite bold and confident thereupon.

"Yes, madam. Especially glad to welcome you. Miss Vaux has told me so much of —"

"Oh! it is for Miss Vaux's sake —?"

"Why—yes," with a surprised laugh. "You see I never had the pleasure of knowing you before."

"No. You never knew me," with whitening lips, patting down her ruffles. Dick looked down at her, puzzled, trying to find out the key to her agitation. Her ordinary habit of society helped her quickly to outward composure.

"You have a sweet, quiet place here, Mr. Dort," she said presently.

"Yes; it's certainly quiet," looking about with a half-grimace. "It's a poor place enough, God knows. You and Miss Vaux must see that, though you're so polite as to appear to like it. There's such a lack of all that you're both used to—elegance and style. No hopes of them!"

Poor Mrs. Vaux, who was watching every turn in her son's face, laughed. "Do they count for so much to you?" with a queer pathos in her voice.

It moved Dick, who was feverish and excited at any rate, to sudden confidence. "Pon my soul, ma'am, I believe they count for everything!" throwing himself down beside her. "Why, they stand between me and all that is worth having in the world! Two months ago I would have been satisfied to see a clear way before me to earn a respectable living, and to have, of course, a little time to spare every day for a book or a newspaper. Now—well, now I see that there is one thing more which I must have, or I give up life at once; and I can never obtain it without rank, and position, and style. How the devil am I to have position and style?" with a sudden, despairing gesture, as though he tried to clutch an intangible something in the air. He recovered himself presently with an awkward laugh. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Vaux; I'm sure I don't know why I should talk to you in this way!"

"I know." She put out her hand timidly and touched his hair. There was a certain proud sense of possession in the touch. This was *her* son. There was, too, the mother's love that had been famishing within her all her life, and never till this moment found chance of utterance. "What is it that you want? Can I help you? If I could help you, Mr. Dort, it—it would matter more to me than you know."

Dick drew back a little, on his guard. "You're—you're very kind, I am sure. I thought, perhaps, you would prove our friend. She has told you, perhaps?" looking at her searchingly.

"Romy? No. But I knew. I guessed. Oh! when I was a girl, I knew what true love was," fluttering her skirts with a pathetic little cackle. "I had begun to think there was no such thing left in the world until you and Romy——."

"I do not know that Miss Vaux cares for me. I never have spoken to her as I am doing to you."

"Cares for you? Oh, there can be no doubt as to that," drawing herself up angrily. The idea of Major Vaux's daughter rejecting her son!

"Do you think that? Thank God!" Dort took out his handkerchief and wiped his face.

"I'm quite sure of it."

"You'll think me a fool, no doubt," he said after a while, "to care for any woman so much;" thoughtfully crumpling his handkerchief into a ball. Once sure of Romy's love, the old, comfortable complacency began to warm in his veins. "It was always my theory, Mrs. Vaux, that love and marriage were comparatively trivial matters, which a man should hold in his hands, as one might say, apart from his real business in life, to keep or throw from him—"(and he threw the ball into his hat at his feet with a certain decisive, victorious air)—"at pleasure. At pleasure. But since I met Miss Vaux, I really am so metamorphosed that I hardly know myself." He looked at her, and laughed like a boy. It was a very frank, bright face. "My theory seems to have failed me."

"I understand." For it seemed to her that she was Fanny Dort again, in white muslin and pink sash, and John beside her. Here were his eyes and smile—this was the very same rough, cordial voice. She had been a woman with that old lover; she had known love like other women; for the rest of her life she had been a doll, a milliner's block.

"I understand it very well," said the poor lady, with the tears coming to her eyes.

"I have nothing, you see, to offer Miss Vaux," continued Dort, gravely, "but a home like this. I'll tell the truth about it from the first. I don't want to deceive you. You see what I am. You see the house. This is the best I may have for years. I'll do what I can to push my business. But I know nothing, and can do nothing, outside of Natasqua. I can never give her the fashion and luxury which she has now. What do you say?"

He watched her anxiously. She looked at the room, with its white board floor, the fire burning up from the gray ashes; then out at the apple orchard, with the friendly trees on the hill slope, so still that you could hear the crickets hopping through the seed grass; and down to the broad river, tranquilly flowing below, while the evening sky stained it a dull red. They thought their own thoughts out quietly—trees, and skies, and river.

A sudden conviction came to her that this was home. Here love, and truth, and God



waited. In the house at Fifteenth street there were, she thought, neither love nor God. Why should the girl not come here? Why? When she knew this boy's father she too had had a chance of truth and rest, and had put it away. "It would have been salvation for me," she thought; "yes, salvation."

"What is it?" said Dort, uneasily, seeing her wipe away the tears. Mrs. Vaux's tears always were ready to flow. "Did I vex you in any way?"

"Oh dear, no. I was only thinking. Just a little matter that happened to me long ago, in which you were not concerned, except—that is—well, relatively."

"You would be willing, then, for your daughter to come to me here!"

"Yes." She gave a queer laugh, and then was silent. He might as well, she thought, have asked her if she would be willing for Romy to go in and sit down with the blest in heaven. Was not he here? her son? Romy could sit down with him here forever, in love and quiet; secure. *She* must go back outside into the sham, and eternal pushing and lying. But all she said was: "It will be very pleasant for Romy. Perhaps you will let me come for a little while now and then?"

"You think there will be no difficulty, then, about Major Vaux's consent?" Dick was intent on driving home his wedge.

"Major Vaux?" With the word a change came over her from head to foot. She woke, as it were, completely. "The Major? But you know it would be impossible for you to marry Major Vaux's daughter. Really, to marry—you know. I know," breathlessly, "it's like a church here, and makes one feel religious, and all that; and you would have true love—and I know what that is," stopping to sob. "But then, actually—you see, actually—looking at it rationally—. There are no carpets, and not even shades to the windows; and, well, this is really a kitchen, to speak plainly, and if you even had the money to build an addition, you could only have one parlor—and what could Romy, raised as she has been, do with one parlor? Why, Mr. Langton has a house in town, and a place on Staten Island. Oh, very stylish! And yet the Major

—Oh, if you talk of marrying, it's impossible—impossible!"

Dort's face darkened sullenly. "I have a mind, however, to go to him to-night, and tell him plainly what I want, and who I am."

"Who you are? Yes; if you were to marry Romy, it must be told who you are." She added, slowly, in a low voice, "I had forgotten that."

"He can learn it from any man in the county," blurted out Dick, boldly. "There is but one thing that can be said against me. I am a man whose only disgrace was his mother. Am I responsible for her shame?"

"No, no," moaned the poor little woman. But Dort did not hear her. His heat and chagrin made him deaf; he walked to the door, and stood there sulkily, giving a kick to the dog who came to rub against his leg.

Mrs. Vaux sat pressing her thin palms together. "*Shame!* but he's my son; my son," she repeated again and again. "If I can give Romy to him he'd forgive me. He'd never say *that* to me again; never."

She tried to speak once or twice but still sat dumb. "Her shame?"

Like most weak, shallow women, Fanny Vaux had always been gently handled; even the Major's gross touch had grown tender for her. Now—it was her son who had flung the vile insult in her face. No wonder that she gasped, unable to find words to answer him. She half rose:

"I'll tell him the truth. I'll throw myself at his feet and let him kill me, if he wants to." But her courage gave way in two steps. "If I could secure Romy for him, he would forgive me anything."

As girl or woman, Fanny Vaux was noted for her petty, amiable cunning. Her plan came to her like an inspiration. She went up and touched him on the elbow: "Listen to me. I'll do all I can to secure Romy for you. But it is useless to try to conquer her father. If we leave the beach and go back to town she is as completely out of your reach as if she were, well, inside the wall of China, and you know what that is. Your love seems reasonable enough here. But there—!" she had a sudden vision of Dort in his brown velvetene Sunday suit, and jaunty cap stuck on one

side, presenting himself at her Thursday receptions. "If she goes back, she is lost to you."

"I do not intend to lose her," steadily. "I mean to marry her. I will tell her father so. I'll wait for her as long as Jacob did for Rachel. Position and style? They're not impossible things."

"Oh, but they are—they are, I assure you!" hastily. "I know the world; trust to me. We go back in three days, and Romaine Vaux is then utterly out of your power."

"What do you want me to do, then?"

"Marry her to-morrow. Let the marriage remain a secret until you are ready to claim her. Major Vaux has no power over man and wife."

Dick stood stunned a moment, and then laughed. "You are a bold ally, Mrs. Vaux. But your plan seems a trifle cowardly to me. I hate underhanded work, especially in anything so—so sacred as marriage. I will, at least, go to him first, and if he refuses—why then——"

"Go to Romy, now. She is down by the river. She knows her father. She will show you how practicable your scheme is."

"It may not be practicable, but it is honest."

"Go to Romy," shaking her head with mild mulishness.

There was a heavy leisurely step on the porch, and old Inskip came in. Natasqua people are never surprised. He took off his old cap and held it in both hands, smiling as though this astounding, beruffled, fidgety apparition was a daily visitor.

"This is Miss Vaux's mother, father."

Inskip held out his hand. "That young lady and I count on each other as friends," he said. "She comes here often."

He sat down and began to pull the leather-colored breeches down over his knees; but they, having no sense of gentility, resented this departure from their normal condition, and hung in rolls, like weather-beaten sails bulged by the wind.

"The skin of his legs is burned quite a mud-color," reflected Mrs. Vaux, gravely. She immediately felt the duty of thoughtfully deciding upon the character of the man who had

trained her boy. "My fingers smell of clams since he shook hands, and as for his nails, I really don't think he trims them once a month."

But there was something in his face which made her stop short. She did not attempt to sound or define it. The tears came to her eyes. "Very likely he was a better father to my son than his own would have been."

She stole a furtive keen glance towards him now and again. But she was met each time by a glance which, though grave and kind, was shrewder than her own. She got up and walked uneasily across the room. "What does he know?" she thought. "What can he know?"

#### CHAPTER V.

DORT had a habit of striking the nail on the head without the least concern as to where the point went. "Father," he said, bluntly, "you remember the conversation we had yesterday, when I told you of my wishes in regard to Miss Vaux?"

The old man started, looked at Mrs. Vaux, and then at the fire, like an embarrassed boy.

"I remember, Richard," he said, deliberately, at last. But he was ill at ease. He had never had a love affair of his own, and for weeks he had been turning over this trouble of Dick's in his mind with a tender, delicious fear and delight. And now the boy was hauling it out in the market-place, so to speak, to air and examine it.

"Oh, yes," clearing his throat, "I remember."

"Mrs. Vaux has suggested a course for me. She will talk it over with you until I come back. I have not made up my mind yet about it."

"I wonder if Dick really thinks it is oysters he is going to buy?" thought Inskip, with a quick look of alarm at Mrs. Vaux. But she saw no cause for offence. Her eyes were fixed on Dick, who threw on his cap, took a stealthy glance at the handsome, confident face under it in the mirror, and went out.

The old man followed him, trotting by his side until they were out of hearing. He stopped under an apple-tree. "Richard!"

catching him by the sleeve, and pausing as if for breath.

"What is it? You look horribly cut up, father. You're not worrying about this matter of Romy's? It will all come right. You shouldn't take my troubles so hard, dear old boy," clapping him on the shoulder.

"Did she tell you who she was?" under his breath.

"Who? Mrs. Vaux? Why, of course. That is, she only told me she was Romy's mother; but I can see for myself that she is a woman of high fashion. Good-hearted, too, and with any amount of hard common sense. There are not many women whom I cannot read. My eyes are wide open."

"Oh yes, wide open," abstractedly. "I'd have thought you could soon read this poor woman." He looked at Dick steadily a minute, as if deciding on some puzzle to himself, and then deliberately, as usual, took his hand from his sleeve. "Go on, Dick. I'll keep her till you come back."

But Inskip did not return directly to the house. He made a pretext to himself of going into the garden for parsley and sweet basil. He had not the courage to meet the woman again.

"Why, the mother's look in her eyes would have touched a stone, and Dick never saw it," sorting his sprigs of herbs in even lengths. He thought he quite understood how it was with her. How these twenty years of remorse and guilt lay on her. How, at the sight of him, she would try to read her boy's soul to see if he was likely to have a clearer and purer record than hers had been. And when she had found the same temptation put in his way before which she had fallen, to love outside of his station, the poor creature had devised some plan to save him from both her disappointment and her crime.

"She hadn't courage to make herself known to him, and no wonder! She's just waiting, I reckon, till he's gone to speak to me. I'd best hurry in." But he made haste slowly. Pain or supreme passion were strangers to Natasqua, and of all men Inskip was the most cowardly to go and meet them.

"I'll be back with the pail, Bess, presently," patting the brown cow that thrust her head

out to be stroked. The chickens were flapping and cackling their way up into the dusky apple-trees to roost. The katydids began to drone on the bark. A fish hawk came with great circular sweeps out of the red horizon to perch for the night on its dead tree in the middle of the meadow. "Now I reckon that poor creature would rather tell her story by daylight than night," and this thought drove him in quickly. The poor creature was sitting, languidly poising one of her daintily booted feet before the fire. She was wondering, if Romy ever did come there to live, how about her shoes? Country cobblers were no better than blacksmiths, and Romy's feet were really so perfect! But she would never come. That chance of happiness was over for her boy.

"It is I who have done it. Ten years ago, if I had claimed him, he might have been something better than a crab-fisher. I have been his curse."

Inskip saw her staring gloomily into the fire. He drew out the table, put a cloth over it, and began to make the tea. Anything to give her time and composure. The fragrant steam came out from the pot on the hearth in a soft, white whiff. Some soft crabs began to sputter with a savory smell in a pan on the fire. Inskip brought out a great loaf of home-made bread from the cupboard. Mrs. Vaux was both hungry and tired of emotion; besides, she had been a country girl in her youth, and this supper was a different affair and more appetizing than Adolph's efforts of high art.

"O dear, I would like to cut that bread!" jumping up. "It is so nice in you to have tea while we are here. There! See how even these slices are. Oh, I used to be a famous bread-cutter; but that is such a long time ago. Where in the world did you pick up this old blue basket-ware china? Why, it's as precious now-a-days as molten gold. Off a wreck? Actually a wreck? Oh, I wish Romy would make haste! The idea of drinking tea out of a shipwrecked cup!"

The delight seemed to bewilder her; she sat down and kept silence for two minutes. Then she plunged into the very bottom of the matter which troubled her. "The way I look at it is this, Mr. Inskip:" (confidentially),

"Romy might not have a parlor or shoes. But really you don't know how pleasant this room is; a great deal larger than the poky little sitting-room in Fifteenth Street, for of course we never use the reception rooms ourselves. It's really lovely here with the orchard and all. And if you've no carpets you've no moths; as the Major says, there are always compensations; and if Romy had a stout person to come in and do the rough work, I really don't think cutting bread and making tea and so on is so objectionable; even the cooking crabs appears to be almost a joke; and these wrecked plates and things, why there's not a woman in our set who would not give her eyes for them. Shoes might be sent by express, and now there is the whole matter in a nutshell. Outside of these differences, why it's all the same at bottom. Romy crochets or reads in Fifteenth Street; she would read and crochet in Natasqua. I protest, when you look at it philosophically that way, the thing seems perfectly feasible to me."

"I am glad you think so." Inskip, fork in hand, looked bewildered alternately from her to his crabs, understanding the nature of one about as much as the other. "I was afraid there might be some difficulty in the boy's way. He spoke of Miss Vaux's father."

"Oh, the Major?" with a momentary collapse all over; but she rose elastic. "That difficulty can be managed—that is, if it is managed cleverly. A little judicious manœuvring is all that is needed. I want them to leave it to me," with a sagacious nod.

"Kin I ask you how you purpose to manage it, ma'am?" he hesitated, after a long silence—"The boy's bin like a son to me, you know."

Her cheek-bones grew red. "He *is* my son—that is, he will be when he is Romy's husband, of course. It would be quite impossible for *you* or anybody to understand the interest I take in Richard Dort," with a complacent, boastful little laugh, so like to Dick's own that Inskip started.

"She has his nose, too, and his kerridge precisely; head a bit on one side. But it's hard to think she's the woman I've bin lookin' for all these years," he thought, with many furtive glances at the shallow, excited face op-

posite. Poor Fanny appeared in her most unmotherly phase. A manœuvre or a petty secret always intoxicated her like a draught of heady wine. The consciousness that she had a son living, so long as she was forced to keep it locked in her own breast, had been a dead unaltering weight, dragging her down night and day like a hand from the grave. But this meeting him and Inskip, herself unknown; this fence and parry to escape detection; this plotting and counter-plotting on Romy's behalf—why, it was a play! She was the heroine of a melo-drama! They were all puppets, and she pulled the string.

"You may be sure, Mr. Inskip," she chattered on excitedly, "I'll do the best that can be done for the young people. I think I can say without flattering myself, I have always had some skill in managing love affairs. They need the sensibility of youth, with the judgment of an older head. Now in this case I propose a secret marriage, to be kept secret until Richard is able to support his wife. That settles all difficulties. Richard is satisfied; the Major can't be dissatisfied (as he'll know nothing about it); and I—it would be better for me, too," her voice growing suddenly feeble. "For if Richard goes to Major Vaux for his daughter, I must go with him and claim him as my son," she repeated to herself again and again. That was the ground on which she built her whole comprehension of the matter.

Inskip stuck the fork into the table, and stood with his hands folded behind him, looking into the fire.

"You don't seem to approve of my plan?" testily.

"No," turning his grave, stern eyes on her's, "I kin see no use in Richard's acting a lie for years."

"It is to gain a wife he loves. It seems to me it must be salvation to a man to marry for love. Or for a woman. This is the only chance for him."

"I kin see no use in a man acting a lie for years. Least of all, on account of his salvation," repeated the old man, doggedly.

Mrs. Vaux gave an impatient little flirt in her chair. "Obstinate old mule!" she said inwardly. "Perhaps, my dear sir," aloud

and energetically, "you think there would be danger of detection. But that's because you don't know the world. Success in such a thing all depends on knowing the world. A little skill and management. Why, I knew of such a secret being kept—a child was born and its existence was unknown for twenty years; just think—twenty years! No shadow of suspicion fell on the mother in all that time. Oh, I assure you, Mr. Inskip, nothing's easier if you only know the way to do it."

"Is it a good way? Kin *you* recommend it to my boy?" He turned his head away, afraid to see her face if he hurt her, but went on steadily. "'Ud that mother now, d' ye think, recommend to her boy to follow her in her shame? Has it been so good for her?"

Mrs. Vaux rose passionately, but before she found words the passion was gone. The life-long dead pain tugged at her with its old intolerable weight. She got up trembling and crying aloud, and went out, but without a word to him, into the garden and down to follow her son.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Miss Vaux was sitting in the long grass under a big paper mulberry, on the river's edge. The shadow was as dark as a tent over her and Dort, who stood beside her, and far above was the tenting sky, its still and vast folds shutting them in. A chance beam of light fell on her head, with its cap and tuft of scarlet feather. The river was a silent pathway of steel gray through the dusk; on its farther shore a boat with spectral sail tacked and jibed silently as a ghost. The dark figure of a crab-fisher, of which only the head and arms could be seen above the water, passed noiselessly along the shore, an unwieldy boat coming after, tied to his waist. He passed out of sight. The silence was absolute. There are no singing birds in these woods: no birds at all except dark, tiny sparrows, who hop along the sand without a twitter.

"It might be the shore of the Styx," said Miss Vaux, speaking with an effort. "And yonder is Charon's boat waiting for a passenger."

Dort made no reply.

"Look at the coloring on the bark of this

tree, Mr. Dort. Red, purple, saffron, every shade of the browns. One would think Nature had used it for her palette, or tried her brushes on it."

"Confound Nature and her palette!" said Mr. Dort inwardly. But his lips were inexorably shut.

"They ought soon to cut the sedge," she ventured, thirdly. "This is quite dry."

"What do I care for Charon or the sedge? Why do you talk in this way to me?"

"Because there is nothing else left for us to talk of," she answered steadily. "Because, one day more, and we will be strangers to each other for the remainder of our lives. It is safer that we should meet as strangers now."

"Romy!"

She rose as though against her will and stood beside him. He held out his hands to her.

"Yes, I know," she said, answering words which he did not speak, "I know what I am to you."

"But you—you. I am a clam-digger to you, that's all! A vulgar fellow that could amuse you for the time. Something curious, a little out of the common town-way, to be ranked with the sea-horse that you dried, or the plaice with both eyes on one side, eh?"

"You are unjust;" quietly. "I have told you that I love you."

"But what kind of love is it?" When she did not answer, he stood hot and fuming beside her, without speaking. In his secret soul he was ashamed of his rage at being thwarted. It seemed to him, as the dark tree shut them in, there was but this one living creature in all the world. It seemed as if, by a swift, hard insight, he saw for the first time clearly himself and his past life, his incompleteness, his uncontrolled temper, his ignorance, his conceit. All that he lacked waited for him in her. Mentally, if he reasoned about it, of course Romy was a weak, soft creature. Yet she had a curious effect upon him; the man he might be, which he never had thought of till she came, stood before him whenever he was by her side, clear and healthy and real as to-day's noon sunshine. Soft and weak though she might be, there was an invisible wall about her too, stronger than any



strength which he knew. He was parting from her, in all probability, forever; he was mad with passion to touch her; her babyish mouth, her thin, blue-veined hand, with the glove half off, her cloak, were but a hand's breadth from him, yet he could not put *his* finger on them. The line of invisible air might have been a gulf wide as death, so impassable was it. He spoke at last. She turned quickly.

"There is but one day more, and then you are gone. Do you know what it is that you leave me to? I wish I could tell you. I have no words like the men who are your companions." He stopped short. How could he show her that she was the only gleam from that outer world of refinement and culture which had ever come to him? He could not tell her that when she was gone he would sink back into Dick Dort, clam and oyster trader, with neither ideas nor ambitions beyond a lucky planting or a sharp sale. Was it best to tell any silly girl that she had such absolute power over a man's fate? He would have liked to assert the proper difference between man and woman; to be masterful, dominant; to beckon her toward him as the Sultan his favorite. But he found that, in fact, he did nothing of the kind; he only raged or complained. "You think of Duty. You have no thought for me," he said sullenly. In spite of his flash of humility, he felt that he was well worth thinking of. He was sure that there were very high places in the world waiting for himself, or men like him. "Give me a chance of calling you wife, Romy, and I will show you what I can make of myself."

Now, Miss Vaux had neither her father's love of talking, nor his facility of expression. Whenever she was driven to the wall and forced to speak, otherwise than by looks or smiles, her words were few, and not particularly well chosen.

"I never thought of what you would be. It's only what you are. You are so—so honest; and I have not always lived among honest people." Her dark blue eyes met his, but not steadily as usual. They were full of tears; she held out her hand, hoping he would take it. Romy had neither love nor petting at home; had never had them; she only, there-

fore, like most still, cold-mannered women, wanted them a little more than the rest of her sex.

But Dick drew back, biting his lips. "Don't touch me, unless you will come to me altogether."

"It is you who forbid me to come. I do love you. Why won't you believe that I love you, Richard?"

"How should I believe you? There is but one chance that you should become my wife, and that you refuse."

"It is not the only one."

"What can I do but adopt your mother's suggestion? I confess it did seem cowardly to me at first. But I see no other course."

"It is not cowardly only; it is base; it is—no matter; it is one which I will never accept. I will be no man's wife clandestinely."

"When I came to you to-night I thought your father might consent. But you—"

"I don't underrate the difficulty, as you did. He will not consent to-morrow, nor the next day, perhaps never."

"What would you have me do, then?"

"Go to him fairly. He is human, after all," she said, laughing. "He knows what love is. There never was loyaler lover than he to his wife. Let us wait. Love and patience and common sense can conquer anything in time."

"I do not see how you can talk cheerfully and be ready to joke about it," he said, clapping his hat on irritably.

"Life does not seem so tragic a matter to me, after all, Richard. There's no need of putting our love into the Ercles' vein. There is no danger of our growing old or gray-headed. What if we should wait a year or two?"

"I don't know what you mean by the Ercles' vein. I do know that you throw me off as you would a cast-off shoe, without a thought. I ask for no more than a legal hold on you, that I may claim you when the time comes."

Miss Vaux's blue eyes watched him with a quizzical laugh. "It is my father, I think, that you propose I should fling away like a worn-out shoe that had served his turn. Doesn't it occur to you that the nineteen years of love and service he has given me deserve that I

should not turn my back on him for a friend of three weeks' acquaintance without at least something of a decent apology? I am unromantic and prosaic, perhaps. I know you have all the poets and novelists on your side. But Richard," and then her voice broke, and she held out her hand again, "my love for you is the honestest and purest thing that ever came to me. Don't ask me to make it a sham and a lie. I can't eat my father's bread for years under a false name, plotting against him and tricking him, day and night. If that is all that is left to us, I'll go back to him; you can stay here."

With that the young lady turned and walked up the hill. If she had carried her head stiffly or set her feet down sharply like any other angry woman, Dick would have followed her and renewed the struggle. But she went on her way with as easy, soft tread as the day he met her first, the same genial, quizzical laugh on her pretty face. There was no means of knowing how much flint lay under that soft-tinted flesh and good humor. He let her go, and sat down doggedly on the ground, clasping his hands about his knees.

"It's all very well to jog cheerfully along through life in that way, or to preach that it will all come right if we do our duty in a humdrum honest way!" (which poor Romy had never preached, by the way.) "But there is pain and passion in the world of which you know nothing, Romaine Vaux," looking bitterly after her retreating figure, retreating more slowly when she found he did not follow her.

On the top of the hill she found her mother engaged in active conflict with a blackberry-bush that had caught her frizzy camels' hair trimming.

"I don't believe you'll ever get me loose in the world, Romy. And I have my stockings full of nettles besides. What's the matter, child? You've been crying. You did not consent to my plan? Oh, very well! You mean to break our hearts altogether?"

"It will not be so fatal matter as that, mother," looking up from her knees and the brambles; "give father time to see that we are in earnest, and he will consent."

"Never, Romaine Vaux! Never! You do not remember that Richard is a poor fish-

erman; it's very romantic, I know, but really that room is only a kitchen; one cannot disguise the fact."

"I remember when my father was a poor shoemaker, and I've seen our old room in Shanly Court," said Romy, quietly.

"Oh, very well! But don't talk of those old times; it's very unpleasant, and in bad taste—very bad! Your father is a gentleman now, and in affluence. He hasn't a settled income, to be sure, but the public.—Don't look in that way, Romy. Don't say you're tired of living off the public."

"I did not say so, mother," gently adjusting the cloak.

"It would be very improper if you had. It is not delicate in young girls to set themselves up as censors of their parents. Your father puts the case very aptly about the public and a donkey; I forget the simile, but it's very complete. But to go back. He never would allow you to leave the world of refinement and culture in which you live to come here."

"There may be such a world," said Romy, her soft cheek reddening, "but it's certain that we don't live in it. I'm tired of our miserable aping, and our paste jewelry, and gold that is washed brass. Oh, I am so tired!"

Mrs. Vaux looked at her in dismay. "I never wore washed brass in my life," she ejaculated solemnly to herself. "French gilt I may have —. Well, if you are tired of it," raising her voice, "why don't you escape from it? Why not marry my — this poor boy? He loves you, Romy, as nobody ever will again."

"Because I will not make life itself as much of a sham as the rest. Oh, mother, can't you see? Can nobody understand?"

"There, there, there!" stroking her head. "I understand all about it, but as for waiting for your father's consent,—do you know him, Romaine Vaux, that's all I ask—do you know him?"

Romy wiped her red eyes. "I know him as you do not, mother. I remember when I was a child in that room in Shanly Court, puny, cross, and sick. Father was police reporter for the *Times*. I remember when he would come in at one o'clock in the morning, worn out with the day's work, and sit in his

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shirt-sleeves, time and again, rocking and singing to me till daylight. I do not forget that. I can't cheat him now."

"Oh, very well! The matter is decided. Go and bid good-bye to your crony, Mr. Inskip. I certainly have no desire to meet him again; I consider him intolerably rude! I will wait for you here." She sat down on the dry sedge. The moon had risen; its even, cold light grew cheerful and tender falling on the homely farm-house, the orchard, the bright river, with its incessant drowsy whisper to the shore. She drew a long breath of relief. "It certainly is better than the gaslight on the bricks, and the policeman eternally tramp, tramping up and down." It was a happy nest for her boy and Romy; but there he sat, sullen and despairing, on the river's brink. And there was Romy, going from him every moment. The two black figures drew farther apart, not to meet again. "And it is I that have done it!"

For a moment the ordinary bewilderment of scraps and tag-rag of thoughts cleared away from her brain, and she saw the truth face to face. If Major Vaux knew that Dort was her son, she secretly believed he would allow Romy to marry him. "The boy has pluck and business energy. He is a Dort, and the Major counts blood for so much!" she said to herself. The story would not be so terrible to tell, after all. She was but a school-girl of sixteen when she ran away with John Walt. They were legally married; she had the certificate still. It was her mother's plan to keep the silly marriage concealed until they were of age, but when Walt died, and her baby also, as they told her, it was her own, to let it

remain a secret.—"I had all mamma's skill in affairs," thought Fanny, complacently. Only a few years ago she had learned that her child still lived. "Oh, if I had only told him then!" she said. "But now—" yet even now it might give her boy a wife, place, name for life; it would take away the shame of his birth. "I have done nothing for him. Nothing! Surely I can do this little thing. The Major loves me. He'll forgive me. I will go to him to-night—now." She got up; there were none of the ready tears in her eyes; the real pain at her heart had dried them. She tied on her bonnet. When the icy fingers touched her chin—"I declare it's just like Death," she gasped. "Oh, I daren't! I daren't!" Was there no plan, nothing to take the place of this dragging open her whole treacherous life, as at the bar of judgment?

One good honest effort and all would be well.

"But dear, dear! a little clever bit of finesse serves one just as well, generally, as honesty," said Mrs. Vaux, even while she dragged herself slowly to the tent. "It always has me. Let me think; let me think!" Her steps grew slower and slower; whatever she did must be done at once. There was but to-morrow; after that, Dort was lost to her and Romy forever. She stopped, leaning against a tree. Suddenly the heat began to creep back to her flesh, the dingy color to her powdered cheeks; her eyes twinkled; she began to flirt her fan vigorously. "I have it! I have it!" she cried, and, turning, went hastily toward the tent; then, recollecting herself, sat down and patiently waited for Romy.

(To be continued.)

## THE ABBOT PAPHNUTIUS.

Low on the gray stone floor Paphnutius knelt  
Scourging his breast, and drawing tight his belt  
Of bloody nails.

"O God, dear God!" he cried,

"These many years that I have crucified  
My sinful flesh, and called upon thee night  
And day, are they all reckoned in thy sight?  
And wilt thou tell me now which saint of thine  
I am most like, and is there bond or sign  
That I can find him by and win him here,  
That we may dwell as brothers close and dear?"

Silent the river kept its gentle flow  
Beneath the walls; the ash-trees to and fro  
Swayed silent, save a sigh; a sunbeam laid  
Its bar along the Abbot's beads, which made  
Uncanny rhythm across the quiet air,  
The only ghost of sound which sounded there,  
As fast their smooth-worn balls he turned and told,  
And trembled, thinking he had been too bold.  
But suddenly, with solemn clang and swell  
In the high tower, rang out the vesper bell;  
And subtly hidden in the pealing tones,  
Melodious dropping from celestial thrones,  
These words the glad Paphnutius thrilling heard;  
"Be not afraid! In this thou hast not erred;  
Of all my saints, the one whose heart most suits  
To thine is one who, playing reedy flutes,  
In the great market-place goes up and down,  
While men and women dance, in yonder town."

O! much Paphnutius wondered, as he went  
To robe him for the journey. Day was spent,  
And cunning night had spread and lit her snares  
For souls made weak by weariness and cares,  
When to the glittering town the Abbot came.  
With secret shudder, half affright, half shame,  
Close cowed, he mingled in the babbling throng,  
And with reluctant feet was borne along  
To where, by torches' fitful glare and smoke,  
A band of wantons danced, and screamed, and spoke  
Such words as fill pure men with shrinking fear;  
"Good Lord deliver me! Can he be here,"  
The frightened Abbot said, "the man I seek?"  
Lo, as he spoke, a man reeled dizzy, weak

With ribald laughter, clutching him by gown  
And shoulder, and before his feet threw down  
Soft twanging flutes, which rolled upon the stone  
And broke. Outcried the Abbot with a groan,  
Seizing the player firm in mighty hands.  
"O man! what doest thou with these vile bands  
Of harlots? God hath told to me thou art  
A saint of his, and one whose life and heart  
Are like my own; and I have journeyed here  
For naught but finding thee."

In maze and fear,  
The player lifted up his blood-shot eyes,  
And stammered drunkenly,—“Good father, lies  
Thy road some other way. Take better heed  
Next time thou seekest saints! One single deed  
Of good I never did. I live in sins.  
Unhand me now! Another dance begins.”  
“Flute-player,” said the Abbot, stern and sweet—  
“God cannot lie! Some deed thou hast done meet  
For serving him. Bethink thee now and tell  
Where was it that the blessed chance befell?”  
Half-sobered by the Abbot’s voice and mien,  
The player spoke again, “No more I ween  
Of serving God, than if no God there were;  
But now I do remember me of her  
That once I saved from hands of robber-men,  
Whose chief I was. I know I wondered then  
What new blood could have quickened in my veins.  
I gave her, spite myself, of our rich gains  
Three hundred pieces of good gold to free  
Her husband and her sons from slavery;  
But love of God had naught to do with this:  
I know Him, love Him not; I do not miss  
Nor find him in the world. I love my sins.  
Now let me go! Another dance begins.”  
“Yes, go!” the Abbot gently said, and took  
His grasp from off his arm. “But, brother, look,  
If God has thus to thee this one good deed  
So fully counted, wilt thou not take heed  
Thyself, remembering Him?”

Then homeward slow,  
Alone and sad, where he had thought to go  
Triumphant with a new-found brother saint,  
The Abbot went; but vain he set restraint  
Upon his wondering thoughts: through prayer, through chant  
The question ever rang, “What could God want  
To teach me, showing me that sinful man  
As saint of nearest kin to me, who can  
Abide no sin of thought or deed.”



## Three days

The Abbot went his patient, silent ways.  
 The river lapped in gentle, silent flow  
 The cloister wall: the ash-trees to and fro  
 Swayed silent, save a sigh: the third night came  
 Low rapping at the cloister door, in shame  
 And fear, the player!

## Then Paphnutius rose,

His pale face kindled red with joyful glows;  
 The monks in angry, speechless wonder stood,  
 Seeing this vagabond to brotherhood  
 Made so soon welcome. But the Abbot said,  
 "O brothers! this flute-player in such stead  
 Is held of God, that when in loneliness  
 I knelt and prayed for some new saint to bless  
 Our house, God spoke, and told me this man's name,  
 As his who should be brother when he came."

Flute-player and Paphnutius both have slept  
 In dust for centuries. The world has kept  
 No record of them save this tale, which sets  
 But bootless lesson: still the world forgets  
 That God knows best what hearts are counted his;  
 Still men deny the thing whose sign they miss;  
 Still pious souls pray as Paphnutius prayed  
 For brother souls in their own semblance made;  
 And slowly learn, with outcries and complaints,  
 That publicans and sinners may be saints!

## "ON TO BERLIN!"

THE gay and witty French are a famous nation for dictating fashion, and the world is very prone to follow them. They have, it is true, thus far not been very successful in setting the example of this one, but said world will this time willingly, we opine, accept the will for the deed; and, notwithstanding the failure of the Grand Army and the Emperor in carrying out their programme, make their famous war cry of "On to Berlin!" the fashion and the watchword of the future.

This noted city has long borne the cognomen of Capital of Intelligence; and since it now bids fair to become the metropolis of a grand united German Empire, all eyes and hearts will be directed to it as the great centre of the most intelligent and warlike empire

of the world. In view of these considerations we propose to take the advance in a forward movement, and lay before our readers a concise picture of the home of Bismarck and King William, and the pride of the Hohenzollerns.

Berlin is a modern city. Paris and Vienna were ancient cities when it was born. In the middle of the fifteenth century the Iron Prince Frederick, the second of the Hohenzollerns, chose it over other cities of his realm as his royal residence. The favor of this princely race and the advantage of its position settled the fortunes of the growing town. It lies on a sandy plain between the Elbe and the Oder, and is traversed by the Spree, and bounded by the Havel; these rivers, together with a system of canals, give it an easy communica-

tion with the Baltic and the North Seas, and make it the natural centre of a very important inland trade. And to this material advantage we may add that of the most important network of railroads in all Germany. Seven of the principal roads of the country lead direct to Berlin, and three more prominent lines are in the course of construction.

It is already the principal emporium for the exchange of all the productions of art and industry of western Europe, with the natural productions of eastern Europe. It is the centre of the central realm of the Continent, and with its growing political and commercial importance bids fair to play a most significant rôle in the history of the future. Its growth has been marvellous for a European city. When the Hohenzollerns adopted it, the population numbered 9,000 souls. It then went through the horrors of the Thirty Years' War, and withstood sieges and sackings, and ten years of pestilence, until its population was nearly wiped out. But the Edict of Nantes gave it a large immigration of French Protestants, and the industry of its inhabitants, with the love of art in its princes, soon imparted to it a new impetus, so that at the beginning of the eighteenth century, on consolidating the suburbs with the central city, the whole numbered about 50,000 inhabitants. The inner walls were then razed, outer fortifications constructed, and the city fairly entered on its career of prosperity. When Frederick the Great assumed the throne, in 1740, there was a population of 90,000, of which over 20,000 were soldiers: thus nearly every fourth Berliner was a soldier. This fixed the character of the city as a royal residence filled with soldiers and civil officers.

In the beginning of the present century the population had risen to nearly 200,000; then for a long series of years the wars with the French, and their cruel garrisons and exactions, reduced the numbers by at least one-fourth. The fall of Napoleon and the release of thousands from the army gave a new impetus to the city, and it then fairly started on that career of greatness that has since marked its history.

The laurels won by the Prussians found their expression in the monuments of the

heroes that had helped to crush the usurper; with these the first artists of the land adorned the city, while master-pieces of architecture rose in quick succession. Trade and industry joined hands with science and art, and the second hundred thousand of the civil population was soon reached.

And now the march became more rapid; in sixteen years another hundred thousand were added, and then began the era of railroads, that brought a large laboring population into the city, for the construction of machinery. Under Frederick William the Fourth, father of the present king, the city was greatly enlarged and beautified. Its finest ornament, the "Zoological Park," was then laid out and adorned, and besides many specimens of splendid private architecture, new museums and opera houses, and other public edifices of rare beauty and value were constructed. In 1848 the fourth hundred thousand was added to the population, and the recent census declares this to be now doubled, making the present number of inhabitants about 800,000. This is a city of which any sovereign may be proud, and within whose palaces even the Lord of the Tuileries might not suffer from loneliness.

We are sorry, however, to say that the gallant French officers would have missed their gay and matchless Boulevards. Berlin, like Paris, has frequently outgrown its fortifications, but has been so unwise as to build them up on forming new outlines. The grand promenade of Berlin is known as "Under the Linden," a magnificent avenue extending from the famous and historical Brandenburg Gate to the Royal Palace, and other architectural monuments in the centre of the city. With its drives and bridle-roads and walks, bounded on either side by hotels, ambassadorial and private residences and public edifices, and adorned with the linden trees that give it its name, it is a fitting thoroughfare from the principal entrance of the city to the royal residence, and a capital arena for triumphal marches and processions; though it is not the Parisian Boulevards. But if the Berliners have failed in their city promenades, they have made it up in their matchless Park, which borders close on the Brandenburg

Gate at the end of the Linden. The growth of the city has virtually brought these extensive and highly ornamented grounds into its very interior, and besides making them a most attractive and convenient place of resort, they act as lungs for the capital, a breathing-place for its inhabitants, and a charming outlook for the aristocratic residences which border it.

The city is rapidly undergoing transformations, and everything has the appearance of a transition state more than any other capital in Europe. The various quarters are becoming more consolidated, and improvements are being introduced to give them easier access to each other. But the city daily feels the necessity of more central and circular avenues as thoroughfares for its growing population, and some German Haussmann will doubtless soon arise, who will make it the business of his life to pull down and build up with a view to beautifying the city. The plan laid out for the child proves not half big enough for the man, and a new scale has just been adopted for a city of two millions of inhabitants. The centre of the capital, with its numerous bridges over the Spree, is already becoming so crowded with people at certain hours of the day that loud cries are made for relief of some kind. Relief will doubtless be gained by leaving this to the purposes of trade, and forming a new geographical centre farther to the west, to which point the city is now inclining.

In one respect Berlin has a very marked peculiarity;—the houses of the centre of the city are low, and they rise in height as they approach the suburbs, in which most of them are six stories high, ranged house on house. And these suburbs, with few exceptions, are well built and of aristocratic mien. There is no dwindling away of the city into rookeries and shanties, as is the case in most towns. The police now control the erection of new buildings in conformity to a general plan, and the value of land is so great that all are desirous of putting as much house-room on it as possible.

Each quarter of Berlin has its special physiognomy; the interior is the seat of the wholesale trade, and west of this lies the active and busy retail business, with its rows of splendid stores and attractive windows.

The hotels, fashionable restaurants, and large banking-houses are in the Dorothean Quarter, while the famous Wilhelm's Strasse is an endless avenue intersecting the city in its greatest length, and bordered with the palaces of the ministries and the highest aristocracy. The Frederick Quarter, is popularly known as that of the "Privy-Councillors," from the vicinity of the ministerial buildings and the dignified quiet of the lordly dwellings occupied by the higher civil officers and the moneyed aristocracy, living in charming villas bordering on the "Zoological Park." The officers of lower grade and pensioners of the government occupy another quiet quarter by themselves, where the dwellings are cheaper but retired and agreeable.

The large industrial factories lie in the extreme east, on both sides of the river; here are crowded, one on another, establishments for making furniture, working metals, and tanning leather, and opposite to them those for shawls and cloths. Besides these we see gigantic buildings devoted to the production of sugar, spirits, paper, silks, etc., and yards for wool, wood, and coal. Beyond them are the vegetable gardens, and near these the great markets for garden produce and cattle. Here of course live the poor and laboring classes, whose Quarter is in striking contrast with the wealth and splendor of West End.

Berlin has also its "Latin Quarter," near the schools where congregate the medical students, principally on account of the vicinity of the clinical hospitals and the halls for demonstrating anatomy. Its retirement and freedom from business houses make it desirable for those engaged in study. The suburbs that extend beyond are famous for their industrial iron works, and their many shrines in the form of beer-gardens. And finally we have the dangerous Quarter of "Moabite," which, like the Saint Antoine of Paris, can always furnish a contingent for a fray. A few months ago the Moabites indulged in the recreation of attacking a convent, which they think obnoxious in their vicinity.

The suburbs beyond the city, in all directions, are rapidly growing, especially on both sides of the Park. Charlottenburg, situated on its border, now numbers sixteen thousand

souls, and it and the city proper will soon meet and join. The same may be said of the villages in the direction of Potsdam, the Versailles of Berlin. A few years will find the outer lines largely extended to take all these in.

In the inner city the two and three story houses are rapidly disappearing, and tall six-story ones are taking their places. And one-half of these have cellar dwellings; it is computed that a tenth of the population live in these, to the great disadvantage of their health and comfort. But while Paris and Vienna choose to build higher houses, Berlin prefers to go below the ground. The value of property is so great that architects are resorting to every means of using space, and yards are entirely disappearing, except in aristocratic dwellings. Rented houses are always constructed in flats, and the social standing of the occupant can be determined by the one he occupies. The difference is vast between a front and a rear house, and the basement and the first story. The second, third, and perhaps the fourth are nearly alike, on account of the conveniences of water, and access to cellar and roof, but the fifth and sixth fall in the social scale as they rise into the fresh pure air. Although houses are increasing in great numbers, and quarters contracting, on moving-day, last April, no less than 800 families reported themselves to the police as without homes, and begged assistance in procuring shelter.

To show the accuracy of their social statistics we state a few cases: There are 83,000 households with none but the members of their own family; 32,000 that employ servants, or have subordinates living with them; and 38,000 that rent rooms furnished to occupants, or accommodate lodgers. Forty-six per cent. of the population is unmarried, and forty-five married—the rest in widowhood or divorced. Seventy-eight per cent. have fixed residences, and twenty-two are moving about, as clerks, servants, lodgers, etc.; 344,000 are reported as earning their living, and 355,000 as living on these, or dependents. The whole population is quoted as having some religion, according to their confirmation; 630,271 are Protestants; 49,922 are Catholics; 27,565 are Jews, and only 197 are marked as of

other creeds. The civil authorities know *every thing* in the capital, as Von Moltke is said to have known every road, rock, eminence, and tree in his march through France. Such noses, and eyes, and patience are possessed only by the Germans.

In the matter of religion Berlin is not much to boast of; they are enrolled on church registers, and with most of them it ends there. The parishes are enormously large; in some instances 25,000 souls to one pastor. About 12,000 of them, on an average, go to church on Sunday, and some 4,000 appear at communion in a month, and still the city bears the external appearance on the Sabbath of paying a passable degree of respect to church services, for during these the public resorts are closed, and all is quiet. The Court is orthodox and religious, and the King himself is very fervent, as may be seen by his despatches to his Queen and nation. The Catholics and Jews are gaining on the Protestants—a result of the liberal measures of the Protestant government to other confessions. The Jews of Berlin are very influential and intelligent, and their social position is high. Their "salons" have some of the choicest reunions of the capital, and their children visit the best schools in much greater proportion than the other confessions. Their synagogues are among the finest religious temples of the city, and they cluster around these with their dwellings, so as to form a "Jewish Quarter."

In morals the Berliners are just twice as well behaved as the Parisians, having half the number of illegitimate births. Eight per cent. of children in Paris are still-born, in Berlin but three per cent. Paris, without additions from the provinces, would soon die out. Berlin increases from its own births at the rate of 6,000 per annum. Of the entire population in Berlin, one-half are born within its walls. Its rapid increase, however, is mainly owing to the immense immigration from the surrounding country. Thousands and thousands are yearly pouring in to fill up the great industrial establishments. The locomotive works of Borsig alone nearly fill and populate a suburb. And, what is very remarkable, of its entire population only one per cent. is not German.

Berlin is a bee-hive from early dawn till midnight, the toilers beginning in the morning, and the pleasure-seekers going last from theatres, concerts, and parties; 50,000 people and 5,000 carriages pass certain given points from seven in the morning till eight o'clock in the evening; 30,000 strangers enter Berlin daily, and find 27,000 droschkas, or light one-horse hacks, ready to take them anywhere in the city for a dime; 12,000,000 people use omnibuses in the course of the year, and pay only half a million of dollars for it. These same little droschkas will take you with a friend or two several miles out of town to a suburban concert-garden for a trifle more. Everybody uses the droschkas, because they cost almost nothing, and are so much more pleasant than the crowded omnibuses. If you want one almost at any point in the city, just go to the door and whistle; in a minute your "brother-in-law," as the good-natured drivers are generally called, will be bowing to your "excellency."

If you would rather stay at home, and send a line to a friend, the city post is at your service. You can scarcely step out of doors without finding a post-station, where your letter will be taken hourly and conveyed in light wagons to the main post-office in thirty-five minutes. In fifteen more it will be on its way again to its destination, and in an hour and a half from the time you mailed it in the hands it is destined for. Fourteen times per day these letter-boxes are emptied, and on special days, like New Year's, still oftener. Hundreds of these letter-post wagons are flying about the city all the time, some of them delivering light packages as well as letters.

In Berlin, time is money. In this respect it is an American rather than a German city. If the city-post is not expeditious enough, there is the city telegraph, which for seven cents will send a despatch of twenty words to any one of twenty stations, without a moment's delay, and thence a few minutes must place it in the hands that it is seeking. As you start from your place of business, some miles from your home, just telegraph to your wife that a friend is coming along to dine with you, and she will order a little more, or a little better dinner, and you will find it on

the table all ready for you when you arrive.

This intense activity of the Berliners also finds its development in the newspapers and periodicals. They use the telegraph and Transatlantic cable freely, and have the most intelligent and influential men as editors and contributors. A new life has sprung up in this field since Bismarck headed the liberal movement in Germany, and instead of two or three dry and musty journals, absolutely destitute of anything like news, the great capital has now nine large dailies, some of which appear twice, and often have from five to eight supplements or extras. An army of compositors and printers work day and night, and endless bales of paper are daily printed on the modern steam-presses. Besides these political sheets, Berlin has two papers devoted to court reports, that also take a hand in politics; and then come the famous funny weeklies, known as *Kladderadatsch*, and the *Wasp*. The former has lately been splitting the sides of patriotic Berliners with its caricatures of "Old Nap." and "Young Nap." on their onward march to Berlin; while the *Wasp*, with its sting, has been puncturing English neutrality and Russian envy. Then we may add—for those in the interest of art and science, fashion, music, and the drama, the Church, the State, and the school; and, indeed, every other conceivable interest—about two hundred organs. Some of these have a circulation co-extensive with civilization.

The favorite daily with the Berliners is the *Vossische Gazette*. It is the oldest of the capital and its twin is the *Spener*. No good Berliner can get along, at home or abroad, without "Aunt Voss," as it is called. It has received this endearing title from the fact that, like the London *Times*, it always goes hand in hand with public opinion, and is a perfect mirror of Berlin life and thought. It intends to be liberal at all times in politics and religion, and generally satisfies the most enlightened and refined portion of the citizens. The *Spener Gazette* is, on the contrary, the organ of the official and professorial circles, and generally feels like compromising matters in a quiet way, rather than talking loudly and



gesticulating, like his colleague, "Aunt Voss." This comfortable and thoughtful bearing has gained for the sheet the envious cognomen of "Uncle Spener." The two make a pretty fair couple, but do not represent young and radical Berlin by any means. Among the journals established under the new régime, the *People's Gazette* holds a high rank, and is skillfully edited in the liberal interest. The *Future* is another new and popular journal, devoted to the interests of "German unity;" while the organ of the moderate liberals is the *National Gazette*. The *Cross Gazette*, that we frequently see quoted by foreign journals as the government mouthpiece, is half soldier and half monk—fighting on the feudal platform for both throne and altar, neither of which fully accepts it as a champion. The journalists who give character and tone to these sheets are men of the highest rank in the profession, with but few exceptions, and they and their journals deserve far more attention than our space will allow us to bestow on them.

Indeed, the more one examines the deeds and the doings of the Prussian capital, the more exhaustless do they seem, and we despair of doing them justice within our limits. Stop anywhere on its busy thoroughfares, and we will tell you a story worth listening to. There, for instance, is an immense barrack, lately turned into a mart of trade. Twenty years ago Prussia was simply a land of schools and barracks, but now a new and modern element has stepped in to give it strength and wealth. The industrial has joined the soldier and the scholar, and the trio are marching on to unexampled victories in their respective spheres. Berlin thanks her artisans for the astounding development that is making her a metropolis. The hum of industry is everywhere peopling and enlivening her sandy plains and her long lines of avenues. This palace of industry, formerly a barrack, now contains thousands of workmen, busy from morning till night in the manufacture of articles that are exposed for sale in the beautiful stores below.

Go with us to the royal residence, and we will show you near it a palace turned into a university that is the pride of Prussia and the

wonder of the world. Sixty years ago and it was not; now it numbers 200 professors and 2,500 students. In this short life it has grown to be a giant, and has nurtured giants. We dare not begin the enumeration of the men that have taught within its walls; some of the best and noblest of them have been intellectual fathers to us; and the days of youth that stand out brightest in our memory are those during which we sat at their feet, and drank of their exhaustless well-springs of knowledge. Students from every clime that civilization has reached throng its hall and lecture-rooms; and we say not too much in declaring that of all of these the Americans seem to be treated with the most kindness and consideration. *Civis Americanus sum* ever proves an "open sesame" to the most secure literary retreat, as well as to the most polished and intelligent circles. And thus it is at this hour in school and State. Bismarck admits an American citizen when others are rejected, and in the best and most fluent English inquires after all our public matters, and shows an astonishing interest in all our developments. Bancroft is at home among Prussian statesmen, and delights them with his knowledge of their affairs, and his ability to address them in their native speech. The Germans have had faith in us and in our bonds, and they fully deserve the widespread sympathy manifested for them throughout the land.

From the palace or the university the eye can scarcely turn without resting on some noble monument of architecture or of art. It may be the equestrian statue of "Old Fritz" (Frederick the Great), who sowed the seed for the present race of soldiers; or that of "Marshal Forwards," as the Prussians like to call old Blücher. It may be the museums, new and old, filled with the rarest works of modern art, as well as a rich collection of paintings from all the schools. Through these, art students or amateurs are led by their teachers, and taught with the very masterpieces before them, as the medical student enjoys his clinic. Or it may be the Egyptian and Oriental Museum, in which the scholar can see collected the rarest specimens of every article of interest in Egyptian

life or art. These have been collected at a great outlay of means on the part of the government, and by the first oriental scholars of the age. Travelers in Egypt can see nothing like it, as travelers in Italy cannot find so extensive a collection of sculptured art, in the original or in casts, in any one spot.

And then there are the temples of the legitimate drama and classic music, both unsurpassed in their line, whose boards have resounded with the works or the voices of the dramatic geniuses of the past and the present. Not far away is the Royal Library, where books are numbered up to hundreds of thousands, and where the custom is not to examine a catalogue, but to ask for any book

you may need, expecting to get it, and rarely being disappointed.

And—but we must stop, though we have scarcely begun to enumerate the treasures and the rare monuments of the Hohenzollerns. No wonder they have attracted covetous eyes! They are worth having, and no one knew it better than the misguided man who raised the cry of "On to Berlin!" He himself has stopped half way, but he has set the world on the path, and given Prussia an opportunity to gain the finest laurels ever won by any nation in the same short space of time. But she covets nobler ones still, and is destined to gain them. The world will soon award her those of art, industry, learning, and peace.

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### LIFTED.

IN sorrow I tended my garden,  
As the colors—day by day—  
Faded and changed in the heedless air,  
And passed with the summer away.

While they gladdened my beautiful garden,  
Where the dew and the sunlight abide,  
And crept up the wall to my window,  
Or hid, as the sweetest will hide;

While they flashed their brief splendor before me,  
Not a flower, not a bud would I cull—  
Till the heaven-lit flames of the latest  
Went out, and my garden was dull.

O cruel the death of the blossoms,  
And cruel the words that were said!  
"Next Spring shall the earth be re-gladdened,  
The living shall bloom from the dead."

Not for me would the blooming be, ever,  
For my love, O my love! could not stay.  
Hand in hand we had bent o'er their brightness,  
And now he was passing away.

The heart-breaking flowers of next Summer,  
They will look at me, dreary and wan,  
Or mock me, and taunt me, and madden—  
O God, that the years should roll on!

So I felt ; and I would not look skyward,  
Nor earthward, but only at him—  
At him, with his clear dying vision,  
Who saw not the earth growing dim.

At him, till alone in the garden  
I stood with the husks of the flowers ;  
Alone, and the pitiless Autumn  
Sent dead leaves about me, in showers.

‘ Look up ! ’ he had whispered in parting ;  
“ Look up ! ” said a voice to me then,—  
And lo ! the lost hues of my garden  
Above me were glowing again !

Near by, in the wide-spreading maples ;  
Far off, in the mist of the wood,—  
Around and above me they gathered,  
And lit all the place where I stood.

My purples, my rose-tints and yellows,  
My crimsons that gladdened his sight,  
My glorious hues of the garden  
Were living in sunnier height !

Were living ! were living ! I knew it !  
And the lesson that came to me so,  
Went not when the forest was naked,  
And the grass covered over with snow.

For again I looked up and beheld them,  
The souls of the flowers he had blest ;  
I saw them in glory transfigured  
Far off in the wonderful West.

Contented, again I beheld them—  
My colors immortal and bright—  
When the gates of the sunset, slow-folding,  
Shut them out from my passionate sight.

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## A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

RECENT events, grave and dark, have followed each other with a rapidity almost bewildering. Startling as they are, the world at large only talks political babble over events which are far more than political; at least, as we view them. It does not dream that the divers marvels and throes of the last decade of years have all been rushing toward a common issue; and that that issue is more momentous than battle-strife or dynasty.

Maximilian went to Mexico. His expedition was a miserable failure. He lost his life, and Carlotta, her reason. And this is all his history, as written by the wise-acres of the day.

The principalities of northern Germany, as if by a talismanic touch, were woven into a unit. Austria, jealous and touchy, shook herself to chastise and humble the new-born confederacy. In a few swift days her locks were shorn. She was glad, until they should be grown again, to make peace with the hosts who were thundering at the gates of Vienna. In all this, the watchmen and the sages of the nations saw only the dash, the flash, the explosion, the unmatched exploit of a meteoric campaign and the deadly prowess of the needle-gun.

Isabella of Spain eloped to France, crownless—scared by the waking manhood and womanhood of her people. The worldly-wise saw only—that a crown was lost; that a nation was disenthralled; that a woman had run away and her children had set up house-keeping. But had nothing else happened?

The Pope convened his counsellors. They came from the four quarters of the earth. He counselled them what they should counsel; and even so they counselled. He proclaimed his infallibility. The world laughed, relapsed into mortal sin and murmured—"foolish old man!" The murmur was true enough. But was that the whole truth?

Hardly had this decree gone forth from Rome when another thunder-clap startled the nations. The Gallican cock crowed, ruffled his feathers, and assaulted the Prussian eagle. The nephew of his uncle, with his soldiers, stepped out to mow the veterans who had so signally hum-

bled the power of Vienna. Backward, confused, bewildered, demoralized, with stripe upon stripe, falling heaps upon heaps, striking not a blow save in self-defence, hardly touching the soil they meant to hold—thus they recoiled! And now, in a few short weeks, the Emperor is imprisoned and his capital besieged! In all this nothing is seen by myriads, the world over, but the game of battle and the tug of war, just as when "two Napoleons" are given up for a lost bet—as when two men are mauling each other for a prize—or two Kilkenny cats are eating each other up! But has the strife no moral aspect? Does it enwomb no moral issues? Is all this bloodshed only to wet the ground? only for "Louis and I?"

Now mark! One peculiar feature has distinguished each event so rapidly outlined. Each one emanated from a common source; and to the source whence they came each has been rolled back—a scalding, devouring surge.

The Mexican expedition was not for mere military glory, or for popular effect, or for the erection of a throne. It was of prime importance for one who had played by stealth and craft for the regalia of St. Louis, and who had won them by finesse, to insure their holding. Even infidel France had her priesthood. They were papal. They were a power; an *imperium in imperio*. To bind them to his interests was to bind a power. To bind himself to them, was to bind them—the power—to himself. He took the Church under the imperial wing. It was a compact. From the very first, Napoleon III. was a devoted son of the Pope. He stood between the Holy Father and a revolution. French troops guarded the Vatican. The Papal temporalities were secured. The tiara was untouched. So far, so good. At home and at Rome the priest-power was his. At its bidding the masses remained Napoleonic. Still the throne was shaky.

At the same time the Church was shaky in Mexico. Troops were sent, and Maximilian, to establish there the domination of the Pope. It was a miserable failure. For Napoleon? True. But it also wrought weakness and

woe to Pius IX. It took another empire from his grasp, another jewel from his crown.

Papists are yet in Mexico, to be sure. But their power in the State is broken. From the day when the French troops went home with their standards trailing, Mexican papists have been shorn of wealth and of influence, chewing the bitter cud of impotence and discontent. The people are shaking off priestcraft, even to their own amazement.

That war was a war of religion. Its origin was Papal. Its manipulation was Papal. Its catastrophe was Papal. The strategy of the Pope recoiled terribly upon himself.

It may not be affirmed, because it cannot be proven, that the House of St. Peter (?) instigated the House of Hapsburgh to the conflict so sharply ended on the field of Sadowa. But a moral conviction that it was so can hardly be resisted. Not only was Prussia Protestant, but she had suddenly become too big a Protestant and too muscular. Generous depletion would render her less offensive, and, in any possible emergency, less dangerous to Romish interests.

Austria was Catholic. So was Spain. But Spain was impotent. France, too, was Catholic. But, just then, "the Empire was Peace." Besides, she was doing duty at Rome already. Austria, therefore, was the only secular power in Europe which was free, able to strike blows, and in sympathy with Romish Catholicism.

Such were the facts: Spain good for nothing; France playing peace; Austria untrammelled and in the very humor for phlebotomy; Prussia Protestant and plethoric. Such were the facts when the Saint couched lance against the Heretic.

The only other facts in point are these: Austria was worsted, and through Austria Rome was again sorely wounded and sadly weakened. A secular arm of the Pope was stricken down. The wounds were more than flesh-wounds. The weapons were other than needle-guns.

For centuries the brain of Spain had been weakened. Her arm had become unstrung, her heart well-nigh drained. But George Borrow—passing current for a Gitano, as Edward William Lane did in Egypt for a Turk—George Borrow, with "the Bible in

Spain," infused a redemptive leaven. The people, as they recalled the traditions of Castilian greatness, became dimly conscious of their own degradation, and of the spiritual incubus which had caused it; and, at last, tracing their misery and shame to the pious profligate on the throne, scared her into exile and abdication, and, in God's name, assumed the toga and the port of manhood. First of all, they redeemed their State from the Church. If you would know with what a grand spirit, with what rare eloquence and dignity they did it, read those noble speeches uttered upon the occasion in the Spanish Cortes.

Papacy in Spain had long held sway. Excess had made her weak. Old age had made her skinny and unseemly. Too weak, too old to bear further inflation, she exploded. Another wound upon Rome! Another secular arm lopped off! Was not this something more than a civil revolution?

In proclaiming the dogma of Papal Infallibility, Pius IX. was indeed foolish; for the world would neither fall on its knees nor quake. But, as we have said, this is not the whole truth. The remaining and the greater truth is this: what he projected for his greater power has swiftly wrought his greater weakness. Between him and the Protestant world the gulf of separation has widened, and can never contract. The last hope of reclaiming heretics has been bartered—for a straw. And not only do *they* stand aghast, but the faithful are stunned, and a new schism is imminent, if not initiated. The pontiff who sped the blow is himself reeling from its effect.

Well: Austria weakened—she has since become at issue, alienated, offended, and naughty; Spain lost; the outside world thrust beyond redemption; and the sanctuary itself in peril of dispersion—what next? Close upon the heels of the Papal *faux pas* was the attack of France upon Prussia; of Papal France, be it noted, upon Protestant Prussia—the only anti-papal and formidable power in Europe. Leaving Russia out of account, here were the two mightiest potentates of Continental Europe at deadly strife: the one Popish, the other Protestant. As went the tide of battle, the one or the other would be humbled. And as the one or the other was to be humbled,



would the Apostolic See (this by courtesy) be elevated or depressed. Whatever, therefore, its external pretext, whatever its aspect in the drama of secular history, it was in its inception and has been in its progress emphatically a religious war.

Statesmen and politicians, and half-fledged demagogues, may look at this tragic farce as they please. They will please to look at it, as at others, only through their own common eyes; and what they will see and declaim about will be only its secular aspect and its secular bearings. But it has others; more subtle and more grave. Like the facts already adduced, it had its *animus* not only in State policy, but in devotion to that spiritual power which was inwoven with the State's policy—part and parcel of it. Moreover, like the facts already adduced, in its catastrophe—not yet completed—the status of the Romish hierarchy is deplorably involved. The troops of Napoleon withdrawn from Rome; the troops of Emmanuel in possession; here is still another reflux in the grand tide of events undermining this same Papal power! To all human seeming, secular Papacy is well-nigh Popeless. One-third of her triple crown rifled, what will become of the two-thirds?

In this connection the time-sequence of catastrophes should be noted, for the relations of time are of no less significance to the student of providence than the relations of events. Close upon the proclamation of the new dogma came the doom of judgment. The thunderbolt fell. The ægis of France was withdrawn. The Pope was disrowned and nerveless. It was not only true, as we have stated, that his spiritual power was weakened and imperilled, but the last remnant of his temporal power—long time waning—was taken utterly away.

Let us review. The Mexican fiasco, the Austrian humiliation and defection, the Spanish revolution, the Ecumenical Council, the campaign of France, were each the fruit of Romish intrigue, oppression, or necessity; and each has brought its harvest of calamity to the power which really created them. We repeat it, then. To regard these merely as political or as military events, is to shear them of their true proportions; to rob them

of their grand significance. The worldling philosopher is welcome to the desecration, welcome to the odium of an emasculation so gross. Viewed as such men view them, they will soon be forgotten save as matters of memoranda on the page of history. But viewed as we view them, they take hold of mankind. They are pregnant with great births. They will ever and largely modify the pulsations of the world.

We are bold to intimate more: Armies rush together; crafty men and schooled sages conspire and bring forth pious follies to their own undoing; nations rise up and upturn deep-rooted antiquity, as you would blow away a feather; and all these things are concentrated upon one common result—the exposure of a great, grasping autocracy and the deliverance of men from its oppression. Is not this indicative of a supreme and a redeeming Presence? The blushing dawn portends a coming sun. The springing of the mine tells of a coming demolition.

We evoke no rhetoric as we point to these simple facts. We leave that to rhetoricians. We think, indeed, that the series have sent an electric current to the very depths of social life, and have touched its hidden springs. But we assume not to prophesy their influence and its possible ramifications for to-morrow, or for a century. We leave that to prophets—professional and sagacious. The events we have noted may evolve great political changes, or they may not. They may stimulate agonizing convulsions, or they may work gently and gratefully, like the dews from heaven. Who can tell? The great body politic of the Christian world is sloughing off the foul accretions of unwashed ages. It is impregnated for a new maternity. But how, or what, the birth; what its baptism; and what its baptismal name—the fullness of time alone can disclose.

There has been a most remarkable conspiracy; yet no conspiracy at all. Events seemingly divergent have become concentric. Actors without concert, and in different spheres, have sped to one point and wrought one result. Different times have been blended, in their effects, in a common and ulterior time. And these times and actors and events have each

borne upon their wings a withering simoom ; pouring it in successive and pitiless blasts upon one devoted head. All along the sad and blighting centuries of her domination, the Romish Church has never met with reverses so signal and so peculiar. Upon her have fallen these unconspiring conspirators, with their swift and crushing blows. Defeated feats-at-arms ; political gamblers ; infatuated and suicidal despots ; otherwise fools ; exasperated peoples—have all been gathering up and hurling effective curses upon him who arrogates the monopoly of cursing. His own anathemas have come home to roost ; until his temporal power is clean gone ; not a prince about him bids him " God speed ! " or asks his will ; not an acre is left him of " the patrimony of St. Peter." From different points, by different actors, and at different times, this sad bereavement, this kingly bankruptcy and pauperism have been entailed upon the See, so long master of crowns and controller of coffers. The concentration of events ; the rapidity of their succession ; the oneness of their bane ; the identity of their victim—surely all this is new, strange, significant ! In our view it is comparatively of small moment that the nations of Europe are being agitated and that they stand agape with apprehension. We know that others are thinking and talking of these things only : of the clash of arms ; of the rocking of nations ; of monarchies ; of republics. But we are thinking and writing only of this : that so many and so diverse agencies have pestered and rifled that one Head. And yet we overlook even the sorrows on " the seven hills ; " and the by-play, there, of march and deposition. We look over and beyond them to larger and to better things.

The larger and better we will state.

The first is—The collapse of a vast and hoary tyranny. Binding the strong to himself, making the magistrate his slave, the Bishop of Rome has long crushed down the nations. In the prince and in his armies his chief might has resided.

Now behold ! one after another the princes have been loosed. He has let go his hold on them, because go they would. " Ignorance, the mother of devotion," has been supplanted ; and they are free. The last one has now been

loosed, or is in impotent captivity, or is a crownless vagrant. This is a great and a glorious fact ; the fact which, to our vision, overtops and overrides, with the force and the voice of many waters, all the thunder of war, and all the tearful " sorrows of a poor old man." For the moment, at least, not decree nor minion of the Pope can sway decree or minion, council or army, of any potentate under heaven ! And this glorious loosing from so sad a thralldom has just now been consummated by the revolution in Spain ; by the rupture of the Concordat in Austria—where now the Prime Minister, the ruling spirit of her government, is a thorough Protestant, and where even priests are furthering the free reading of the Bible ; by the chaos in France ; and by Victor Emmanuel's absorption of Rome.

" For the moment, at least." To-morrow may change the posture of affairs. What is thrown down may be set up again. But to-day—for once, after so long a time—*The Princes of Europe are free !* And although to-morrow Austria and Italy, and Spain and France, should return to their old allegiance, yet the jubilee of to-day will ever remain a historic fact, and will tell upon the future of the nations. Out of the ashes of a Phoenix, a Phoenix rises.

A word about the second, " larger and better thing ; " the largest and the best.

Our paramount conception, as we look down upon these several and severed events, and observe their wondrous grouping, is that of *one mind*—the Master and Controller of the whole. Be it right or be it wrong, this conception comes to us with the sweet influence of a charm. It presents, in one symmetrical form, things dark and incongruous. It makes dumb things vocal, and unmeaning things eloquent. It wrings music and choral harmony from the wild discord of strifes. And thus, this one conception holds us in awe, and subdues what would otherwise be tumultuous within us, to the placid and contented spirit of a child that is weaned of its mother. With this conception, and its interpretation, we enwrap the whole panorama.

Not a single actor in all these scenes knew what he was about. Each had his own

motive and his own scheme. But no one knew, or dreamed of, that to which he was contributing. In the Quixotic expedition to Mexico, had Napoleon or Maximilian any thought that they were to deliver Mexicans from ecclesiastical despotism? that they were paving the way for religious freedom? that they were drawing up a bill of divorce to rupture Church and State? Not they. And yet they did it. They developed and unified, and thus made potent, a distracted people. They drew out and put in array the whole power of the priesthood, into direct and naked antagonism to the civil rights, the domestic peace, and the panting manhood of the people. Invasion struck hands with priestcraft; priestcraft with invasion. The dullest peon saw it. The conspiracy and its purpose were unmasked. The thing was overdone. The reaction was—religious freedom. The result was—the Pope no king; the Nazarene unbound! The Emperor and the *quasi*-Emperor did not mean to do all this. But they did it.

It was so with the Austrian Serf-royal. Only the great heart of the heretic spared him from crushing. He had no glory left but a Concordat. It was a paper one; maybe, parchment. The Pope pointed to it, smiling grimly. The taunt and the order were too much. Austria tore the compact to tatters and went her way, sour and disobedient. And now, men and women can marry there without leave from Rome, and read the Bible too. Austria meant to be filial. Her very filialness made her unfilial. She meant to strengthen Papa. She weakened him—sorely. What she intended to do, she did not. What she did not intend to do, that she did.

It was so, too, with Isabella of Spain. In one relation, a despot; in another, a cringing slave—she degraded and ground her people for the Pope's sake. Too many sins, too much plenary indulgence, and too much popish piety ate up her queenly power. Queena-mother of Heresy! Godmother to the Bible! Wanton and godless as she was, she would have recoiled from such sin. And yet, from her very loins and from between her own feet was it born! What she meant to do, she failed to do. What she would not

have done, for the boon of the whole world, that very thing she did.

It was so, also, with the Pope. His encyclical letter, though of like tenor and effect, we pass over; his culminating dogma stands out in so much bolder relief. He meant it should have awed the nations. He meant it should have gained him reverence and obedience. He meant it should have consolidated and confirmed the church. But the peoples laugh; the church herself is in consternation. He arrogated adoration; he gained derision. He aspired to a rock; he found a quagmire. What he meant to do, he failed to do. What he would not have done, for the boon of the whole world, that very thing he has done.

Finally, it was so, also, with Napoleon in his culminating folly. He aimed his shaft at the vitals of Protestantism; in behoof of Papacy. It glanced. It struck deep in Rome. The blow was a surprise. The wound was ghastly. Whether it will be healed, as it may be, or no; whether or no the Protectorate will be restored; whether in the councils of France the Papal craft shall be plied again or not; whether religious liberty shall be installed over that fair domain, or drivelling superstition, or the Goddess of Reason—are points which, in relation to the theme in hand, are neither here nor there. The only point before us is this: Again the Nephew has failed of his intent. Again he has done the very thing he would not have done; nay, the very reverse of what he willed has come to pass.

Our comprehensive and summary point is this: Each of the actors in these five acts of the drama, in front of the Holy Father and in his behalf, have hurled—the Boomerang; with a little lack of skill, with a slight excess of force, with a trifling error of calculation. In each case, the gyrating weapon has spent itself on the sheltered Pontiff. Was all this a happening? The concurrence of so many and so separate events to a common result, to a result signally and wofully adverse to the very purposes of the actors—did it bring itself about? They did not purpose it; that is clear as noonday. Yet, contrary to their purpose, by them it was brought about. They did it; yet they did not do it. Paradoxical

out true. Then who did it? No one? Were the three campaigns, and the Revolution, and the Dogma—Things; Personalities; Forces of nature—slipping from the hands of their stimulators, setting up for independence, floating about in space at will, coming together by elective affinity, and there agreeing to pounce upon Rome? Or were they moral Forces; more subtle and more powerful than nature's or a general's; caught up and combined, directed and controlled by some other mind, to the evolution of a moral and momentous catastrophe? Given somewhat to common sense, we cannot otherwise interpret the wonder.

If the Supreme Mind did not create the unity of result out of the incongruous and disloyal material—did not speed and guide against Rome what was intended for Rome—who did? In view of the premises and granting the supposition, common sense under com-

pulsion answers—no one. But at this she revolts; and, denying the supposition, falling back upon her own, proper self, and invoking the Inner Voice, she instinctively and joyously recognizes that better mind, making prince and subject, despot and vassal, priest and prophet, general and soldier—tributary to his own Schema and working out his own loving kindnesses!

And here we rest; accepting and confiding in the one Supreme Mind, the one Supreme Heart. Confiding in Him, and confident that, from the smoke, the burning, the effervescence, and the effluvia of His Grand Laboratory, will come some Form of crystalline beauty, some choice blessing for the world for which He is caring, and to which every drug and every corroding element, however offensive, shall contribute its share. Here we rest; in simple, exultant, but childlike faith in The Good Presence and the Wise.

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#### A DAY WITH THE BROWNINGS AT PRATOLINO.

THE old Dukes of Tuscany were a luxurious race of sovereigns, and had an eye to nature as well as art;—especially did the Medici. They planted their palatial villas, for occasional resort, on sites the most choice and commanding among the hills which surround *La Bella Firenze*. Not limiting themselves in the number of their residences more than in any other extravagance which might minister to pleasure or caprice, they had one to suit every mood of mind; every circumstance of the day; every intrigue that required temporary seclusion; every withdrawal of the court from the capital to the country. Though centuries have passed since most of the ducal villas around Florence were built, and though many of them have been unoccupied during the later reigns; still, every sovereign, from Lorenzo the Magnificent down to the late Grand Duke Leopold, has caused his numerous palaces and villas, with their grounds, to be kept in order, each with its reserved corps of in-door and out-door servants, and ready at notice for the monarch's reception. The enormous expense of

keeping up so many royal establishments has, of course, told on the treasury funds; but sovereigns are sovereign, and remonstrance, if it had a voice, on the part of taxed subjects would be heard in vain. Times, however, have changed in United Italy, and sovereigns also. What does Victor Emmanuel want of royal residences, save on state occasions, to please the people? He, who for himself would prefer a cabin to a palace any day; whose taste, so far from being refined, to suit Medicean luxuriance, is emphatically common, or rather, uncommonly coarse! Now that such an unkingly king reigns not only in cultivated Tuscany, but over all Italy, such of us as have seen that fair land already, and visited its palaces and halls, where yet the glory of the past lingers, must certainly congratulate ourselves; for ere long these superfluous luxuries will have sunk their riches in the state treasury.

Pratolino, one of the favorite royal villas in the environs of Florence, though famous for many historical associations, and more especially for the loves of Francesco Primo and

Bianca Capello,—out of which grew a romance in real life ending in tragedy,—has, in these latter days, become associated with incidents and names more interesting to me than all the romance which invests it. There I accompanied the great Elizabeth, Queen of Poetry, and Robert the Mighty, crowned also in his own peculiar sphere of poesy, one glorious summer morning a few years back.

There we spent a whole day together in strolling and lounging; admiring and commenting; poetizing and philosophizing; conversing and enjoying; till that mount of vision grew luminous as from some divine presence, and she of the spirit inspired seemed transfigured before us, as symbolizing, even then and there, this day, when her raiment is indeed white as snow, where Moses and Elias, ay, Isaiah and David, "The sweet singer of Israel," are with her! We, who were with her then, could say, "It is good to be here!" Whatever be her great gain in that higher state, we cannot but deeply feel that it is through our loss. So familiar had become the united names of these wedded poets, the Brownings, that we can hardly speak of them separately now. Yet never were two made one more dissimilar in every feature of body and mind than Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning. Still, never were an endowed couple more truly united than they, exemplifying the truth that extremes meet.

It was my privilege to live for years near by, and in intimate intercourse with, the divinity of Casa Guidi,—her whose genius has immortalized the walls as well as the windows of that antique palace; for a tablet has been inserted by the grateful Italians, whose cause she so eloquently espoused, in the grand entrance wall, recording her name, deeds, and long residence there, with the tribute of their thanks and love. Yet I had not known the Brownings personally, in the more intimate sense of acquaintanceship, till that blessed day, when, in the balm of a June morning, we started together in an open carriage for Pratolino, taking with us a manservant, who carried the basket containing our picnic dinner, of which only four were to partake. A larger party would have spoiled

the whole. A more timid nature was never joined to a bolder spirit than in Elizabeth Browning. She fairly shrunk from observation, and could not endure mixed company, though in her heart kind and sympathetic with all. Her timidity was both instinctive and acquired; having been an invalid and student from her youth up, she had lived almost the life of a recluse; thus it shocked her to be brought face to face with inquisitive strangers, or the world in general. On this very account, and because her health so rarely permitted her to make excursions of any kind, she enjoyed, as the accustomed do not, and the unappreciative cannot, any unwonted liberty in nature's realm, and doubly with a chosen few sympathetic companions, to whom she could freely express her thoughts and emotions. Like most finely strung beings, she spoke through a changeful countenance every change of feeling.

Never shall I forget how her face—the plain mortal beautiful in its immortal expression—lighted up to greet us as our carriage drove into the *porte-cochère* of Casa Guidi on that memorable morning. Simple as a child, the honest enjoyment which she anticipated in our excursion beamed through her countenance. Those large, dark, dreamy eyes—usually like deep wells of thought—sparkled with delight; while her adored Robert's generous capacity for pleasure showed even a happier front than ordinary, reflecting her joy, as we turned into the street and out at the city gate towards Pratolino. The woman of usually many thoughts and few words grew a talker under the stimulus of open country air; while her husband, usually talkative, became the silent enjoyer of her vocal gladness, a pleasure too rarely afforded him to be interrupted. We, of choice, only talked enough to keep our *improvisatrice* in the humor of utterance. Every tree, every wayside flower, every uncommon stone or passing cloud gave fresh impulse to her spirit, which verily seemed like an enfranchised bird's. On reaching the enchanting grounds of Pratolino—which royal love enchanted as long ago as the 16th century—we all began to talk of the past, till the present was animated by its spirit; breathing beauty seemed stirring the leaves of green



retreats, made for love; inspiring the songs of numerous birds, whose musical *amours* enjoy now unmolested those right-royal groves; vitalizing the gold and silver fishes which sport in those silver lakes, all unconscious of the rapturous faces once mirrored there. Even the climbing roses encircled those ancient walls with beauty, and conjured fragrant memories of a dead, yet living past. As we neared the villa, no wonder that poetic fancy seized that enthusiastic group, and we saw the beautiful Bianca strolling among the flowers with her infatuated lover, herself not more fond than ambitious to share his ducal crown. The very insects seemed whispering of that tragic romance, and our queen of song relapsed into dreams which we dared not disturb, till, threading our path silently along the winding ways, we at length entered a grove in the rear of the villa, where, with one accord, we paused for rest and refreshment. By this time the reaction of languor, after unwonted excitement, came over Mrs. Browning; she almost fell prostrate on the grass, where she lay with closed eyes, a stone for her pillow, like Jacob in his dream,—and doubtless she also had a vision of the ladder on which the angels were descending and ascending, as her ministers.

Withdrawing a short distance, so that our mellowed voices might not reach her, while lunch was being prepared under the trees, Robert Browning put on his talking-cap again and discoursed, to two delighted listeners, of her who slept. After expressing his joy at her enjoyment of the morning, the poet's soul took fire by its own friction, and glowed with the brilliance of its theme. Knowing well that he was before fervent admirers of his wife, he did not fear to speak of her genius, which he did almost with awe, losing himself so entirely in her glory that one could see that he did not feel worthy to unloose her shoe-latchet, much less to call her his own. This led back to the birth of his first love for her, and then, without reserve, he told us the real story of that romance, "the course of" which "true love never did run smooth." There have been several printed stories of the loves of Elizabeth and Robert Browning, and we had read some of these; but as the

poet's own tale differed essentially from the others, and as the divine genius of the heroine has returned to its native heaven, whilst her life on earth now belongs to posterity, it cannot be a breach of confidence to let the truth be known.

Mr. Barrett, the father of Elizabeth, though himself a superior man, and capable of appreciating his gifted child, was, in some sense, an eccentric. He had an unaccountable aversion to the idea of "marrying off" any of his children. Having wealth, a sumptuous house, and being a widower, he had somehow made up his mind to keep them all about him. Elizabeth, the eldest, had been an invalid from her early youth, owing partly to the great shock which her exquisite nervous organization received when she saw an idolized brother drown before her eyes, without having the power to save him. Grief at this event naturally threw her much within herself, while shattered health kept her confined for years to her room. There she thought, studied, wrote; and from her sick-chamber went forth the winged inspirations of her genius. These came into the heart of Robert Browning, and nesting there, awakened love for "The Great Unknown," and he sought her out. Finding that the invalid did not receive strangers, he wrote her a letter, intense with his desire to see her. She reluctantly consented to an interview. He flew to her apartment, was admitted by the nurse, in whose presence only could he see the deity at whose shrine he had long worshipped. But the golden opportunity was not to be lost; love became oblivious to any save the presence of the real of its ideal. Then and there Robert Browning poured his impassioned soul into hers; though his tale of love seemed only an enthusiast's dream. Infirmary had hitherto so hedged her about, that she deemed herself forever protected from all assaults of love. Indeed she felt only injured that a fellow-poet should take advantage, as it were, of her indulgence in granting him an interview, and requested him to withdraw from her presence, not attempting any response to his proposal, which she could not believe in earnest. Of course he withdrew from her sight, but not to withdraw the offer of his heart and hand; *au contraire*, to repeat it by letter, and in such

wise as to convince her how "dead in earnest" he was. Her own heart, touched already when she knew it not, was this time fain to listen, be convinced, and overcome. But here began the tug of war! As a filial daughter, Elizabeth told her father of the poet's love, of the poet's love in return, and asked a parent's blessing to crown their happiness. At first, incredulous of the strange story, he mocked her; but when the truth flashed on him, from the new fire in her eyes, he kindled with rage, and forbade her ever seeing or communicating with her lover again, on the penalty of disinheritance and banishment forever from a father's love. This decision was founded on no dislike for Mr. Browning personally, or anything in him, or his family; it was simply arbitrary. But the new love was stronger than the old in her—it conquered. On wings it flew to her beloved, who had perched on her window, and thence bore her away from the fogs of England to a nest under Italian skies. The nightingale who had long sung in the dark, with "her breast against a thorn," now changed into a lark—morning had come—singing for very joy, and at heaven's gate, which has since opened to let her in. The unnatural father kept his vow, and would never be reconciled to his daughter, of whom he was not worthy; though she ceased not her endearing efforts to find her way to his heart again; ever fearing that he, or she, might die without the bond of forgiveness having reunited them. Always cherishing an undiminished love for her only parent, this banishment from him wore on her, notwithstanding the rich compensation of such a husband's devotion, and the new maternal love which their golden-haired boy awakened. What she feared, came upon her! Her father died without leaving her even his pardon, and her feeble *physique* never quite recovered from the shock. Few witnessed the strong grief of that morally strong woman. I saw her after her first wrestling with the angel of sorrow, and perceived that with the calm token

of his blessing, still she dragged a maimed life.

To return to Pratolino: The poet's story of his love had sharpened appetite, and we gathered at the rustic table in the grove, where our queen, Elizabeth, crowned the feast. Recovered by rest from the morning's fatigue, she was able to join, though not again to lead, our conversation. Under the stimulus of appetizing viands, and good wine in moderation, Robert Browning's spirits overflowed, even to the confession of telling us their romance, receiving only from its heroine the slight punishment of her, "Robert, dear! how could you?" After lunch we all went to the brow of the hill, and together looked out on that marvellous view, backed by the Apennines in their afternoon glory; while before us lay dreamily, under a softening mist-veil, Florence the Beautiful!—its massive palaces, with their ponderous eaves; its majestic Duomo; its heaven-pointing Campanile,—that perfection of symmetry; its arching bridges, spanning the classic Arno, which curved like a silver thread amidst all that scene of loveliness. There the past and the present met together; terror and beauty embraced each other. All that Elizabeth Browning said, after gazing a while in silence, was, "How it speaks to us!" Since then it has spoken to us again through the echo of her spirit; we caught it even then, and though that spirit has since passed away, the echo of its own song has not died, shall not die; Elizabeth Browning "was for all time!"

We returned to Florence just as the sun was setting behind the Tuscan hills, and the moon rising on our forward path as a welcome. When we rolled under the arched gateway of Casa Guidi, a tired voice said, faintly, "How I thank you!" While in heartiest tone Robert Browning repeated, "Ay, thanks for a real pleasure-day." As for us, we could only claim our right to all the thanksgiving, and respond, "Yes, a day to be remembered, and——" recorded here!

## THE LAST LETTER.

'Tis a straight, smooth bore—a trifle long,  
Is it not? But then, when a message goes  
On a track like this, the longest time  
Is short enough, one would suppose.

Now for the powder! Who would think  
These dusky grains held so subtle a power!  
As well might one be afraid and shrink  
From the dust of a withered flower.

Here is the bullet, cold and hard,  
And pointed as if 'twere the latest pun;  
Less weighty, perhaps, than words can be  
When a murder has to be done.

How still the trance of this August noon!  
How the white light falls on each moveless tree!  
It seems like a fierce, warm, eager heart,  
In a hush of expectancy.

Set up the target close to the vine!  
'Tis so like a woman, slender and fair!  
And the shadow the hanging tendrils throw,  
We will fancy a tress of hair.

A waiting woman!—an easy range!  
Which shall I aim at, heart or head?  
The heart the surer? one! two! three!  
Dead, for a ducat, dead!

## HULDAH THE HELP.

## A THANKSGIVING LOVE-STORY.

I REMEMBER a story that Judge Balcom told a few years ago on the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day. I do not feel sure that it will interest everybody as it did me. Indeed, I am afraid that it will not, and yet I cannot help thinking that it is just the sort of a trifle that will go well with turkey, celery, and mince pie.

It was in the Judge's own mansion on Thirty-fourth street that I heard it. It does not matter to the reader how I, a stranger, came to be one of that family party. Since I could not enjoy the society of my own family, it was

an act of Christian charity that permitted me to share the joy of others. We had eaten dinner and had adjourned to the warm bright parlor. I have noticed on such occasions that conversation is apt to flag after dinner. Whether it is that digestion absorbs all of one's vitality, or for some other reason, at least so it generally falls out that people may talk ever so brilliantly at the table, but they will hardly keep it up for the first half-hour afterward. And so it happened that some of the party fell to looking at the books and some to turning the leaves of the photograph

album, while others were using the stereoscope. For my own part, I was staring at an engraving in a dark corner of the parlor, where I could not have made out much of its purpose if I had desired,—but in reality I was thinking of the joyous company of my own kith and kin, hundreds of miles away, and regretting that I could not be with them.

"What are you thinking about, papa?" asked Irene, the Judge's second daughter.

She was a rather haughty looking girl of sixteen, but, as I had noticed, very much devoted to her parents. At this moment she was running her hand through her father's hair, while he was rousing himself from his reverie to answer her question.

"Thinking of the old Thanksgivings, which were so different from anything we have here. They were the genuine thing; these are only counterfeits."

"Come, tell us about them, please." This time it was Annie Balcom, the older girl, who spoke. And we all gathered round the Judge. For I notice that when conversation does revive, after that period of silence that follows dinner, it is very attractive to the whole company, and in whatsoever place it breaks out, there is soon a knot of interested listeners.

"I don't just now think of any particular story of New England Thanksgivings that would interest you," said the Judge.

"Tell them about Hulda's mince-pie," said Mrs. Balcom, as she looked up from a copy of Whittier she had been reading.

I cannot pretend to give the story which follows exactly in the Judge's words, for it is three years since I heard it, but as nearly as I can remember it was as follows:—

There was a young lawyer by the name of John Harlow practising law here in New York twenty odd years ago. His father lived not very far away from my father. John had graduated with honors, had studied law, and had the good fortune to enter immediately into a partnership with his law preceptor, Ex-Gov. Blank. So eagerly had he pursued his studies that for two years he had not seen his country home. I think one reason why he had not cared to visit it was that his mother was dead, and his only sister was married and

living in Boston. Take the "women-folks" out of a house, and it never seems much like home to a young man.

But now, as Thanksgiving Day drew near he resolved to give himself a brief release from the bondage of books. He told his partner that he wanted to go home for a week. He said he wanted to see his father and the boys, and his sister, who was coming home at that time, but that he specially wanted to ride old Bob to the brook once more, and to milk Cherry again, just to see how it felt to be a farmer's boy.

"John," said the old lawyer, "be sure you fix up a match with some of those country girls; no man is fit for anything till he is well married, and you are now able with economy to support a wife. Mind you get one of those country girls. These paste and powder people here aren't fit for a young man who wants a woman."

"Governor," said the young lawyer, laying his boots gracefully up on top of a pile of law-books, as if to encourage reflection by giving his head the advantage of the lower end of the inclined plane, "Governor, I don't know anything about city girls. I have given myself to my books. But I must have a wife that is literary, like myself,—one that can understand Emerson, for instance."

The old lawyer laughed. "John," he answered, "the worst mistake you can make is to marry a woman just like yourself in taste. You don't want to marry a woman's head, but her heart."

John defended his theory, and the Governor only remarked that he would be cured of that sooner or later, and the sooner the better.

The next morning John had a letter from his sister. Part of it ran about thus:—

"I've concluded, old fellow, that if you don't marry you'll dry up and turn to parchment. I'm going to bring home with me the smartest girl I know. She reads Carlyle, and quotes Goethe, and understands Emerson. Of course she don't know what I am up to, but you must prepare to capitulate."

John did not like Amanda's assuming to pick a wife for him, but he did like the prospect of meeting a smart girl, and he opened the letter again to make sure that he had not

misunderstood. He read again, "understands Emerson." John was pleased. Why? I think I can divine. John was vain of his own abilities, and he wanted a woman that could appreciate him. He would have told you that he wanted congenial society. But congenial female society to an ambitious man whose heart is yet untouched is only society that, in some sense, understands his own greatness and admires his wisdom.

In the old home they were looking for the son. The family proper consisted of the father, good Deacon Harlow, John's two brothers, ten and twelve years old, and Huldah, the "help." This last was the daughter of a neighboring farmer, who was poor and hopelessly rheumatic, and most of the daughter's hard earnings went to eke out the scanty subsistence at home. Aunt Judith, the sister of John's mother, "looked after" the household affairs of her brother-in-law, by coming over once a week and helping Huldah darn and mend and make, and by giving Huldah such advice as her inexperience was supposed to require. But now Deacon Harlow's daughter had left her husband to eat his turkey alone in Boston, and had brought her two children home to receive the paternal blessing. Not that Mrs. Amanda Holmes had the paternal blessing chiefly in view in her trip. She had brought with her a very dear friend, Miss Janet Dunton, the accomplished teacher in the Mt. Parnassus Female Seminary. Why Miss Janet Dunton came to the country with her friend, she could hardly have told. Not a word had Mrs. Holmes spoken to her on the subject of the matrimonial scheme. She would have resented any allusion to such a project. She would have repelled any insinuation that she had ever dreamed that marriage was desirable under any conceivable circumstances. It is a way we have of teaching girls to lie. We educate them to catch husbands. Every super-added accomplishment is put on with the distinct understanding that its sole use is to make the goods more marketable. We get up parties, we go to watering-places, we buy dresses, we refurbish our houses, to help our girls to a good match. And then we teach them to abhor the awful wickedness of ever confessing the great desire that nature and

education have combined to make the chief longing of their hearts. We train them to lie to us, their trainers; we train them to lie to themselves; to be false with everybody on this subject; to say "no" when they mean "yes;" to deny an engagement when they are dying to boast of it. It is one of the refinements of Christian civilization which we pray the Women's Missionary Society not to communicate to poor ignorant heathens who know no better than to tell the truth about these things.

But, before I digressed into that line of remark, I was saying that Miss Janet Dunton would have resented the most remote suggestion of marriage. She often declared, sentimentally, that she was wedded to her books, and loved her leisure, and was determined to be an old maid. And all the time this sincere Christian girl was dying to confer herself upon some worthy man of congenial tastes; which meant, in her case, just what it did in John Harlow's,—some one who could admire her attainments. But, sensitive as she was to any imputation of a desire to marry, she and Mrs. Holmes understood one another distinctly. There is a freemasonry of women, and these two had made signs. They had talked about in this wise:—

*Mrs. Holmes.*—My dear Janet, you'll find my brother a bear in manners, I fear. I wish he would marry. I hope you won't break his heart, for I know you wouldn't have him.

*Miss Dunton.*—You know my views on that subject, my dear. I love books, and shall marry nobody. Besides, your brother's great legal and literary attainments would frighten such a poor little mouse as I am.

And in saying those words they had managed to say that John Harlow was an unsophisticated student, and that they would run him down between them.

Mrs. Holmes and her friend had arrived twenty-four hours ahead of John, and the daughter of the house had already installed herself as temporary mistress by thoughtlessly upsetting, reversing, and turning inside out all the good Huldah's most cherished arrangements. All the plans for the annual festival that wise and practical Huldah had entertained were vetoed, without a thought that this young girl had been for a year and a half



in actual authority in the house, and might have some feeling of wrong in having a guest of a week overturn her plans for the next month. But Mrs. Holmes was not one of the kind to think of that. Huldah was hired and paid, and she never dreamed that hired people could have any interests in their work or their home other than their pay and their food. But Huldah was patient, though she confessed that she had a feeling that she had been rudely "trampled all over." I suspect she had a good cry at the end of the first day. I cannot affirm it, except from a general knowledge of women.

When John drove up in the buggy that the boys had taken to the depot for him, his first care was to shake hands with the deacon, who was glad to see him, but could not forbear expressing a hope that he would "shave that hair off his upper lip." Then John greeted his sister cordially, and was presented to Miss Dunton. Instead of sitting down, he pushed right on into the kitchen, where Huldah, in a calico frock and a clean white apron, was baking biscuit for tea. She had been a schoolmate of his, and he took her hand cordially as she stood there, with the bright western sun half-glorifying her head and face.

"Why, Huldah, how you've grown!" was his first word of greeting. He meant more than he said, for though she was not handsome, she had grown exceeding comely as she developed into a woman.

"Undignified as ever!" said Amanda, as she returned to the sitting-room.

"How?" said John. He looked bewildered. What had he done that was undignified? And Amanda Holmes saw well enough that it would not do to tell him that speaking to Huldah Manners was not consistent with dignity. She saw that her remark had been a mistake, and she got out of it as best she could by turning the conversation. Several times during the supper John addressed his conversation to Huldah, who sat at the table with the family, for in the country in those days it would have been considered a great outrage to make a "help" wait for the second table. John would turn from the literary conversation to inquire of Huldah about his old playmates, some of whom had gone to the West, some of

whom had died, and some of whom were settling into the same fixed adherence to their native rocks that had characterized their ancestors.

The next day the ladies could get no good out of John Harlow. He got up early and milked the cow. He cut wood and carried it in for Huldah. He rode old Bob to the brook for water. He did everything that he had been accustomed to do when a boy, finding as much pleasure in forgetting that he was a man, as he had once found in hoping to be a man. The two boys enjoyed his society greatly, and his father was delighted to see that he had retained his interest in the farm-life, though the deacon evidently felt an unconquerable hostility to what he called "that scrub-brush on the upper-lip." I think if John had known how strong his father's feeling was against this much cherished product he would have mowed the crop and grazed the field closely until he got back to the city.

John was not insensible to Janet Dunton's charms. She could talk fluently about all the authors most in vogue, and the effect of her fluency was really dazzling to a man not yet cultivated enough himself to see how superficial her culture was. For all her learning floated on top. None of it had influenced her own culture. She was brimming full of that which she had acquired, but it had not been incorporated into her own nature. John did not see this, and he was infatuated with the idea of marrying a wife of such attainments. How she would dazzle his friends! How the Governor would like to talk to her! How she would shine in his parlors! How she would delight people as she gave them tea and talk at the same time. John was in love with her as he would have been in love with a new tea-urn or a rare book. She was a nice thing to show. Other people than John have married on the strength of such a feeling, and called it love. For John really imagined that he was in love. And during that week he talked and walked and rode in the sleigh with Miss Dunton, and had made up his mind that he would carry this brilliant prize to New York. But, with lawyer-like caution, he thought he would put off the committal as long as possible. If his heart had been in

his attentions the caution would not have been worth much. Caution is a good break-water against vanity; but it isn't worth much against the spring-tide of love, as John Harlow soon found.

For toward the end of the week he began to feel a warmer feeling for Miss Janet. It was not in the nature of things that John should walk and talk with a pleasant girl a week, and not feel something more than his first interested desire to marry a showy wife. His heart began to be touched, and he resolved to bring things to a crisis as soon as possible. He therefore sought an opportunity to propose. But it was hard to find. For though Mrs. Holmes was tolerably ingenious, she could not get the boys or the deacon to pay any regard to her hints. Boys are totally depraved on such questions, anyhow, and always manage to stumble in where any privacy is sought. And as for the deacon, it really seemed as though he had some design in intruding at the critical moment.

I do not think that John was seriously in love with Miss Dunton. If he had been, he would have found some means of communicating with her. A thousand spies with sleepless eyes all round their heads cannot keep a man from telling his love somehow, if he really have a love to tell.

There is another fact which convinces me that John Harlow was not yet very deeply in love with Janet. He was fond of talking with her of Byron and Milton, of Lord Bacon and Emerson, *i. e.*, as I have already said, he was fond of putting his own knowledge on dress-parade in the presence of one who could appreciate the display. But whenever any little thing released him for the time from conversation in the sitting-room, he was given to slipping out into the old kitchen, where, sitting on a chair that had no back, and leaning against the chimney-side, he delighted to talk to Huldah. She couldn't talk much of books, but she could talk most charmingly of everything that related to the country life, and she could ask John many questions about the great city. In fact, John found that Huldah had come into possession of only such facts and truths as could be reached in her narrow life, but that she had assimilated them, and

thought about them, and that it was more refreshing to hear her original and piquant remarks about the topics she was acquainted with, than to listen to the tireless stream of Janet Dunton's ostentatious erudition. And he found more delight in telling the earnest and hungry-minded country girl about the great world of men and the great world of books, than in talking to Janet, who was, in the matter of knowledge, a little *blasée*, if I may be allowed the expression. And then to Huldah he could talk of his mother, whom he had often watched moving about that same kitchen. When he had spoken to Janet of the associations of the old place with his mother's countenance, she had answered with a quotation from some poet, given in a tone of empty sentimentality. He instinctively shrank from mentioning the subject to her again; but to Huldah it was so easy to talk of his mother's gentleness and sweetness. Huldah was not unlike her in these respects, and then she gave him the sort of sympathy that finds its utterance in a tender silence—so much more tender than any speech can be.

He observed often during the week that Huldah was depressed. He could not exactly account for it, until he noticed something in his sister's behavior toward her that awakened his suspicion. As soon as opportunity offered he inquired of Huldah, affecting at the same time to know something about it.

"I don't want to complain of your sister to you, Mr. Harlow——"

"Pshaw! call me John, and as for my sister, I know her faults better than you do. Go on, please."

"Well, it's only that she told me that Miss Dunton wasn't used to eating at the same table with *servants*, and when one of the boys told your father, he was mad and came to me, and said, 'Huldah, you must eat when the rest do. If you stay away from the table on account of these city snobs I'll make a fuss on the spot.' So to avoid a fuss I have kept on going to the table."

John was greatly vexed with this. He was a chivalrous fellow, and he knew how such a remark must wound a person who had never learned that domestic service had anything degrading in it. And the result was just the

opposite of what his sister had hoped. John paid more attention than ever to Huldah Manners because she was the victim of oppression.

The evening before Thanksgiving Day the ladies were going to make a visit. It was not at all incumbent on John to go, but he was seeking an opportunity to carry off the brilliant Miss Dunton, who would adorn his parlors when he became rich and distinguished, and who would make so nice a head-piece for his table. And so he had determined to go with them, trusting to some fortunate chance for his opportunity.

But, sitting in the old "best room," in the dark, while the ladies were getting ready, and trying to devise a way by which he might get an opportunity to speak with Miss Dunton alone, it occurred to him that she was at that time in the sitting-room waiting for his sister. To step out to where she was, and present the case in a few words, would not be difficult, and it might all be settled before his sister came down-stairs. The Fates were against him, however. For just as he was about to act on his thought, he heard Amanda Holmes's abundant dresses sweeping down the stairway. He could not help hearing the conversation that followed:—

"You see, Janet, I got up this trip to-night to keep John from spending the evening in the kitchen. He hasn't a bit of dignity, and would spend the evening romping with the children and talking to Huldah if he took it into his head."

"Well," said Janet, "one can overlook everything in a man of your brother's culture. But what a queer way your country servants have of pushing themselves. Wouldn't I make them know their places!"

And all this was said with the kitchen door open, and with the intention of wounding Huldah.

John's castles tumbled. The erudite wife alongside the silver tea-urn faded out of sight rapidly. If knowledge could not give a touch of humane regard for the feelings of a poor girl toiling dutifully and self-denyingly to support her family, of what account was it?

Two minutes before he was about to give his life to Janet Dunton. Now there was a

gulf wider than the world between them. He slipped out of the best room by the outside door and came in through the kitchen. The neighbor's sleigh that was to call for them was already at the door and John begged them to excuse him. He had set his heart on helping Huldah make mince-pies, as he used to help his mother when a boy. His sister was in despair, but she did not say much. She told John that it was time he was getting over his queer freaks. And the sleigh drove off.

For an hour afterwards John romped with his sister's children and told stories to the boys and talked to his father. When a man has barely escaped going over a precipice he does not like to think too much about it. John did not.

At last the little children went to bed. The old gentleman grew sleepy, and retired. The boys went into the sitting-room and went to sleep, one on the lounge and one on the floor. Huldah was just ready to begin her pies. She was deeply hurt, but John succeeded in making her more cheerful. He rolled up his sleeves and went to rolling out the pastry. He thought he had never seen a sweeter picture than the young girl in clean dress and apron, with her sleeves rolled above her elbows. There was a statuesque perfection in her well-rounded arms. The heat of the fire had flushed her face a little, and she was laughing merrily at John's awkward blunders in pie-making. John was delighted, he hardly knew why. In fixing a pie-crust his fingers touched hers, and he started as if he had touched a galvanic battery. He looked at Huldah, and saw a half-painful expression on her flushed face.

For the first time it occurred to him that Huldah Manners had excited in him a feeling a thousand times deeper than anything he had felt toward Janet, who seemed to be now in another world. For the first time he realized that he had been more in love with Huldah than with Janet all the time. Why not marry her? And then he remembered what the Governor had said about marrying a woman's heart and not her head.

He put on his hat and walked out,—out, out, into the darkness, the drizzling rain, and the slush of melting snow, fighting a fierce

battle. All his pride and all his cowardly vanity were on one side, all the irresistible torrent of his love on the other. He walked away into the dark wood-pasture, trying to cool his brow, trying to think, and (would you believe it?) trying to pray, for it was a great struggle, and in any great struggle a true soul always finds something very like prayer in his heart.

The feeling of love may exist without attracting the attention of its possessor. It had never occurred to John that he could love or marry Huldah. Thus the passion had grown all the more powerful for not being observed, and now the unseen fire had at a flash appeared as an all-consuming one.

Turning back, he stood without the window, in the shadow, and looked through the glass at the trim young girl at work with her pies. In the modest, restful face he read the story of a heart that had carried great burdens patiently and nobly. What a glorious picture she was of warmth and light, framed in darkness. To his heart, at that moment, all the light and warmth of the world centred in Huldah. All the world besides was loneliness and darkness and drizzle and slush. His fear of his sister and of his friends seemed base and cowardly. And the more he looked at this vision of the night, this revelation of peace and love and light, the more he was determined to possess it. You will call him precipitate. But when all a man's nobility is on one side and all his meanness on the other, why hesitate? Besides, John Harlow had done more thinking in that half-hour than most men do in a month.

The vision had vanished from the window and he went in and sat down. She had, by this time, put in the last pie, and was sitting with her head on her hand. The candle flickered and went out, and there was only the weird and ruddy firelight. I cannot tell you what words passed between John and the surprised Huldah, who had thought him already betrothed to Miss Dunton. I cannot tell what was said in the light of that fire; I don't suppose Harlow could tell that story himself.

Huldah asked that he should not say anything about it till his sister was gone. Of

course John saw that she asked it for his sake. But his own cowardice was glad of the shelter.

Next day a brother of John's (whom I forgot to mention before) came home from college. Mrs. Holmes' husband arrived unexpectedly. Aunt Judith, with her family, came over at dinner-time, so that there was a large and merry party. Two hearts, at least, joined in the deacon's thanksgiving before dinner with much fervor.

At the table the dinner was much admired.

"Huldah," said Janet Dunton, "I like your pies. I wish I could hire you to go to Boston. Our cook never does so well."

John saw the well-aimed shaft hidden under this compliment, and all his manhood rallied. As soon as he could be sure of himself he said:—

"You cannot have Huldah; she is already engaged."

"How's that?" said Aunt Judith.

"O! I've secured her services," said John.

"What!" said Mrs. Holmes, "engaged your—your—your help before you engaged a wife!"

"Not at all," said John; "engaged my help and my wife in one. I hope that Huldah Manners will be Huldah Harlow by Christmas."

The Deacon dropped his knife and fork and dropped his lower jaw, and stared. "What! How! What did you say, John?"

"I say, father, that this good girl Huldah is to be my wife."

"John!" gasped the old man, getting to his feet and reaching his hand across the table, "you've got plenty of sense if you do wear a moustache! God bless you, my boy; there ain't no better woman here nor in New York nor anywhere than Huldah. God bless you both. I was afraid you'd take a different road, though."

"Hurrah for our Huldah and our John," said George Harlow, the college boy, and his brothers joined him. Even the little Holmes children hurraed.

Here the Judge stopped.

"Well," said Irene, "I don't think it was

very nice in him to marry the 'help,' do you, father?"

"Indeed I *do*," said the Judge, with emphasis.

"Did she ever come to understand Emerson?" asked Anna, who detested the Concord philosopher because she could not understand him.

"Indeed I don't know," said the Judge; "you can ask Huldah herself."

"Who? what? You don't mean that mother is Huldah?"

It was a cry in concert.

"Mother" was a little red in the face behind the copy of Whittier she was affecting to read.

## WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

AUTHOR OF "ANIMALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALICE FORBER," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 105.)

### CHAPTER VI.

#### I COBBLE.

ALL this has led me, after a roundabout fashion, to what became for some time the chief delight of my winters—an employment, moreover, which I have taken up afresh at odd times during my life. It came about thus. My uncle had made me a present of an old book with pictures in it. It was called *The Preceptor*—one of Dodsley's publications. There were wonderful folding plates of all sorts in it. Those which represented animals were of course my favorites. But these especially were in a very dilapidated condition, for there had been children before me somewhere; and I proceeded, at my uncle's suggestion, to try to mend them by pasting them on another piece of paper. I made bad work of it at first, and was so dissatisfied with the results, that I set myself in earnest to find out by what laws of paste and paper success might be secured. Before the winter was over, my uncle found me grown so skillful in this manipulation of broken leaves—for as yet I had not ventured further in any of the branches of repair—that he gave me plenty of little jobs of the sort, for amongst his books there were many old ones. This was a source of great pleasure. Before the following winter was over, I came to try my hand at repairing bindings, and my uncle was again so much pleased with my success, that one day he brought me from the county town some sheets of parchment with which to at-

tempt the fortification of certain vellum-bound volumes which were considerably the worse for age and use. I well remember how troublesome the parchment was for a long time; but at last I conquered it, and succeeded very fairly in my endeavors to restore to tidiness the garments of ancient thought.

But there was another consequence of this pursuit which may be considered of weight in my history. This was the discovery of a copy of the Countess of Pembroke's *Arcadia*—much in want of skillful patching, from the title-page, with its boar smelling at the rose-bush, to the graduated lines and the *Finis*. This book I read through from boar to finis—no small undertaking, and partly, no doubt, under its influences, I became about this time conscious of a desire after honor, as yet a notion of the vaguest. I hardly know how I escaped the taking for granted that there were yet knights riding about on war-horses, with couched lances and fierce spurs, everywhere, as in days of old. They might have been roaming the world in all directions, without my seeing one of them. But somehow I did not fall into the mistake. Only with the thought of my future career, when I should be a man and go out into the world, came always the thought of the sword which hung on the wall. A longing to handle it began to possess me, and my old dream returned. I dared not, however, say a word to my uncle on the subject. I felt certain that he would slight the desire, and perhaps tell me I should hurt myself with the weapon; and one whose



heart glowed at the story of the battle between him on the white horse with carnation mane and tail, in his armor of blue radiated with gold, and him on the black-spotted brown, in his dusky armor of despair, could not expose himself to such an indignity.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE SWORD ON THE WALL.

WHERE possession was impossible, knowledge might yet be reached: could I not learn the story of the ancient weapon? How came that which had more fitly hung in the hall of a great castle, here upon the wall of a kitchen? My uncle, however, I felt, was not the source whence I might hope for help. No better was my aunt. Indeed I had the conviction that she neither knew nor cared anything about the useless thing. It was her tea-table that must be kept bright for honor's sake. But there was grannie!

My relations with her had continued much the same. The old fear of her lingered, and as yet I had had no inclination to visit her room by myself. I saw that my uncle and aunt always behaved to her with the greatest kindness and much deference, but could not help observing also that she cherished some secret offence, receiving their ministrations with a certain condescension which clearly enough manifested its origin as hidden cause of complaint and not pride. I wondered that my uncle and aunt took no notice of it, always addressing her as if they were on the best possible terms; and I knew that my uncle never went to his work without visiting her, and never went to bed without reading a prayer by her bedside first. I think Nannie told me this.

She could still read a little, for her sight had been short, and had held out better even than usual with such. But she cared nothing for the news of the hour. My uncle had a weekly newspaper, though not by any means regularly, from a friend in London, but I never saw it in my grandmother's hands. Her reading was mostly in the *Spectator*, or in one of De Foe's works. I have seen her reading Pope.

The sword was in my bones, and as I

judged that only from grannie could I get any information respecting it, I found myself beginning to inquire why I was afraid to go to her. I was unable to account for it, still less to justify it. As I reflected, the kindness of her words and expressions dawned upon me, and I even got so far as to believe that I had been guilty of neglect in not visiting her oftener and doing something for her. True, I recalled likewise that my uncle had desired me not to visit her except with him or my aunt, but that was ages ago, when I was a very little boy, and might have been troublesome. I could even read to her now if she wished it. In short, I felt myself perfectly capable of entering into social relations with her generally. But if there was any flow of affection towards her, it was the sword that had broken the seal of its fountain.

One morning at breakfast I had been sitting gazing at the sword on the wall opposite me: My aunt had observed the steadiness of my look.

"What are you staring at, Willie?" she said. "Your eyes are fixed in your head. Are you choking?"

The words offended me. I got up and walked out of the room. As I went round the table I saw that my uncle and aunt were staring at each other very much as I had been staring at the sword. I soon felt ashamed of myself, and returned, hoping that my behavior might be attributed to some passing indisposition. Mechanically I raised my eyes to the wall. Could I believe them? The sword was gone—absolutely gone! My heart seemed to swell up into my throat; I felt my cheeks burning. The passion grew within me, and might have broken out in some form or other, had I not felt that would at once betray my secret. I sat still with a fierce effort, consoling and strengthening myself with the resolution that I would hesitate no longer, but take the first chance of a private interview with grannie. I tried hard to look as if nothing had happened, and when breakfast was over, went to my own room. It was there I carried on my pasting operations. There also at this time I drank deep in the *Pilgrim's Progress*: there were swords, and armor, and giants, and demons there; but I

had no inclination for either employment now.

My uncle left for the farm as usual, and to my delight I soon discovered that my aunt had gone with him. The ways of the house were as regular as those of a bee-hive. Sitting in my own room I knew precisely where any one must be at any given moment; for although the only clock we had was oftener standing than going, a perfect instinct of time was common to the household, Nannie included. At that moment she was sweeping up the hearth and putting on the kettle. In half an hour she would have tidied up the kitchen, and would have gone to prepare the vegetables for cooking: I must wait. But the sudden fear struck me that my aunt might have taken the sword with her—might be going to make away with it altogether. I started up, and rushed about the room in an agony. What could I do? At length I heard Nannie's patten clatter out of the kitchen to a small out-house where she pared the potatoes. I instantly descended, crossed the kitchen, and went up the winding stone stair. I opened grannie's door, and went in.

She was seated in her usual place. Never till now had I felt how old she was. She looked up when I entered, for although she had grown very deaf, she could feel the floor shake. I saw by her eyes which looked higher than my head, that she had expected a taller figure to follow me. When I turned from shutting the door, I saw her arms extended with an eager look, and could see her hands trembling ere she folded them about me, and pressed my head to her bosom.

"O Lord!" she said, "I thank thee. I will try to be good now. O Lord, I have waited, and thou hast heard me. I will believe in thee again!"

For that moment I loved my grannie, and felt I owed her something as well as my uncle. I had never had this feeling about my aunt.

"Grannie!" I said, trembling from a conflict of emotions; but before I could utter my complaint, I had burst out crying.

"What have they been doing to you, child?" she asked, almost fiercely, and sat up straight in her chair. Her voice, although

feeble and quavering, was determined in tone. She pushed me back from her and sought the face I was ashamed to show. "What have they done to you, my boy?" she repeated, ere I could conquer my sobs sufficiently to speak.

"They have taken away the sword that——"

"What sword?" she asked, quickly. "Not the sword that your great-grandfather wore when he followed Sir Marmaduke?"

"I don't know, grannie."

"Don't know, boy? The only thing your father took when he——. Not the sword with the broken sheath? Never! They daren't do it! I will go down myself. I must see about it at once."

"O grannie, don't!" I cried in terror, as she rose from her chair. "They'll not let me ever come near you again if you do."

She sat down again. After seeming to ponder for a while in silence, she said:—

"Well, Willie, my dear, you're more to me than the old sword. But I wouldn't have had it handled with disrespect for all that the place is worth. However I don't suppose they can——. What made them do it, child? They've not taken it down from the wall?"

"Yes, grannie. I think it was because I was staring at it too much, grannie. Perhaps they were afraid I would take it down and hurt myself with it. But I was only going to ask you about it, grannie."

All my notion was some story, I did not think whether true or false, like one of Nannie's stories.

"That I will, my child—all about it—all about it. Let me see."

Her eyes went wandering a little and she looked perplexed.

"And they took it from you, did they, then? Poor child! Poor child!"

"They didn't take it from me, grannie. I never had it in my hands."

"Wouldn't give it you then? Oh dear! Oh dear!"

I began to feel uncomfortable—grannie looked so strange and lost. The old feeling that she ought to be buried because she was dead returned upon me; but I overcame it so far as to be able to say:

"Won't you tell me about it then, grannie? I want so much to hear about the battle."

"What battle, child? Oh yes! I'll tell you all about it some day, but I've forgot now, I've forgot it all now."

She pressed her hand to her forehead, and sat thus for some time, while I grew very frightened. I would gladly have left the room and crept down stairs, but I stood fascinated, gazing at the withered face half-hidden by the withered hand. I longed to be anywhere else, but my will had deserted me, and there I must remain. At length grannie took her hand from her eyes, and seeing me, started.

"Ah, my dear!" she said, "I had forgotten you. You wanted me to do something for you: what was it?"

"I wanted you to tell me about the sword, grannie."

"Oh yes, the sword!" she returned, putting her hand again to her forehead. "They took it away from you, did they? Well, never mind. I will give you something else—though I don't say it's as good as the sword."

She rose, and taking an ivory-headed stick which leaned against the side of the chimney-piece, walked with tottering steps towards the bureau. There she took from her pocket a small bunch of keys, and having, with some difficulty from the trembling of her hands, chosen one, and unlocked the sloping cover, she opened a little drawer inside, and took out a gold watch with a bunch of seals hanging from it. Never shall I forget the thrill that went through my frame. Did she mean to let me hold it in my own hand? Might I have it as often as I came to see her? Imagine my ecstasy when she put it carefully in the two hands I held up to receive it, and said:

"There, my dear! You must take good care of it and never give it away for love or money. Don't you open it—there's a good boy, till you're a man like your father. He *was* a man! He gave it to me the day we were married, for he had nothing else, he said, to offer me. But I would not take it, my dear. I liked better to see him with it than have it myself. And when he left me, I

kept it for you. But you must take care of it, you know."

"Oh, thank you, grannie!" I cried, in an agony of pleasure. "I *will* take care of it—indeed I will. Is it a real watch, grannie—as real as uncle's?"

"It's worth ten of your uncle's, my dear. Don't you show it him though. He might take that away too. Your uncle's a very good man, my dear, but you mustn't mind everything he says to you. He forgets things. I never forget anything. I have plenty of time to think about things. I never forget."

"Will it go, grannie?" I asked, for my uncle was a much less interesting subject than the watch.

"It won't go without being wound up; but you might break it. Besides it may want cleaning. It's several years since it was cleaned last. Where will you put it now?"

"Oh! I know where to hide it safe enough, grannie," I exclaimed. "I'll take care of it. You needn't be afraid, grannie."

The old lady turned, and with difficulty tottered to her seat. I remained where I was, fixed in contemplation of my treasure. She called me. I went and stood by her knee.

"My child, there is something I want very much to tell you, but you know old people forget things—"

"But you said just now that you never forgot anything, grannie."

"No more I do, my dear; only I can't always lay my hands upon a thing when I want it."

"It was about the sword, grannie," I said, thinking to refresh her memory.

"No, my dear; I don't think it *was* about the sword exactly—though that had something to do with it. I shall remember it all by and by. It will come again. And so must you, my dear. Don't leave your old mother so long alone. It's weary, weary work, waiting."

"Indeed I won't, grannie," I said. "I will come the very first time I can. Only I mustn't let auntie see me, you know.—You don't want to be buried now, do you, grannie?" I added; for I had begun to love her,

and the love had cast out the fear, and I did not want her to wish to be buried.

"I am very, very old.; much too old to live, my dear. But I must do you justice before I can go to my grave. *Now* I know what I wanted to say. It's gone again. Oh dear! Oh dear! If I had you in the middle of the night, when everything comes back as if it had been only yesterday, I could tell you all about it from beginning to end, with all the ins and outs of it. But I can't now—I can't now."

She moaned and rocked herself to and fro.

"Never mind, grannie," I said cheerfully, for I was happy enough for all eternity with my gold watch; "I will come and see you again as soon as ever I can." And I kissed her on the white cheek.

"Thank you, my dear. I think you had better go now. They may miss you, and then I should never see you again—to talk to, I mean."

"Why won't they let me come and see you, grannie?"

"That's what I wanted to tell you, if I could only see a little better," she answered, once more putting her hand to her forehead. "Perhaps I shall be able to tell you next time. Go now, my dear."

I left the room, nothing loath, for I longed to be alone with my treasure. I could not get enough of it in grannie's presence even. Noiseless as a cat I crept down the stair. When I reached the door at the foot I stood and listened. The kitchen was quite silent. I stepped out. There was no one there. I scudded across and up the other stair to my own room, carefully shutting the door behind me. Then I sat down on the floor on the other side of the bed, so that it was between me and the door, and I could run into the closet with my treasure before any one entering should see me.

The watch was a very thick round one. The back of it was crowded with raised figures in the kind of work called *repoussée*. I pored over these for a long time, and then turned to the face. It was set all round with shining stones—diamonds, though I knew nothing of diamonds then. The enamel was cracked.

and I followed every crack as well as every figure of the hours. Then I began to wonder what I could do with it next. I was not satisfied. Possession I found was not bliss: it had not rendered me content. But it was as yet imperfect: I had not seen the inside. Grannie had told me not to open it: I began to think it hard that I should be denied thorough possession of what had been given to me. I believed I should be quite satisfied if I once saw what made it go. I turned it over and over, thinking I might at least find how it was opened. I have little doubt if I had discovered the secret of it, my virtue would have failed me. All I did find however was the head of a curious animal engraved on the handle. This was something. I examined it as carefully as the rest, and then finding I had for the time exhausted the pleasures of the watch, I turned to the seals. On one of them was engraved what looked like letters, but I could not read them. I did not know that they were turned the wrong way. One of them was like a W. On the other seal—there were but two and a curiously-contrived key—I found the same head as was engraved on the handle,—turned the other way of course. Wearied at length, I took the precious thing into the dark closet, and laid it in a little box which formed one of my few possessions. I then wandered out into the field, and went straying about until dinner-time, during which I believe I never once lifted my eyes to the place where the sword had hung, lest even that action should betray the watch.

From that day, my head, and as much of my heart as might be, were filled with the watch. And, alas! I soon found that my book-mending had grown distasteful to me, and for the satisfaction of employment, possession was a poor substitute. As often as I made the attempt to resume it, I got weary, and wandered almost involuntarily to the closet to feel for my treasure in the dark, handle it once more, and bring it out into the light. Already I began to dree the doom of riches, in the vain attempt to live by that which was not bread. Nor was this all. A certain weight began to gather over my spirit—a sense almost of wrong. For although the

watch had been given me by my grandmother, and I never doubted either her right to dispose of it or my right to possess it, I could not look my uncle in the face, partly from a vague fear lest he should read my secret in my eyes, partly from a sense of something out of joint between him and me. I began to fancy, and I believe I was right, that he looked at me sometimes with a wistfulness I had never seen in his face before. This made me so uncomfortable that I began to avoid his presence as much as possible. And although I tried to please him with my lessons, I could not learn them as hitherto.

One day he asked me to bring him the book I had been repairing.

"It's not finished yet, uncle," I said.

"Will you bring it me just as it is? I want to look for something in it."

I went and brought it with shame. He took it, and having found the passage he wanted, turned the volume once over in his hands, and gave it me back without a word.

Next day I restored it to him finished and tidy. He thanked me, looked it over again, and put it in its place. But I fairly encountered an inquiring and somewhat anxious gaze. I believe he had a talk with my aunt about me that night.

The next morning, I was seated by the bedside, with my secret in my hand, when I thought I heard the sound of the door-handle, and glided at once into the closet. When I came out in a flutter of anxiety, there was no one there. But I had been too much startled to return to what I had grown to feel almost a guilty pleasure.

The next morning after breakfast, I crept into the closet, put my hand unerringly into the one corner of the box, found no watch, and after an unavailing search, sat down in the dark on a bundle of rags, with the sensations of a ruined man. My world was withered up and gone. How the day passed, I cannot tell. How I got through my meals, I cannot even imagine. When I look back and attempt to recall the time, I see but a cloudy waste of misery crossed by the lightning-streaks of a sense of injury. All that was left me now was a cat-like watching for the chance of going to my grandmother. Into her ear I

would pour the tale of my wrong. She who had been as a haunting discomfort to me, had grown to be my one consolation.

My lessons went on as usual. A certain pride enabled me to learn them tolerably for a day or two; but when that faded, my whole being began to flag. For some time my existence was a kind of life in death. At length one evening my uncle said to me, as we finished my lessons far from satisfactorily—

"Willie, your aunt and I think it better you should go to school. We shall be very sorry to part with you, but it will be better. You will then have companions of your own age. You have not enough to amuse you at home."

He did not allude by a single word to the affair of the watch. Could my aunt have taken it, and never told him? It was not likely.

I was delighted at the idea of any change, for my life had grown irksome to me.

"O, thank you, uncle!" I cried, with genuine expression.

I think he looked a little sad; but he uttered no reproach.

My aunt and he had already arranged everything. The next day but one, I saw, for the first time, a carriage drive up to the door of the house. I was waiting for it impatiently. My new clothes had all been packed in a little box. I had not put in a single toy: I cared for nothing I had now. The box was put up beside the driver. My aunt came to the door where I was waiting for my uncle.

"Mayn't I go and say good-bye to grannie?" I asked.

"She's not very well to-day," said my aunt. "I think you had better not. You will be back at Christmas, you know."

I was not so much grieved as I ought to have been. The loss of my watch had made the thought of grannie painful again.

"Your uncle will meet you at the road," continued my aunt, seeing me still hesitate. "Good-bye."

I received her cold embrace without emotion, clambered into the chaise, and looking out as the driver shut the door, wondered what my aunt was holding her apron to her eyes for, as she turned away into the house. My uncle met us and got in, and away the



chaise rattled, bearing me towards an utterly new experience; for hardly could the strangest region in foreign lands be more unknown to the wandering mariner than the faces and ways of even my own kind were to me. I never played for one half hour with boy or girl. I knew nothing of their playthings or their games. I hardly knew what boys were like, except, outwardly, from the dim reflex of myself in the broken mirror in my bed-room, whose lustre was more of the ice than the pool, and, inwardly, from the partly exceptional experiences of my own nature, with even which I was poorly enough acquainted.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### I GO TO SCHOOL, AND GRANNIE LEAVES IT.

It is an evil thing to break up a family before the natural period of its dissolution. In the course of things, marriage, the necessities of maintenance, or the energies of labor guiding "to fresh woods and pastures new," are the ordered causes of separation.

Where the home is happy, much injury is done the children in sending them to school, except it be a day-school, whither they go in the morning as to the labors of the world, but whence they return at night as to the heaven of repose. Conflict through the day, rest at night, is the ideal. A day-school will suffice for the cultivation of the necessary public or national spirit, without which the love of the family may degenerate into a merely extended selfishness, but which is itself founded upon those family affections. At the same time, it must be confessed that boarding-schools are, in many cases, an antidote to some of the evil conditions which exist at home.

To children whose home is a happy one, the exile to a school must be bitter. Mine, however, was an unusual experience. Leaving aside the specially troubled state in which I was when thus carried to the village of Aldwick, I had few of the finer elements of the ideal home in mine. The love of my childish heart had never been drawn out. My grandmother had begun to do so, but her influence had been speedily arrested. I was, as they say of cats, more attached to the place

than the people, and no regrets whatever interfered to quell the excitement of expectation, wonder, and curiosity which filled me on the journey. The motion of the vehicle, the sound of the horses' hoofs, the travellers we passed on the road—all seemed to partake of the exuberant life which swelled and overflowed in me. Everything was as happy, as excited, as I was.

When we entered the village, behold it was a region of glad tumult! Were there not three dogs, two carts, a maid carrying pails of water, and several groups of frolicking children in the street—not to mention live ducks, and a glimpse of grazing geese on the common? There were also two mothers at their cottagedoors, each with a baby in her arms. I knew they were babies, although I had never seen a baby before. And when we drove through the big wooden gate and stopped at the door of what had been the manor-house but was now Mr. Elder's school, the aspect of the building, half-covered with ivy, bore to me a most friendly look. Still more friendly was the face of the master's wife, who received us in a low dark parlor, with a thick soft carpet, and rich red curtains. It was a perfect paradise to my imagination. Nor did the appearance of Mr. Elder at all jar with the vision of coming happiness. His round, rosy, spectacled face bore in it no premonitory suggestion of birch or rod, and, although I continued at his school for six years, I never saw him use either. If a boy required that kind of treatment, he sent him home. When my uncle left me, it was in more than contentment with my lot. Nor did anything occur to alter my feeling with regard to it. I soon became much attached to Mrs. Elder. She was just the woman for a schoolmaster's wife—as full of maternity as she could hold, but childless. By the end of the first day I thought I loved her far more than my aunt. My aunt had done her duty towards me; but how was a child to weigh that? She had taken no trouble to make me love her; she had shown me none of the signs of affection, and I could not appreciate the proofs of it yet.

I soon perceived a great difference between my uncle's way of teaching and that of Mr. Elder. My uncle always appeared aware of

something behind which pressed upon, perhaps hurried the fact he was making me understand. He made me feel, perhaps too much, that it was a mere step towards something beyond. Mr. Elder, on the other hand, placed every point in such a strong light that it seemed in itself of primary consequence. Both were, if my judgment after so many years be correct, admirable teachers—my uncle the greater, my schoolmaster the more immediately efficient. As I was a manageable boy, to the very verge of weakness, the relations between us were entirely pleasant.

There were only six more pupils, all of them sufficiently older than myself to be ready to pet and indulge me. No one who saw me mounted on the back of the eldest, a lad of fifteen, and driving four of them in hand, while the sixth ran alongside as an outrider—could have wondered that I should find school better than home. Before the first day was over, the sorrows of the lost watch and sword had vanished utterly. For what was possession to being possessed? What was a watch, even had it been going, to the movements of life? To peep from the wicket in the great gate out upon the village street, with the well in the middle of it, and a girl in the sunshine winding up the green dripping bucket from the unknown depths of coolness, was more than a thousand watches. But this was by no means the extent of my new survey of things. One of the causes of Mr. Elder's keeping no boy who required chastisement was his own love of freedom, and his consequent desire to give the boys as much liberty out of school hours as possible. He believed in freedom. "The great end of training," he said to me many years after, when he was quite an old man, "is liberty; and the sooner you can get a boy to be a law to himself, the sooner you make a man of him. This end is impossible without freedom. Let those who have no choice, or who have not the same end in view, do the best they can with such boys as they find: I chose only such as could bear liberty. I never set up as a reformer—only as an educator. For that kind of work others were more fit than I. It was not my calling." Hence Mr. Elder no more allowed labor to

intrude upon play, than play to intrude upon labor. As soon as lessons were over, we were free to go where we would and do what we would, under certain general restrictions, which had more to do with social proprieties than with school regulations. We roamed the country from tea-time till sundown; sometimes in the summer long after that. Sometimes also on moonlit nights in winter, occasionally even when the stars and the snow gave the only light, we were allowed the same liberty until nearly bedtime. Before Christmas came, variety, exercise, and social blessedness had wrought upon me so that when I returned home, my uncle and aunt were astonished at the change in me. I had grown half a head, and the paleness, which they had considered a peculiar accident of my appearance, had given place to a rosy glow. My flitting step too had vanished: I soon became aware that I made more noise than my aunt liked, for in the old house silence was in its very temple. My uncle, however, would only smile and say,

"Don't bring the place about our ears, Willie, my boy. I should like it to last my time."

"I'm afraid," my aunt would interpose, "Mr. Elder doesn't keep very good order in his school."

Then I would fire up in defence of the master, and my uncle would sit and listen, looking both pleased and amused.

I had not been many moments in the house before I said,—

"Mayn't I run up and see grannie, uncle?"

"I will go and see how she is," my aunt said, rising.

She went, and presently returning, said—

"Grannie seems a little better. You may come. She wants to see you."

I followed her. When I entered the room and looked expectantly towards her usual place, I found her chair empty. I turned to the bed. There she was, and I thought she looked much the same; but when I came nearer I perceived a change in her countenance. She welcomed me feebly, stroked my hair and my cheeks, smiled sweetly, and closed her eyes. My aunt led me away.

When bedtime came I went to my own

room, and was soon fast asleep. What roused me, I do not know, but I awoke in the midst of the darkness, and the next moment I heard a groan. It thrilled me with horror. I sat up in bed and listened, but heard no more. As I sat listening, heedless of the cold, the explanation dawned upon me, for my powers of reflection and combination had been developed by my enlarged experience of life. In our many wanderings, I had learned to choose between roads and to make conjectures from the *lie* of the country. I had likewise lived in a far larger house than my home. Hence it now dawned upon me, for the first time, that grannie's room must be next to mine, although approached from the other side, and that the groan must have been hers. She might be in need of help. I remembered at the same time how she had wished to have me by her in the middle of the night, that she might be able to tell me what she could not recall in the day. I got up at once, dressed myself, and stole down the one stair, across the kitchen, and up the other. I gently opened grannie's door, and peeped in. A fire was burning in the room. I entered and approached the bed. I wonder how I had the courage; but children more than grown people are moved by unlikely impulses. Grannie lay breathing heavily. I stood for a moment. The faint light flickered over her white face. It was the middle of the night, and the tide of fear inseparable from the night began to rise. My old fear of her began to return with it. But she lifted her lids and the terror ebbed away.

She looked at me, but did not seem to know me. I went nearer.

"Grannie," I said, close to her ear, and speaking low; "you wanted to see me at night—that was before I went to school. I'm here, grannie."

The sheet was folded back so smooth that she could hardly have turned over since it had been arranged for the night. Her hand was lying upon it. She lifted it feebly and stroked my cheek once more. Her lips murmured something which I could not hear, and then came a deep sigh, almost a groan. The terror returned when I found she could not speak to me.

"Shall I go and fetch auntie?" I whispered.

She shook her head feebly, and looked wistfully at me. Her lips moved again. I guessed that she wanted me to sit beside her. I got a chair, placed it by the bedside, and sat down. She put out her hand, as if searching for something. I laid mine in it. She closed her fingers upon it and seemed satisfied. When I looked again, she was asleep and breathing quietly. I was afraid to take my hand from hers lest I should wake her. I laid my head on the side of the bed, and was soon fast asleep also.

I was awaked by a noise in the room. It was Nannie lighting the fire. When she saw me she gave a cry of terror.

"Hush, Nannie!" I said; "you will wake grannie;" and as I spoke I rose, for I found my hand was free.

"Oh, Master Willie!" said Nannie, in a low voice; "how did you come here? You sent my heart into my mouth."

"Swallow it again, Nannie," I answered, "and don't tell auntie. I came to see grannie, and fell asleep. I'm rather cold. I'll go to bed now. Auntie's not up, is she?"

"No. It's not time for anybody to be up yet."

Nannie ought to have spent the night in grannie's room, for it was her turn to watch; but finding her nicely asleep as she thought, she had slipped away for just an hour of comfort in bed. The hour had grown to three. When she returned the fire was out.

When I came down to breakfast, the solemn look upon my uncle's face caused me a foreboding of change.

"God has taken grannie away in the night, Willie," said he, holding the hand I had placed in his.

"Is she dead?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered.

"Oh, then, you will let her go to her grave now, won't you?" I said—the recollection of her old grievance coming first in association with her death, and occasioning a more childish speech than belonged to my years.

"Yes. She'll get to her grave now," said my aunt, with a trembling in her voice I had never heard before.

"No," objected my uncle. "Her body will go to the grave, but her soul will go to heaven."

"Her soul!" I said. "What's that?"

"Dear me, Willie! don't you know that?" said my aunt. "Don't you know you've got a soul as well as a body?"

"I'm sure I haven't," I returned. "What was grannie's like?"

"That I can't tell you," she answered.

"Have you got one, auntie?"

"Yes."

"What is yours like then?"

"I don't know."

"But," I said, turning to my uncle, "if her body goes to the grave, and her soul to heaven, what's to become of poor grannie—with-out either of them, you see?"

My uncle had been thinking while we talked.

"That can't be the way to represent the thing, Jane: it puzzles the child. No, Willie; grannie's body goes to the grave, but grannie herself is gone to heaven. What people call her soul is just grannie herself."

"Why don't they say so, then?"

My uncle fell a thinking again. He did not, however, answer this last question, for I suspect he found that it would not be good for me to know the real cause—namely, that people hardly believed it, and therefore did not say it. Most people believe far more in their bodies than in their souls. What my uncle did say, was—

"I hardly know. But grannie's gone to heaven anyhow."

"I'm so glad!" I said. "She will be more comfortable there. She was too old, you know, uncle."

He made me no reply. My aunt's apron was covering her face, and when she took it away, I observed that those eager, almost angry eyes were red with weeping. I began to feel a movement at my heart, the first fluttering physical sign of a waking love towards her.

"Don't cry, auntie," I said. "I don't see anything to cry about. Grannie has got what she wanted."

She made me no answer, and I sat down to my breakfast. I don't know how it was, but I could not eat it. I rose and took my way to the hollow in the field. I felt a strange

excitement, not sorrow. Grannie was actually dead at last. I did not quite know what it meant. I had never seen a dead body. Neither did I know that she had died while I slept with my hand in hers. Nannie had found her quite cold. Had we been a talking family, I might have been uneasy until I had told the story of my last interview with her; but I never thought of saying a word about it. I cannot help thinking now that I was waked up and sent to the old woman, my great grandmother, in the middle of the night, to help her to die in comfort. Who knows? What we can neither prove nor comprehend forms, I suspect, the infinitely larger part of our being.

When I was taken to see what remained of grannie, I experienced nothing of the dismay which some children feel at the sight of death. It was as if she had seen something just in time to leave the look of it behind her there, and so the final expression was a revelation. For a while there seems to remain this one link between some dead bodies and their living spirits. But my aunt, with a common superstition, would have me touch the face. That, I confess, made me shudder: the cold of death is so unlike any other cold! I seemed to feel it in my hand all the rest of the day.

I saw what *seemed* grannie—I am too near death myself to consent to call a dead body the man or the woman—laid in the grave for which she had longed, and returned home with a sense that somehow there was a barrier broken down between me and my uncle and aunt. I felt as near my uncle now as I had ever been. That evening he did not go to his own room, but sat with my aunt and me in the kitchen-hall. We pulled the great high-backed oaken settle before the fire, and my aunt made a great blaze, for it was very cold. They sat one in each corner, and I sat between them, and told them many things concerning the school. They asked me questions and encouraged my prattle, seeming well pleased that the old silence should be broken. I fancy I brought them a little nearer to each other that night. It was after a funeral, and yet they both looked happier than I had ever seen them before.

## CHAPTER IX.

## I SIN AND REPENT.

THE Christmas holidays went by more rapidly than I had expected. I betook myself with enlarged faculty to my book-mending, and more than ever enjoyed making my uncle's old volumes tidy. When I returned to school, it was with real sorrow at parting from my uncle; and even towards my aunt I now felt a growing attraction.

I shall not dwell upon my school history. That would be to spin out my narrative unnecessarily. I shall only relate such occurrences as are guide-posts in the direction of those main events which properly constitute my history.

I had been about two years with Mr. Elder. The usual holidays had intervened, upon which occasions I found the pleasures of home so multiplied by increase of liberty and the enlarged confidence of my uncle, who took me about with him everywhere, that they were now almost capable of rivalling those of school. But before I relate an incident which occurred in the second autumn, I must say a few words about my character at this time.

My reader will please to remember that I had never been driven, or oppressed in any way. The affair of the watch was quite an isolated instance, and so immediately followed by the change and fresh life of school, that it had not left a mark behind. Nothing had yet occurred to generate in me any fear before the face of man. I had been vaguely uneasy in relation to my grandmother, but that uneasiness had almost vanished before her death. Hence the faith natural to childhood had received no check. My aunt was at worst cold; she had never been harsh; while over Nannie I was absolute ruler. The only time that evil had threatened me, I had been faithfully defended by my guardian uncle. At school, while I found myself more under law, I yet found myself possessed of greater freedom. Every one was friendly, and more than kind. From all this the result was that my nature was unusually trusting.

We had a whole holiday, and, all seven,

set out to enjoy ourselves. It was a delicious morning in autumn, clear and cool, with a great light in the east, and the west nowhere. Neither the autumnal tints nor the sharpening wind had any sadness in those young years which we call the old years afterwards. How strange it seems to have—all of us—to say with the Jewish poet: I have been young and now am old! A wood in the distance, rising up the slope of a hill, was our goal, for we were after hazel-nuts. Frolicking, scampering, leaping over stiles, we felt the road vanish under our feet. When we gained the wood, although we failed in our quest, we found plenty of amusement; that grew everywhere. At length it was time to return, and we resolved on going home by another road—one we did not know.

After walking a good distance, we arrived at a gate and lodge, where we stopped to inquire the way. A kind-faced woman informed us that we should shorten it much by going through the park, which, as we seemed respectable boys, she would allow us to do. We thanked her, entered, and went walking along a smooth road, through open sward, clumps of trees, and an occasional piece of artful neglect in the shape of rough hillocks covered with wild shrubs, such as briar and broom. It was very delightful, and we walked along merrily. I can yet recall the individual shapes of certain hawthorn trees we passed, whose extreme age had found expression in a wild grotesqueness, which would have been ridiculous, but for a dim, painful resemblance to the distortion of old age in the human family.

After walking some distance, we began to doubt whether we might not have missed the way to the gate of which the woman had spoken. For a wall appeared, which, to judge from the tree-tops visible over it, must surround a kitchen garden or orchard; and from this we feared we had come too nigh the house. We had not gone much farther before a branch, projecting over the wall, from whose tip, as if the tempter had gone back to his old tricks, hung a rosy-cheeked apple, drew our eyes and arrested our steps. There are grown people who cannot, without an effort of the imagination, figure to them



selves the attraction between a boy and an apple; but I suspect there are others the memories of whose boyish freaks will render it yet more difficult for them to understand a single moment's contemplation of such an object without the endeavor to appropriate it. To them the boy seems made for the apple, and the apple for the boy. Rosy, round-faced, spectacled Mr. Elder, however, had such a fine sense of honor in himself that he had been to a rare degree successful in developing a similar sense in his boys, and I do believe that not one of us would, under any circumstances, except possibly those of terrifying compulsion, have pulled that apple. We stood in rapt contemplation for a few moments, and then walked away. But although there are no degrees in Virtue, who will still demand her uttermost farthing, there are degrees in the virtuousness of human beings.

As we walked away, I was the last, and was just passing from under the branch when something struck the ground at my heel. I turned. An apple must fall some time, and for this apple that some time was then. It lay at my feet. I lifted it and stood gazing at it—I need not say with admiration. My mind fell a working. The adversary was there and the angel too. The apple had dropped at my feet; I had not pulled it. There it would lie wasting, if some one with less right than I—said the prince of special pleaders—was not the second to find it. Besides, what fell in the road was public property. Only this was not a public road, the angel reminded me. My will fluttered from side to side, now turning its ear to my conscience, now turning away and hearkening to my impulse. At last, weary of the strife, I determined to settle it by a just contempt of trifles—and, half in desperation, bit into the ruddy cheek.

The moment I saw the wound my teeth had made, I knew what I had done, and my heart died within me. I was self-condemned. It was a new and an awful sensation—a sensation that could not be for a moment endured. The misery was too intense to leave room for repentance even. With a sudden resolve born of despair, I shoved the type of

the broken law into my pocket and followed my companions. But I kept at some distance behind them, for as yet I dared not hold farther communication with respectable people. I did not, and do not now believe, that there was one amongst them who would have done as I had done. Probably also not one of them would have thought of my way of deliverance from unendurable self-contempt. The curse had passed upon me, but I saw a way of escape.

A few yards further, they found the road we thought we had missed. It struck off into a hollow, the sides of which were covered with trees. As they turned into it they looked back and called me to come on. I ran as if I wanted to overtake them, but the moment they were out of sight, left the road for the grass, and set off at full speed in the same direction as before. I had not gone far before I was in the midst of trees, overflowing the hollow in which my companions had disappeared, and spreading themselves, over the level above. As I entered their shadow, my old awe of the trees returned upon me—an awe I had nearly forgotten, but revived by my crime. I pressed along, however, for to turn back would have been more dreadful than any fear. At length, with a sudden turn, the road left the trees behind, and what a scene opened before me! I stood on the verge of a large space of green-sward, smooth and well kept as a lawn, but somewhat irregular in surface. From all sides it rose towards the centre. There a broad, low rock seemed to grow out of it, and upon the rock stood the lordliest house my childish eyes had ever beheld. Take situation and all, and I have scarcely yet beheld one to equal it. Half-castle, half old English country seat, it covered the rock with a huge square of building, from various parts of which rose towers, mostly square also, of different heights. I stood for one brief moment entranced with awful delight. A building which has grown for ages, the outcome of the life of powerful generations, has about it a majesty which, in certain moods, is overpowering. For one brief moment I forgot my sin and its sorrow. But memory awoke with a fresh pang. To this lordly

place I, poor miserable sinner, was a debtor by wrong and shame. Let no one laugh at me because my sin was small: it was enough for me, being that of one who had stolen for the first time, and that without previous declension, and searing of the conscience. I hurried towards the building, anxiously looking for some entrance.

I had approached so near that, seated on its rock, it seemed to shoot its towers into the zenith, when, rounding a corner, I came to a part where the height sank from the foundation of the house to the level by a grassy slope, and at the foot of the slope, espied an elderly gentleman in a white hat, who stood with his hands in his breeches-pockets, looking about him. He was tall and stout, and carried himself in what seemed to me a stately manner. As I drew near him I felt somewhat encouraged by a glimpse of his face, which was rubicund and, I thought, good-natured; but, approaching him rather from behind, I could not see it well. When I addressed him, he started.

"Please, sir," I said, "is this your house?"

"Yes, my man; it is my house," he answered, looking down on me with bent neck, his hands still in his pockets.

"Please, sir," I said, but here my voice began to tremble, and he grew dim and large through the veil of my gathering tears. I hesitated.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked, in a tone half jocular, half kind.

I made a great effort and recovered my self-possession.

"Please, sir," I repeated, "I want you to box my ears."

"Well, you *are* a funny fellow! What should I box your ears for, pray?"

"Because I've been very wicked," I answered; and, putting my hand in my pocket, I extracted the bitten apple, and held it up to him.

"Ho! ho!" he said, beginning to guess what I must mean, but hardly the less bewildered for that; "is that one of my apples?"

"Yes, sir. It fell down from a branch that hung over the wall. I took it up, and—and—I took a bite of it, and—and—I'm so sorry!"

Here I burst into a fit of crying which I choked as much as I could. I remember quite well how, as I stood holding out the apple, my arm would shake with the violence of my sobs.

"I'm not fond of bitten apples," he said. "You had better eat it up now."

This brought me to myself. If he had shown me sympathy, I should have gone on crying.

"I would rather not. Please box my ears."

"I don't want to box your ears. You're welcome to the apple. Only don't take what's not your own another time."

"But, please, sir, I'm so miserable!"

"Home with you! and eat your apple as you go," was his unconsoling response.

"I can't eat it; I'm so ashamed of myself."

"When people do wrong, I suppose they must be ashamed of themselves. That's all right, isn't it?"

"Why won't you box my ears, then?" I persisted.

It was my sole but unavailing prayer. He turned away towards the house. My trouble rose to agony. I made some wild motion of despair, and threw myself on the grass. He turned, looked at me for a moment in silence, and then said in a changed tone,—

"My boy, I am sorry for you. I beg you will not trouble yourself any more. The affair is not worth it. Such a trifle! What can I do for you?"

I got up. A new thought of possible relief had crossed my mind.

"Please, sir, if you won't box my ears, will you shake hands with me?"

"To be sure I will," he answered, holding out his hand, and giving mine a very kindly shake. "Where do you live?"

"I am at school at Aldwick, at Mr. Elder's."

"You're a long way from home!"

"Am I, sir? Will you tell me how to go? But it's of no consequence. I don't mind anything now you've forgiven me. I shall soon run home."

"Come with me first. You must have something to eat."

I wanted nothing to eat, but how could I oppose anything he said? I followed him at once, drying my eyes as I went. He led me to a great gate which I had passed before, and opening a wicket, took me across a court, and through another building where I saw many servants going about; then across a second court which was paved with large flags, and so to a door which he opened, calling,

"Mrs. Wilson! Mrs. Wilson! I want you a moment."

"Yes, Sir Giles," answered a tall, stiff-looking, elderly woman who presently appeared descending, with upright spine, a corkscrew staircase of stone.

"Here is a young gentleman, Mrs. Wilson, who seems to have lost his way. He is one of Mr. Elder's pupils at Aldwick. Will you get him something to eat and drink, and then send him home?"

"I will, Sir Giles."

"Good-bye, my man," said Sir Giles, again shaking hands with me. Then turning anew to the housekeeper, for such I found she was, he added:

"Couldn't you find a bag for him, and fill it with some of those brown pippins? They're good eating, ain't they?"

"With pleasure, Sir Giles."

Thereupon Sir Giles withdrew, closing the door behind him, and leaving me with the sense of life from the dead.

"What's your name, young gentleman?" asked Mrs. Wilson, with, I thought, some degree of sternness.

"Wilfrid Cumbermede," I answered.

"She stared at me a little, with a stare which would have been a start in most women. I was by this time calm enough to take a quiet look at her. She was dressed in black silk, with a white neckerchief crossing in front, and black mittens on her hands. After gazing at me fixedly for a moment or two, she turned away and ascended the stair, which went up straight from the door, saying,

"Come with me, Master Cumbermede. You must have some tea before you go."

I obeyed, and followed her into a long, low-ceiled room, wainscoted all over in panels, with a square moulding at the top, which

served for a cornice. The ceiling was ornamented with plaster reliefs. The windows looked out, on one side into the court, on the other upon the park. The floor was black and polished like a mirror, with bits of carpet here and there, and a rug before the curious, old-fashioned grate, where a little fire was burning and a small kettle boiling fiercely on the top of it. The tea tray was already on the table. She got another cup and saucer, added a pot of jam to the preparations, and said:

"Sit down and have some bread and butter, while I make tea."

She cut me a great piece of bread, and then a great piece of butter, and I lost no time in discovering that the quality was worthy of the quantity. Mrs. Wilson kept a grave silence for a good while. At last, as she was pouring out the second cup, she looked at me over the tea-pot and said,

"You don't remember your mother, I suppose, Master Cumbermede?"

"No, ma'am. I never saw my mother."

"Within your recollection, you mean. But you must have seen her, for you were two years old when she died."

"Did you know my mother, then, ma'am?" I asked, but without any great surprise, for the events of the day had been so much out of the ordinary, that I had for the time almost lost the faculty of wonder.

She compressed her thin lips, and a perpendicular wrinkle appeared in the middle of her forehead, as she answered,

"Yes; I knew your mother."

"She was very good, wasn't she, ma'am?" I said, with my mouth full of bread and butter.

"Yes. Who told you that?"

"I was sure of it. Nobody ever told me."

"Did they never talk to you about her?"

"No, ma'am."

"So you are at Mr. Elder's, are you?" she said, after another long pause, during which I was not idle, for my trouble being gone I could now be hungry.

"Yes, ma'am."

"How did you come here, then?"

"I walked with the rest of the boys; but they are gone home without me."

Thanks to the kindness of Sir Giles, my fault had already withdrawn so far into the past, that I wished to turn my back upon it altogether. I saw no need for confessing it to Mrs. Wilson; and there was none.

"Did you lose your way?"

"No, ma'am."

"What brought you here then? I suppose you wanted to see the place."

"The woman at the lodge told us the nearest way was through the park."

I quite expected she would go on cross-questioning me, and then all the truth would have had to come out. But, to my great relief, she went no further, only kept eying me in a manner so oppressive as to compel me to eat bread and butter and strawberry jam with self-defensive eagerness. I presume she trusted to find out the truth by and by. She contented herself in the meantime with asking questions about my uncle and aunt, the farm, the school and Mr. and Mrs. Elder, all in a cold, stately, refraining manner, with two spots of red in her face—one on each cheek-bone, and a thin rather peevish nose dividing them. But her forehead was good, and when she smiled, which was not often, her eyes shone. Still, even I, with my small knowledge of womankind, was dimly aware that she was feeling her way with me, and I did not like her much.

"Have you nearly done?" she asked at length.

"Yes, quite, thank you," I answered.

"Are you going back to school to-night?"

"Yes, ma'am; of course."

"How are you going?"

"If you will tell me the way——"

"Do you know how far you are from Aldwick?"

"No, ma'am."

"Eight miles," she answered; "and it's getting rather late."

I was seated opposite the windows to the park, and, looking up, saw with some dismay that the air was getting dusky. I rose at once, saying—

"I must make haste. They will think I am lost."

"But you can never walk so far, Master Cumbermede."

"Oh, but I must! I can't help it. I must get back as fast as possible."

"You never can walk such a distance. Take another bit of cake while I go and see what can be done."

Another piece of cake being within the bounds of possibility, I might at least wait and see what Mrs. Wilson's design was. She left the room, and I turned to the cake. In a little while she came back, sat down, and went on talking. I was beginning to get quite uneasy, when a maid put her head in at the door and said,

"Please, Mrs. Wilson, the dog-cart's ready, ma'am."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Wilson, and turning to me, said—more kindly than she had yet spoken—

"Now, Master Cumbermede, you must come and see me again. I'm too busy to spare much time when the family is at home; but they are all going away the week after next, and if you will come and see me then I shall be glad to show you over the house."

As she spoke she rose and led the way from the room, and out of the court by another gate from that by which I had entered. At the bottom of a steep descent, a groom was waiting with the dog-cart.

"Here, James," said Mrs. Wilson, "take good care of the young gentleman, and put him down safe at Mr. Elder's. Master Wilfrid, you'll find a hamper of apples underneath. You had better not eat them all yourself, you know. Here are two or three for you to eat by the way."

"Thank you, Mrs. Wilson. No; I'm not quite so greedy as that," I answered gayly, for my spirits were high at the notion of a ride in the dog-cart instead of a long and dreary walk.

When I was fairly in, she shook hands with me, reminding me that I was to visit her soon, and away went the dog-cart behind a high-stepping horse. I had never before been in an open vehicle of any higher description than a cart, and the ride was a great delight. We went a different road from that which my companions had taken. It lay through trees all the way till we were out of the park.

"That's the land-steward's house," said James.

"Oh, is it?" I returned, not much interested. "What great trees those are all about it!"

"Yes; they're the finest elms in all the county those," he answered. "Old Coningham knew what he was about when he got the last baronet to let him build his nest there. Here we are at the gate!"

We came out upon a country road, which ran between the wall of the park and a wooden fence along a field of grass. I offered James one of my apples, which he accepted.

"There, now!" he said, "there's a field!"

A right good bit o' grass that! Our people has wanted to throw it into the park for hundreds of years. But they won't part with it for love or money. It ought by rights to be ours, you see, by the lie of the country. It's all one grass with the park. But I suppose them as owns it ain't of the same mind.—Cur'ous old box!" he added, pointing with his whip a long way off. "You can just see the roof of it."

I looked in the direction he pointed. A rise in the ground hid all but an ancient, high-peaked roof. What was my astonishment to discover in it the roof of my own home! I was certain it could be no other. It caused a strange sensation, to come upon it thus from the outside, as it were, when I thought myself miles and miles away from it. I fell a pondering over the matter; and as I reflected I became convinced that the trees from which we had just emerged were the same which used to churn the wind for my childish fancies. I did not feel inclined to share my feelings with my new acquaintance; but presently he put his whip in the socket and fell to earing his apple. There was nothing more in the conversation he afterwards resumed deserving of record. He pulled up at the gate of the school, where I bade him good-night and rang the bell.

There was great rejoicing over me when I entered, for the boys had arrived without me a little while before, having searched all about the place where we had parted company, and come at length to the conclusion that I had played them a trick in order to get home without them, there having been some fun on the

road concerning my local stupidity. Mr. Elder, however, took me to his own room, and read me a lecture on the necessity of not abusing my privileges. I told him the whole affair from beginning to end, and thought he behaved very oddly. He turned away every now and then, blew his nose, took off his spectacles, wiped them carefully, and replaced them before turning again to me.

"Go on, go on, my boy. I'm listening," he would say.

I cannot tell whether he was laughing or crying. I suspect both. When I had finished, he said, very solemnly,

"Wilfrid, you have had a narrow escape. I need not tell you how wrong you were about the apple, for you know that as well as I do. But you did the right thing when your eyes were opened. I am greatly pleased with you, and greatly obliged to Sir Giles. I will write and thank him this very night."

"Please, sir, ought I to tell the boys? I would rather not."

"No. I do not think it necessary."

He rose and rang the bell.

"Ask Master Fox to step this way."

Fox was the oldest boy, and was on the point of leaving.

"Fox," said Mr. Elder, "Cumbermede has quite satisfied me. Will you oblige me by asking him no questions. I am quite aware such a request must seem strange, but I have good reasons for making it."

"Very well, sir," said Fox, glancing at me.

"Take him with you, then, and tell the rest. It is as a favor to myself that I put it, Fox."

"That is quite enough, sir."

Fox took me to Mrs. Elder, and had a talk with the rest before I saw them. Some twenty years after, Fox and I had it out. I gave him a full explanation, for by that time I could smile over the affair. But what does the object matter?—an apple, or a thousand pounds? It is but the peg on which the act hangs. The act is everything.

To the honor of my school-fellows I record that not one of them ever let fall a hint in the direction of the mystery. Neither did Mr. or Mrs. Elder once allude to it. If possible they were kinder than before.

(To be continued.)



## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

## "SCRIBNER'S" AND "THE RIVERSIDE."

We open broadly our arms to receive the charming *RIVERSIDE*, and extend to its readers our heartiest greeting. This choicest of magazines prepared for youth has been a welcome guest to thousands of firesides during its life, and we sympathize with all who admire and love it in their sorrowing that they shall see its face no more. Young readers grow older year by year, and at last drop the things of childhood and youth; and the maturer magazine will not be unwelcome, we trust, to those who have been educated by *THE RIVERSIDE*. We wish we could promise to the readers of the beautiful monthly that is passed into our hands more generous and courteous publishers than Messrs. Hurd & Houghton have been to them, but that is not possible; and we are quite as much in despair with regard to the editor; for Mr. Scudder has few equals and no superior in originating and selecting literary material for the minds to which his labors have been addressed. No, we can indulge in no boasts, but we welcome our new readers to the best we have, and are hopefully confident that they will soon feel quite at home with the good-looking and earnestly talking stranger in lilac who, with these friendly words, presents himself.

## THE ANNUAL THANKSGIVING.

THE present number of the Magazine will see the light among the anticipations and realizations of the Annual Thanksgiving. Few and precious are holidays in America. Indeed, we have but two that are strictly American. One of them, standing among the summer roses, celebrates the nation's independence of its mother across the sea; the other, with dead leaves rustling at its feet, acknowledges the nation's dependence upon its Father in Heaven. Brothers in blood are they, and born of Puritanism. To the principles of personal and political liberty planted in the land by the Pilgrim Fathers is directly traceable the Declaration of Independence, with all its beneficent results, while the Annual Thanksgiving is an institution which comes to us as they conceived and shaped it. Independence of all foreign political rule—dependence, nationally acknowledged, upon God—what better legacy could they have left us than two holidays, respectively devoted to a celebration of these grand facts of the national life?

Quarrel with the old bigotries of Puritanism as we may, criticise as we may its mistakes, it is indisputable that that which is purest and best in American life had its root in it. To obliterate what Puritanism has done for liberty, for popular education, for morals and religion in America, would be to disrobe the nation of its fairest charms, and despoil it of its choicest treasures. Indeed, we have something to be profoundly thankful for, as a nation, which the fathers missed; and that is—the fathers themselves. Their sacrifices, their heroic example, their pious and purifying influ-

ence, thrown loose upon the atmosphere for us to breathe, or embodied in institutions that mould and order our lives, are among the richest blessings that claim acknowledgment upon each recurring Thanksgiving Day.

We are glad to believe that this holiday is becoming more widely observed with every passing year. It is a healthy thing for the nation to turn its thought unitedly to the great fact that God governs and gives. It is a healthy thing for separated families to gather back to the old homes, and relight the old altar-fires. It is a healthy thing for childhood and youth and old age to find themselves in sympathy of joy around a common event. Were there nothing in the day, and nothing of it, but the family reunions of which it furnishes the occasion, it would be precious; but, when it becomes a shrine at which a nation kneels with offerings of gratitude and praise, it is priceless.

Absorbed by the cares of business, mad in the pursuit of wealth, unfitted for recreation by the processes that make recreation imperatively necessary, there are, unhappily, multitudes in the great cities that have learned to look upon the Annual Thanksgiving as an intruder, and who turn their backs upon the humble, hearty country homes where once they hailed the day as the crown of the year. Man of business, man of wealth, woman of fashion and society, you cannot afford to shut yourselves within your places of business or your houses, when the great fires are lit upon the hearths of your country homes. Give up all that frets you and all that fascinates you in your city life, and be simple boys and girls again! Make the old folks glad, if they are still spared to you, and show your children not only your respect for those who begot and bore you, but your reverence for their pious usages. Life lasts but a day, and no man is so rich in time and happiness that he can afford to throw away a single holiday like this. Let the old Colonial usage, adopted by most of the States, become thoroughly national, so that one day of all the busy year may be given up to God and home.

## NAPOLEON.

It is not necessary to be unjust to the dethroned Emperor in order to make him answerable for more sins than any one man ought to carry. His ambitions, whatever their character, have been French, with unusual opportunities for achieving them; his weaknesses have been French, shielded from sight by the purple; and his vices have been French, with imperial facilities for their gratification. There are probably not ten men among the leading politicians and statesmen of France who can show a cleaner record than he, foul as it is. The infidelities of which his private correspondence convicts him, do not flash very sharply or thunder very loudly in a French atmosphere. His countrymen laugh at their discovery, and carefully burn such letters of their own as they may have

regarded with unwonted tenderness, fearing that their time too may come.

It is the fashion to think and speak of Napoleon as the author of the present war—the one man directly responsible for the indescribable and immeasurable woes which have filled the two leading nations of continental Europe with widows and orphans, destroyed commerce, brought beggary to millions, diverted an incalculable amount of labor from useful channels, and burdened with almost hopeless debt the finances of his own country, as well as those of his Prussian conqueror. This view is mistaken and unjust. We have never seen any reason to believe that Napoleon desired the war. Certainly he could not have hoped to strengthen himself by a war voluntarily entered upon with Prussia, or, what had become of greatest moment to him, to render surer by such a step the perpetuation of his dynasty. He had been busy in the introduction of popular changes into his government; he had adapted himself with marvellous wisdom to the national call for reform and progress; he had met, with wonderful address, and baffled with rare skill, the forces of the Opposition; and the *plébiscite* had just given him the national endorsement by an overwhelming majority. What need had he of a foreign war? He undoubtedly regarded himself as sitting the imperial throne more firmly than he had ever done before, and looked into the future, over the shoulder of his boy "Louis," with a measure of hopefulness that lacked little of confidence.

No; we believe that his declaration at Sedan was strictly true—that if he had not declared war he would have been hanged by his own people. His statement is corroborated by intelligent witnesses who were in Paris at the time. He had nothing to gain, and everything to lose, by a war; but he had placed himself in a position which made him but the puppet of an insane populace. And here precisely we find where Napoleon's responsibility for the present war began. It was far back in the *Coup d'Etat*. By the necessities that grew out of that great and guilty usurpation an immense standing army was created and sustained. The empire rested upon these bayonets; and thus the empire became a menace of the peace of Europe to such an extent that all Europe armed itself. Without this army he could not be sure of his throne; with it, and with nothing for it to do but to dignify a pageant or serve as internal police, he found a dangerous power upon his hands. He had managed to overreach or overcome the periodical movements for revolution, whose upheavals had hastened his reforms; but when a pretext came for a war with a hated rival, all the bad blood of the nation and the army, so long repressed, and the mad desire for excitement, so long ungratified, rushed over the Emperor in an overwhelming tide, and bore him as it would to his own and the nation's doom. It was the uneasy military power which he had created and the military spirit which he had fostered that at last became uncontrollable, and he had no choice but to yield himself to their demands, or to resist those de-

mands with a halter around his neck and the cry for a republic in his ears. He was terribly responsible for that spirit in France which flew to the front of bloody war with the mad elation of boys bursting from the durance of school into the field of sport; but we believe that he only led because he could not hold his people. And still, as he led, it was "Louis and I"—himself for to-day and his dynasty for to-morrow. His part was soon played. His punishment for the old usurpation and its consequences was swift and complete; and now, while he quietly abides at Wilhelmshöhe, his people, at whose will the war began, are passing through the healthful discipline they need and the punishment they deserve.

King William and his Minister understand these matters in this way, and act accordingly. If their aim had been to dethrone or destroy Napoleon, and annihilate his army, their work would have been done long ago; but their business lay with the French people, who had made the war. Their feeling toward Napoleon seems to be a tender and respectful one, as if he had been an unwilling victim to the blood-thirstiness of France, rather than a wilful disturber of peace between the nations. There are those in America who feel that—Napoleon dethroned—Prussia is pushing matters too far when she overruns France and thunders at the gates of her beautiful capital. But she is treating the people of France only to the devastation and humiliation which had been proposed for herself, when "On to Berlin" was the cry from hundreds of thousands of fierce French throats, all the way from the Seine to the Rhine. She is dealing with the French people; and the bombastic threats and whines that have been issued by her Hugos and Abouts, in and out of authority, show how sadly in need of her discipline the French people have become. They are not even yet prepared to admit their own inferiority as a nation of manly warriors, or to acknowledge the humiliation that has been visited upon them through the capture of their Emperor and the annihilation of his entire army. We deplore war; we deplore the battering and destruction of beautiful cities; we sympathize with the bereaved and the despoiled; we pray that this war and all war may cease; but we cannot blame Prussia for carrying the retribution for this great crime against the peace of the world home to the people who committed it, and compelling them, at the cannon's mouth, to acknowledge their defeat, make such reparation as may lie within their power, and pledge something as security for their good behavior in future. They made war as an Empire, and, when they were defeated as an Empire, they became a Republic to shun the consequences of their defeat. Then they made war as a Republic, no whit less belligerent than before, and now who knows that they will not make peace as an Empire? The fickle nation has shown some strange metamorphoses in its history, and not a few quite as strange as an Empire restored would be, with an Emperor rehabilitated and recrowned.

## THE HEATHEN AND THE SAINTS.

THE "heathen Chinese" does up shoes in Massachusetts and linen in New Jersey, to the great grief and scandal of St. Crispin in the former State and St. Patrick in the latter. What shall be done about it? He is a clean man, and we cannot indict him as a nuisance. He is an industrious man, and we cannot prosecute him for vagrancy. He does his work faithfully and well, and we cannot discharge him. He is sober and orderly, and we cannot get him into the lock-up. He minds his own business, and it does not seem to be quite the genteel thing to kick him. More than all, he is ingenious and we need him. It really seems to be one of the unhandiest cases to manage that has fallen into saintly hands since the land of the free and the home of the brave was discovered. When a heathen gets to be cleaner, more industrious, more faithful, more continent, more courteous and inoffensive and more ingenious than a saint, we should like to know what a free and highly civilized Christian people are going to do with him.

## THE WORKER AND HIS WAGE.

MR. TOM HUGHES, during his recent visit to our country, looked into our affairs with brotherly eyes, and spoke to us with a brotherly tongue. Thoroughly sympathetic with the laborer, he apprehended and defined the mistakes of what is called the "labor movement" in such a candid spirit as to deserve for his frank utterances a candid consideration. Most anomalous must have seemed to him the Trades Unions and Strikes which he found here in the presence of an all-absorbing labor-market, with a thousand avenues of industry open to all, and with the best of land in enormous quantities to be had for next to nothing. A very strange thing it must have seemed to him, to find men voluntarily out of employment, and forcibly keeping others from filling their places, with wages at the highest figure, with a call for workers from every quarter, and with various fields of enterprise bidding against each other in the price for operatives. He had been used to another state of things,—to a country in which there was not work enough for all the hands that needed it and sought it,—in which laborers felt compelled to adopt measures that would give to all men and women their share of the work to be done, and so to divide, with some degree of equality, the money that capital pays to labor.

The reasonableness and justice of all these combinations of labor are to be decided by the position of employers and capitalists. If there are combinations among employers for forcing wages down below their market value,—if there is any machinery employed for compelling men to render that for which they do not receive a full equivalent,—then combinations to resist such oppression are reasonable and just. But we hear of no such measures; indeed, it is notorious that none such exist. The market for labor in America is as free as it can be; and any combination to force

it on the employer at an arbitrary price is as immoral as a Wall street "corner," or any of the "rings" that are formed for forcing up the prices of the various commodities of life. It is a well-recognized fact or principle of trade that, in a free market, everything in full demand will sell for what it is worth; so that there is no sound apology for any combination of sellers against buyers.

But Mr. Tom Hughes talks of all these matters better than we can; and we only desire to call the attention of both employers and laborers—especially the latter—to certain facts relative to the labor movements. There was a time when a man could get done for himself a good honest day's work for stipulated pay. There was a time when men, by several years of apprenticeship to the various mechanical trades, prepared themselves for competent or skillful workmanship. There was a time when one workman more skillful than another received freely his right to better pay than his bungling and unskillful neighbor—when there were motives to excellence in handicraft which made all workmen strive to do their best. There was a time when family service was esteemed honorable, and when pains were taken by cooks and chambermaids to learn the duties of their places, and faithfully to perform them. That a change has come in all these matters is painfully evident and notorious. There is nothing more obvious than that labor has been demoralized by the discussions, and combinations, and "movements" of the past few years. Employers, paying higher wages than ever before, are conscious of receiving smaller service, and that of an inferior quality. The good workman has lost his incentive to be better than his companions, and the poor workman grows poorer by being raised, without effort of his own, to an equality of wages with his superiors. Boys will not serve their full apprenticeships, because they can get journeymen's wages without doing so. The incompetency and the impudence of household servants has made housekeeping a terror, and driven multitudes of families from homes to hotels.

We speak of that which we do know, and testify of that which we have seen. It cannot be disputed that, as labor combinations have clamored for more pay and fewer hours, the quality of labor has depreciated to such an extent that employers cannot get satisfactory service at any price.

Now, when a body of laboring men and women have so far ceased to regard the rights of their employers as to be willing to take from their pockets the largest sum they can get, without any regard to the quality or quantity of service they render in return, they have become shamefully demoralized. Such demoralization has taken place, and it is high time that a reform be instituted. The demagogues who are bringing this question into politics are a nuisance to society at large, and a special curse to the laborers whose cause they pretend to espouse. The cry of these demagogues against the despotism of capital is as senseless as it is mischievous. The laboring men of this country have

never felt such a despotism as that which has been exercised upon them by their own organizations, determining whether they shall labor or not, reducing wages to uniformity without reference to skill and faithfulness, and degrading them from those wholesome moralities which are as essential to their own self-respect as to the security of the confidence of their employers. Nothing is so much needed by the laboring classes to-day as combinations and associations for making themselves better worth the wages they receive, and creating in the quality of their labor a valid claim for the increased wages which they desire.

#### DIVERSITY IN UNITY.

WE live among the laymen—among the judicious who grieve, and the unskillful who laugh—and listen to their conundrums, such as: What sort of a belief is that which cannot be defined? How strong and how long is that bond which unites a religious society that cannot agree upon a definition of God, the inspiration and authority of the Bible, the nature and mission of Christ, the propriety of prayer, and the rule and reach of Providence? Can there be union that is fruitful of good among men, some of whom believe in a God, and some of whom believe only in God; some of whom believe in the Christ, and some of whom believe only in a Christ; some of whom cherish a vital faith in the divine origin and authority of the Scriptures, and some of whom regard them as Jewish myths; some of whom believe that Jesus was in such a sense the Son of God that his nature was divine, and his words the

spoken wisdom and will of God, and some of whom regard him only as a son of man who lived a pure life, and made preposterous claims to powers and dignities that belonged to him no more than they did to Plato and Socrates; some of whom can pray to a personal Father, as Jesus taught them to pray, with faith that they shall be heard, and that the infinite Providence is infinite, to the numbering of the hairs of their heads, and some of whom breathe their prayers, as they puff their cigars, into the void?

We have no faith in long creeds. They have been a hindrance to the progress of Christianity, and a curse to the world; but when a sect claiming to be Christian, and holding in its communion multitudes of Christian men and women, finds it impossible to define a single point of its faith without producing schism the unsanctified but sensible outsiders must be excused for wondering why they do not clean their skirts of the clinging infidelities, and precipitate the schism. And again, they wonder why those men who have advanced so many degrees beyond Christianity should be willing to countenance the superstition which still clings to the Bible as a divine revelation, and to a personal Father who loves individually all his children, by permitting themselves to be associated with it in any way. On the whole, they regard schism as anything but a calamity, where a manly adherence to Christian truth is concerned. In the language of the boy whose reverence was overborne by his love of a stirring and healthy spectacle: "Bring on your bears!"

#### THE OLD CABINET.

SITTING here at the desk of the old Cabinet and looking through the window, out across the lawn, we can see, very easily, the road and the passers-by. Now a neighbor's familiar form flits along the white-washed palings; then the shadow of some hobbling tramp. Now the big charcoal wagon from The Pines lumbers across the vista; and then the doctor's gig, or milady's carriage, or the loaded leathern stage dashes down the road. Once in a while we see the circus coming into town, and sometimes a long procession moves slowly up the highway, winds through the elbowed lane, and stops, at last, at the cemetery on the hill.

When the twilight comes on we need not rise from our seat to see the sunset-sky redden behind the pines. But as the darkness falls we turn from the black square of the window; draw near the chimney, and, with feet on the old-fashioned fender, watch the fire crackle and flame on the hearth. All else is still in the house.

The great city is not far off. Sometimes, on summer noons, we think we hear it purr like some big, drowsy cat; and often at night there is a faint crimson flush at the horizon that tells of the wide, warm life glowing beneath. Yes, the great city—place of crimes, and institutions, and miseries; heroisms,

meanings and all intensities of good and evil—is not far off, and the "New York and ——— R.R.," and its daily score of trains, brings it still nearer,—so near that day after day, and night after night, we find ourselves wandering through its busy streets and peering among its outlandish nooks and corners.

But we often wonder which is the most real to us: the strange city sight, the lecture, the concert, the play as we first see and hear it—or when we live it all over again here, with you, dear and gentle reader, at the old mahogany Cabinet, with its drawer on drawer darkling to the ceiling.

WILL they never stop their noise, and let the gentleman have his say!

There he stands, in his shiny, neat-cut broadcloth, with the little bouquet on the left lapel, in front of the little red-cushioned stand, to which the light is fastened into whose luminous circle he is bowing his broad, bald head; while the manuscript lies, ineffectual, before him, and the triple row of solemn celebrated faces behind relaxes into a stately smile and the great crowd in front claps its manifold hands and stamps its multitudinous feet.

Will they never stop their noise, and let the gentleman begin!

How quickly our thoughts run back to a scene like this, here in this very hall (of the Cooper Institute), long ago—long ago in the succession of great events; in the changed phases of things, if not in years—when in troublous times the people met to uphold the arm of a new President. Then we saw a small, cowering figure slit along the wall from the southern entrance: soon this same form stood, the cynosure of all eyes, calm and self-possessed, in the midst of loudest clamor and applause; yet the people's enthusiastic recognition of Grant the Captain was no more sudden and sincere—if indeed less wild and tumultuous—than that accorded to-night to the man of Peace; America's true friend in a far and unfriendly land.

But will they never let him speak?

There sit the best reporters that the morning papers can command,—a passive, tired-looking set—(pity them, good people, who are going to your beds before the morning),—there they idly sit, with pencils nicely sharpened and ready poised. There stands the lecturer, fumbling his manuscript, and unable to say a word for the clatter.

It is the voice that we are awaiting with such nervous expectancy; for ever this most ethereal, evanescent part seems most essential and characteristic.

At last there is a lull, and the lecturer begins:—

"Mr. Chairman,—My friends."

"Friends" indeed, glorious Tom Brown!—Thomas Hughes, Esq.," we should say, in the language of Mr. Borden, who has just so fittingly introduced him,—friends indeed, and of old. Have we not been together in many a lark at Rugby and Oxford; have we not seen how bravely you stood by as in our struggle for life; have you not won again our hearts by your splendid championship of labor and true manliness everywhere; ay, and have you not just come from a rousing game of ball with our boys at Cornell? Friends indeed, dear fellow,—(clap, slap, clap; stamp, stamp, stamp),—accept the homage of our hands and heels! and please remember that this is a "truly representative" racket—thanks to the Mercantile Library Association. The clergymen, and judges, and statesmen, and distinguished editors and philanthropists at your rear are applauding, to be sure, but their noise is as nothing to that of the kid-gloves in front—kid-gloves, bear in mind, covering hands that have learned to handle rifles and caisson-wheels; and the noise of these is as nothing to that of the ungloved clerks and 'prentice-boys who have proudly brought their girls to see Tom Hughes, and occupy "reserved seats," at fifty cents a ticket.

The voice is not unlike our own "silver-tongued" Phillips's in tone, if less distinct and full;—the manner quiet, somewhat colloquial, though seldom is the eye lifted freely from the written word. The lecture itself—scattered next day, *verbatim*, by the press all over the country, who has not read it? What conscientious laborer or capitalist has not weighed its kind-

ly counsels; above all, its forceful appeal for liberty for every man to work on his own terms, in his own way?

Yet through all this talk of "Labor and Wealth," of co-operation and capital, why is it that our thoughts keep running far off to Tom Brown at the tomb of Arnold? to Tom and Mary, a little later:

"And on her lover's arm she leant,  
And round her waist she felt it fold;  
And so across the hills they went,  
In that new world which is the old."

"I wish distinguished men wouldn't dress so well," whispered Theodosia.

"Do you want a man to wear his wrapper and slippers on the platform?"

"O, no! it's all right; but —"

And so there is always a "but." We heard that same "but" of Theodosia's the night of the Dickens reading.

And this is the reason we look with dim eyes, to-night, at that dapper figure, with the little bouquet on the left lapel, and the little red reading-stand to which the light is fastened. The two Englishmen are not alike at all, in feature; but there is a suggestion in the dress and red-cushioned stand that brought our hearts into our throats with a jump. And the farewell words, so hearty, so tender—how strangely they run together and mix themselves in our memories with those of the dead.

"AND I will drink *your* good health, and your family's; and may you all live long and prosper!"

He bows his white head, the curtain falls; there is a rustling and a shuffling all over the house; we button our coats and are moved along with the crowd—we hardly know whither.

Stop! How can we go away and leave the old man there! Will he be cared for tenderly? Will they see that he never wanders off again and gets lost in the mountains? will they keep that accursed bottle away from him?

"Have a coach! Have a coach, sir! Accommodate you reasonably, sir! Ride right down to the ferry, sir!"

We rouse, as from a dream—and here we are on the thronged side-walk—out in the cool, crisp night!

Is it then all paint and padding, all canvas and clap-trap, all art and seeming! Rip Van Winkle, the rollicking, witty, good-natured good-for-naught—selfish, cruel, tantalizing, yet sweet and lovable through all; the dog Schneider; the broomstick; the yolly fellows; the big score on the tavern shutter; the bag of gold; the dance on the green; the schweearing off, and the not counting it this time; that wonderful drunken scene; the final, fearful giving way of all forbearance—when the light grows dim in the room and those terrible words are spoken: "Begone, you drunkard! Out you sot! Henceforth you have no part in me or mine!" when his voice, suddenly sobering,



answers out of the silence—in that weird, heart-breaking monotone—"Why, Gretchen! will you,—will you turn me out of your house like a dog!—You are right; it is your house; it is not mine.—I will go. Gretchen! after what you have said to me, I can never darken your door again;" that eloquent gesture as he points to his child lying on the floor between them; Gretchen's agonized, repentant cries as he rushes out into the rain and lightning; that witty, awful colloquy with Hendrick Hudson's ghost; the fatal draught; the odd, rheumatic awakening, "on top of the Catskill Mountain, as sure as a gun!" the old man's perplexed wandering through the transformed village; the queer, pathetic mystification about his own identity; and the final quick mastery of himself and of the situation when he flings back upon Derrick that magnificent "Give him a cold potato and let him go!"

Is it all paint, and canvas, and clap-trap? Is it all unreal? No, no, no! It is true as truth, real as life, deep as humanity! And the lesson—for there is a lesson—what is it? Only that wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging?—that it "brings a man to rags, and hunger, and want—(is dere any more dere in dat glass?)"—"for when de tirst is on me I believe I would part wid my leg for a glass of liquor; and when dat is in me I would part wid my whole body, limb by limb, for de rest of de bottle!" It is this, and it is more than this: that Gretchen's way of dealing with Rip is not the true way. The true way, alas! who may tell?

And yet there are "Rips" off as well as on the stage, and you and we may be learning how to save them,—through the pitiful God only knows what trial and agony.

A FAULTLESS face; a lithe graceful figure, in sombre garments; a woman subdued enough at times, but given to somewhat terrific apostrophes before family portraits,—with a tendency to violent soliloquies and dramatic paroxysms generally,—this is Marie Seebach, the German tragedienne, in the rôle of "Zhanare;" but this is not, no, it is not, our own Jane Eyre! Not that Seebach fails to be great in this play—as she is in everything she undertakes—but that she is not Jane Eyre, and never can be, because it would require a genius of as subtle and unique quality as that of Charlotte Brontë herself to present this character on the stage as she has presented it in her book.

The inexplicable influence that makes a charmed circle about every one of the chief creations of Charlotte Brontë cannot be caught by any trick of acting, cannot be acquired by any howsoever conscientious study. It is very true that Shakespeare's Hamlet is never seen upon the stage; but the prevailing school is still more unfavorable to the development of a dramatic Jane Eyre—some one who would not act, but *be* the character, just as Jefferson does not act, but *is* Rip Van Winkle.

Let us give full praise to Seebach for her powerful, lightning-like rendition of her peculiar conception of the character. Even if the veritable Jane—that quaint, demure, homely, intense little body that has won the heart of the world—were herself upon the stage, what could she do with such a Rochester! How could she be herself, with the very point and plot of her tragedy precisely eliminated! Think of Aunt Reed and Georgiana turning up, with perfect complaisance, at Thornfield Hall, the honored guests of its lord! Think of the story without a hint of that scene in the little country church, when the bridegroom "moved slightly, as if an earthquake had passed under his feet"! Imagine the mysterious prisoner up-stairs, the wife, not of the master, but of his dead brother!—the which being frankly explained, and the reported engagement with Georgiana (!) denied, Jane, in strict accordance with the printed directions in the book of the play, "throws herself into his arms," exclaiming, "Oh, Rowland, my lord, my love, I am thine;" whereunto Rochester makes fitting response: "And shall be forever;" and the curtain goes down amid thunders of applause.

FROM over the sea, and from one who knows, comes to the Old Cabinet this friendly letter, telling "the true story" of the flight of the Empress Eugénie. What a mockery sounds the title now!—yet somehow we think the royal lady counts more subjects to-day than ever in all her life before:

"You have read that the Empress made her escape assisted by M. de Lesseps, of Suez fame. Substitute for this gentleman our friend Dr. Evans, and you have the beginning of the truth. I must give you the facts of this remarkable flight. The proclamation of the Republic followed closely upon the surrender of the Emperor at Sedan. The Empress, who had borne up against every misfortune with perfect heroism, was at the Tuileries. Prince Metternich and Count Nigra were in attendance, and Gen. Trochu had himself given her assurance of his personal protection, saying, 'No one shall touch you till they have passed over my dead body.' When, however, the mob came surging into the Tuileries, the Empress, accompanied by Madame le Breton (who is a sister of Gen. Bourbaki), left the palace by a side door. As they were entering a *voiture de place*, a gamin who stood near cried out, 'Voilà l'Impératrice!' Madame le Breton hurried the driver away in great trepidation, lest they should be recognized and followed by the mob.

"Arrived at a secluded street, and fearing that the driver of the cab knew them, they left the *voiture*, paid the cabman his fare, and, after walking on for some time, took another, and drove directly to the house of Dr. Evans, in the Avenue de l'Impératrice. While they were waiting they were several times accosted by people with cries of 'Vive la Nation!' 'Vive la France!' etc., spoken into their very faces, to all which Madame le Breton responded with such perfect address that they were not suspected.

"The Doctor was not at home, and Mrs. Evans had been for some time at Deauville—the well-known watering-place near Havre. The two strangers—the Empress deeply veiled—'wished to see the Doctor, and would await his return.' They were shown into the library. At the usual hour the Doctor returned, and was informed of the presence of his two visitors. He entered his library and found, to his amazement, the Empress! Excusing himself to a company of gentlemen invited to dinner, on the ground of having received sudden and important news, he at once, with that fertility of invention which is so characteristic of him, began to arrange a plan with the Empress for her escape from France. The Doctor's carriage was at her disposition. It was, however, imprudent to pass the gates at night, as it might awake suspicion, and so her Majesty passed this first night beneath his roof. At four in the morning the party started for St. Germain. They passed the gates unchallenged. The Empress was to be known as Mrs. Stewart, a 'very great invalid,' whose health was so delicate that she could not travel by train, and who actually was sometimes obliged to be lifted from the carriage. Madame le Breton was her sister, and the Doctor and the person with him were medical attendants. Nothing could have succeeded better. As they were fearful that telegrams might have been sent to the railway stations and larger towns, they avoided both as far as possible, keeping to the villages.

"Frequent relays of horses were had as they continued the journey toward the sea. They travelled the first day until midnight, when they stopped at a small inn. There was but one spare room, with two beds in it. 'Why, we are all brothers and sisters,' said the Empress, 'and we must have two rooms.' At length this was arranged. By noon the next day the party reached Deauville. Mrs. Evans was first advised of her august visitor, and in a few moments the Empress entered the apartment. Wearing and exhausted with anxiety and the journey, she sank into a chair, exclaiming, 'Merci Dieu, sauvé!' 'Thank God, saved!'

"That afternoon the yacht of Sir John Burgoyne was secured to convey her to England, and it was arranged that the party should go on board at midnight. By marvellous good fortune her crossing the Casino ground and entry to the hotel had not been observed, so that no one in the house suspected her presence there. After a refreshing sleep she was taken to the yacht, which sailed early the next morning for England. Here a new danger assailed them; they were twenty hours in a violent storm, all believing that the end

had now come, as the yacht was not fit for such work. The calmness of the Empress never forsook her. At last they reached the English shore. The Empress then learned for the first time that her son was in England, and the reunion of mother and child took place. After a few days' sojourn at Hastings a suitable villa was found at Chiselhurst, where she now lives.

"There were several incidents during the flight, which will, I think, interest you. The ladies will be glad to know that she was dressed in a plain black silk black merino polonaise, and jaunty black felt hat, with a graceful little plume on one side. Of course it would not be possible for the Empress to dress unbecomingly under any circumstances. During all this anxiety and fatigue her presence of mind never forsook her, and during all her nobleness of character was most apparent. Safe at Deauville, her mind was released from its constant tension of anxiety, and she recounted the amusing incidents of the journey with the greatest good humor, laughing most heartily at her successful impersonation of the English invalid, her extreme weakness in descending from the carriage, and the very great difficulty they had in getting her up-stairs at the little country inn. Observing some photographs upon the mantle, she took out one of her son, the Prince Imperial, which she had hardly allowed herself to look at during the terrible weeks that had passed. Only at this time did her feelings give way. 'O my poor husband, and my poor boy! What will become of them?' she said, and burst into a flood of tears. She always spoke of the Emperor as 'my husband.' The anxious days and sleepless nights which had been hers for the past few weeks have left a sensible impression upon her face. Her departure had been so sudden that she had taken nothing with her, and Mrs. Evans supplied her wants from her own wardrobe. As she was about to recline upon the bed which Mrs. Evans had arranged for her, she stopped to admire the pillow which her friend had provided, and remarked, 'How pretty it is—it's too nice.' In all these little incidents she manifested the most perfect simplicity and sweetness of character, embracing Mrs. Evans most heartily on taking leave of her.

"The war still goes on," says the letter, "and we see no prospect of its cessation. Jules Favre dare not make peace even if he would. It seems to be necessary that every Frenchman should be personally whipped before he will consent to an ending of the war."

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS ABROAD.

LONDON, OCT. 27, 1870.

PROMISE, rather than performance, is still the ruling characteristic of the English publishing trade. An unquestionable revival of confidence, however, is undoubtedly taking place; the monotony of mere newspaper reading begins to pall with every one; there is again a disposition to entertain other subjects than the wearying war, whose horrors are unfortunately not mitigated in the least. They are still tremendous enough to absorb every feeling, did not the mind instinctively turn for relief to less afflicting scenes. Nothing as yet lightens the prospect before the doomed city of Paris, and the fate of the Strasburg Library is a fearful example of the pitiless treatment dealt out by War to Literature. As far as known, there has been less transference of book and fine art property from Paris to London, either for safety or for realization, than might have been expected. The stocks of one or two of the old booksellers were brought over, and will help to feed the London auctions during the coming season; but property of that nature is not very portable, and people kept on hoping until it was too late. Some fine pictures have no doubt found their way here, and it is worthy of remark that we learn, on the authority of the most competent judge, Mr. Emanuel (whose work on *Precious Stones* is the standard hand-book of the science), that, within a few weeks, diamonds have fallen in value thirty per cent., owing to the great quantity offering in the London market by the refugees from France. Educational literature already suffers from an impossibility of procuring the usual supply of French books constantly wanted for school purposes, while higher class works are equally unattainable. This derangement in the book trade can be but a very small sample of the inconvenience and suffering experienced in every branch of commerce through a state of things so unexampled and distressing.

The list of illustrated and embellished books prepared for the coming Christmas season is scarcely so extensive as usual. One of the finest works expected is *The Raphael Gallery*, a series of large-sized reproductions of his finest paintings, in a handsome volume, small folio. A similar collection of portraits by Titian, containing some of his finest heads, is also promised. *The Birth and Childhood of Our Lord*, meditations selected from eminent writers, with photographs from the great works of Leo. da Vinci, Murillo, Fra Bartolommeo, Ary Scheffer, etc., in small 4to, is a charming and elegant volume, sure of a wide popularity. *Floral Emblems, or the Seasons of Life, Prose and Verse, with Colored Illustrations*, in imperial 8vo, also appeals to the most universal of sentiments. Of a more pronounced fine art character are, *The Wonders of Painting*, by M. Viardot,—Spanish, French, English, and Flemish schools,—with beautiful autotype and wood-cut illustrations, uniform with the volume on *Italian Art*, brought out by the

same author last year, and *Wonders of Engraving*, by M. George Duplessis, one of the first French connoisseurs and fine-art critics. This work covers ground unoccupied by any previous English book, containing a historical account of the art from its discovery, and of its perfection and practice by great masters in the various countries of Europe; while the different stages of engraving are illustrated by reproductions of choice and rare prints from the earliest times to the nineteenth century. *English Painters of the Present Day*, autotype illustrations from drawings by Bunce Jones, Watts, Madox Brown, Calderon, etc., and *The Unknown River, an Etcher's Voyage of Discovery*, by P. G. Hamerton, are also among the works announced, though from the late period of issue, in England, of similar books, there is always some uncertainty as to whether they will be received in the United States sufficiently early for Christmas purposes. One or two other embellished books may be mentioned. The curiosity excited this spring by the performance of the famous *Mystery* at Ober Ammergau, in the Tyrolean Mountains, will be fully gratified by a beautiful volume entitled *Art in the Mountains, The Story of the Passion Play*, by Mr. Henry Blackburn, with numerous illustrations. A charming paper by Dean Stanley, comprised in his new volume, *Essays on Questions of Church and State*, contains one of the best accounts of this remarkable scene, when the mediæval "days of faith" seem revived and brought into contact with the indifference of the present day. The embellishments in Mr. Blackburn's volume include many taken from photographs of the actors, and reproduce vividly the characters of the sacred drama, with its startling boldness of personation. A lady whose services to the fine arts and virtue bid fair to rival those of Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Bury Palliser, author of the elegant *History of Lace*, and editor of Marryatt on *China and Porcelain*, has been fortunate enough to find a subject entirely new to English books of art for her recent work. It is called *Historic Devices, Badges, and War Cries*, and treats of matters interesting in many points of view—biographical, historical, pictorial, etc. "Devices" (as our authors explain) became general in the 14th century, and attained their full development in Italy, where almost every historical character (especially ladies) assumed them. The "device," with its legend or motto, was an ingenious expression of the dominant feeling of the wearer in love or war, arts or politics, and generally partook of the nature of an emblem, containing a hidden meaning, personal to its owner. The object of the "badge" was publicity, granted by the sovereign or adopted by a noble family from some remarkable achievement or event. It was universally displayed and became synonymous with its wearer, as, for example, "The rampant Bear chained to the ragged staff" of Warwick; the Tudor "Rose;" "the

Blanc Lion" of Norfolk, etc. All those connected with the most interesting associations of feudal history are explained by Mrs. Palliser and figured in 300 illustrations from Italian, Renaissance, and Mediæval art. She remarks: "It is astonishing, in this age of heraldic stationery, that badges have not come into favor. They are surely more interesting, and more suitable for decorating writing paper than the *tortured monograms* of the present time." It may be urged, however, that the badge implies individuality, and was formerly assumed for purposes of distinction, while *now* it is the aim of each person to appear like every one else, and to vie in a slavish submission to the ruling fashion of the hour. Mr. T. Mitchell's *Rudimentary Manual of Architecture* is so prettily illustrated that it deserves mention as an embellished book as well as a work of instruction. The writer's aim has been to bring the subject within the reach of amateurs (who would be frightened at a heavy technical treatise) and the preliminary education of the student. It is comprehensive in plan, including Ancient, Middle Age, and Renaissance architecture, with all the necessary drawings and elucidation required by any one commencing the study.

Belles Lettres and Rare Literature are scarcely so well supported, though Science is active, and many important works remain for future notice in each department. Nothing of an immediately sensational character is expected, except, perhaps, the new edition of *Lothair*, complete in one volume, "with a portrait of the author, on steel, forming the first of a collected and revised edition of the Novels and Tales of the Rt. Hon. B. Disraeli; with a new General Preface." The forthcoming *Life of Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston*, by Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, will have great attractions, but chiefly local and for England. The extracts from Lord Palmerston's diaries and letters are numerous; they abound in sharp and clear etchings of his political contemporaries, and their sayings and doings. It gives a faithful picture of the man who, without deep convictions, or settled purpose,—without party support, and even without an intimate friend,—in a careless age, carelessly conducted the public service by force of unflinching good humor, regular habits of business, and great industry and executive ability. The two volumes now issued form only the first half of the memoir.

### BOOKS AND AUTHORS AT HOME.

It is hard to estimate the force or direction of lying currents while you are floating about on them. Since our first number went out on its adventurous voyage, the "fall trade" has given us books without number. As usual of late years, theology has had the best of it. The prevailing supposition that theology is the one subject in which people are not interested is the reverse of true. It is the one thing in which more people are interested than in any other. Our poets write theology. Our novels are theological in their beginning, and frequently have a theological catastrophe. Even statesmen cannot write without treating theology. And the opening of the book season shows no diminution in the tendency. We have not yet this fall had any poem of consequence, and we do not remember any first-rate novel. For there are novels and novels. While the one class always abounds, the other is as rare as a first-rate work of art in any other department. The issues of the last month have given us an unusual number of books made up of papers on various topics.

#### PROSE ESSAYS.

Mr. Froude's rank as a historian is no longer a matter of question. And it is probable that it is for his reputation as a historian that he chiefly cares. But the *Short Studies on Great Subjects* is such a volume of essays as has not appeared in the English language in a generation. There is none of the airy gracefulness of style and delicate pungency of flavor that are so characteristic of Matthew Arnold. But Froude is not a man to seek refinements. The re-

markable feature of these most remarkable essays is that indicated by their titles. They grapple with great subjects. And in every case it is with the very core of the question that our author deals. When Matthew Arnold writes of Homer, it is of incidental and outside things, of the metre and of the translation. Like a refined apostle of culture that he is, he is listening always for the rhythm of the song and criticizing the manner of the minstrel. Not so Froude. Out of Homer he reads history, and finds for us a wonderful picture of human life in Greece before the age of writing, a millennium before Christ. And in the very first essay—the one on the Science of History—he incidentally points out in a sentence or two the supreme excellence of Shakespeare and Homer as we have never seen it indicated before. We do not hesitate to say that criticism has produced no finer generalizations than these. Notwithstanding the strength with which he throws himself on one side of a controversy at times, Mr. Froude is judicial, impartial, honest, and utterly fearless. Most readers will be impatient of that which is without doubt the best of his characteristics. We mean his inconclusiveness. It is a popular demand that every writer shall believe himself a pope. That Froude will not be. He comprehends too much to feel absolutely certain, and on the greatest questions he sums up the evidence with admirable acumen and justice, and then leaves his readers and himself to wait, like honest men, in doubt.

If Froude's essays are nearly perfect in the philosophical treatment of great subjects, Arthur Helps's

*Companions of my Solitude* (Roberts Brothers) are equally wise in dealing not so much with the history of nations, or races, or religions, but with the history of individuals, and chiefly that which lies within. Fortunately, these essays have but little of the conversational form that has driven so many readers away from Mr. Helps's previous books, for an essay in the form of a conversation is as stiff and conventional as a novel in the form of Epistles from Amanda to Belinda. We are happily well-nigh done with both these fashions. In their very essence Mr. Helps's essays are wisdom. They have all the quietness, simplicity, and confidential egotism that one loves in Lamb. But they are very different from Lamb. Elia is always witty, and often wise. Helps is always wise, and often witty. Such a repertory of surprisingly wise and witty sayings (witty in the best and most serious sense) is this book, that we could fill pages with detached sentences, every one pregnant with truth well put.

Among the most bitingly severe of satires is the series of articles entitled *Modern Women, and What is said of Them*, reprinted from the *Saturday Review* (J. S. Redfield). The first series attracted much attention two years ago, and the present is not a particle less sharp, not a bit less truthful to life in its photographs of certain varieties of womankind, and not a whit less unjust and uncharitable in many of its judgments. Since the *Potiphar Papers*, so keen a satire on the "best society" has not appeared, as some of these papers. The very epithets are sometimes capital in themselves. When the writer defines the class that he intends to describe as "Hawk Widows," three-fourths of the description is written with a stroke. And even when he heads an article "Bored Husbands," it is half done. But all talk about women in this strain is an indelicacy and an abomination. In many passages, too, the book is thoroughly cruel.

#### SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

If we except Mr. Lewes, none of the English scientific men have been given to flying in the face of popular opinion and prejudice so combatively as Professor Huxley. In the division and subdivision of intellectual labor, which is more and more prevalent and which brings forth such excellent results, there must ever inhere this difficulty: As each laborer in a special department approaches the central truths of philosophy, he will be inclined to believe the view which he gets of these principles from his own standpoint the complete vision of truth, and if he be combative he will wish to force it on others. The very singleness of sight which occasions this illiberality has its use. If Huxley expects too much of protoplasm and an education in natural history, we can forgive it in view of the results which he has achieved. In the eyes of our author natural science is an all-sufficient education; it is the only philosophy; it is the practical

wisdom that he teaches to workingmen; it is the gospel of his Sunday evening sermons. When a man of Prof. Huxley's ability throws himself thus eagerly into any branch of knowledge, his preëminence cannot long be a matter of doubt. *The Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews* (Appletons) give us a better idea, perhaps, of the man and his controversies than any preceding publication.

We have at last a statement of the final result of the studies and speculations of Mr. S. Baring-Gould, in the second part of his *Origin and Development of Religious Belief*, (Appletons). To state in few words his conclusion would hardly be possible, for he himself finds it hard to state it in any one place. It is "infinite analysis infinitely synthesized," a belief that Christianity in the highest sense is the co-ordination of opposite truths, the consecration "at once of solidarity and individuality." Few works so ambitious have been undertaken, and there can be no question in regard to the value of much of Mr. Baring-Gould's contribution to theological thought, though few will follow him into his believing skepticism, his rationalistic Catholicism, his broad high-churchism.

A careful study of the life of Jesus Christ, from the author's peculiar stand-point, is *Jesus*, by W. H. Furness (Lippincott). It is marked throughout by refinement of feeling and clearness of thought, though one cannot but feel that Mr. Furness has no little difficulty in maintaining himself in his middle ground, accepting the historic truthfulness of the gospels and denying the supernatural element.

#### PROSE FICTION.

*The Mystery of Edwin Drood* (of which Harpers and Fields, Osgood & Co. each have an edition), fragment as it is, shows that up to the moment in which Dickens was stricken, his mental powers were as masterful as ever. Mr. Grewgious, the Angular Man, and the gentle Minor Canon, Mr. Crisparkle, will live with the best of Dickens's characters. The fragment is quite in his later style, and, though there is yet much of that minute elaboration and repetition of grotesque details that always distinguishes his works, there is less of the sort that interrupts the flow of the story, than is found even in his later novels.

*Who was She? Or, The Soldier's Best Glory* (Phila., Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger), despite its somewhat sensational title and yet more sensational subordinate title, and despite something overstrained and melodramatic in its more passionate scenes, has promise of better things. It is evidently by a young writer, who has yet to learn that unrestrained violence of passion is as far as possible from powerful writing. The faults of the book are those of immaturity. It has much real power, some of its characters are well managed, and its love-scenes are even realistic in the truthfulness of their details.



THANKSGIVING EVE.  
*An Honest Fairy Story.*

ALL in the golden Autumn  
They chased 'em and they caught 'em,  
And put 'em in a coop  
Under the kitchen stoop.  
Then a man with rusty jack-knife  
Cried: "Wait, I'll soon be back, wife;"  
And she: "You blessed fellow,  
Pick a big one and a yellow."  
And the man did  
As he was bid—  
Alack!  
Came back,  
Put it under the kitchen stoop,  
Not a foot from the noisy coop.



That night, in the moonlight gleaming,  
The coopful ceased their screaming;  
Their neighbor's yellow face  
Lit up with tearful grace,  
And she told them in their prison,  
How, ere the moon had risen,  
And the busy, bustling house  
Grown stiller than a mouse,  
She had heard—  
Upon her word—  
O sorrow!  
To-morrow—  
She didn't want to torture their feelings—  
But fancy a heap of feathers and peelings!

"Yes, naught of you but your feathers  
That have decked you in all weathers;  
And I—judge how I'll feel—  
All eaten but my peel!  
You roasted, with gravy and stuffing—  
An end to all strutting and fluffing—  
Never again to sail  
Around with outspread tail,  
Your gobble gone,  
Your hobble gone,  
And I—  
In pie!

## ETCHINGS.

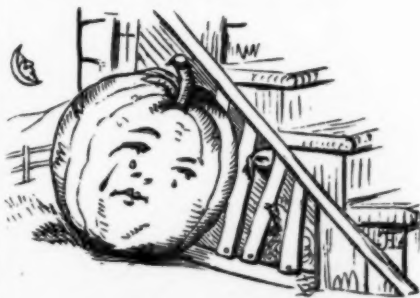
But bear up, friends. 'Tis noble living  
To end at last in man's Thanksgiving."

The heart of the night, it listened;  
The eyes of the night, they glistened,  
Its voices in their might  
Proclaimed her brave and right;  
This fruit, of summer's hoarding,  
Should have a sweet rewarding.  
So they gave her a wish  
Ere she went to her—dish.  
"I wish," cried she,  
"A coach to be!"  
And then,  
Again—  
"O make me a coach (or nothing at all),  
Like Cinderella's, that went to the ball!"

She felt that only a fairy  
Could conquer the culinary.  
Oft, in the sunny grass,  
She'd heard the children pass,  
Telling how one, with a magic hand,  
A pumpkin had turned to a coach so grand.  
And it struck her now,  
No cook knew how  
To undertake  
Coach-pie to make.  
Ah, shrewd  
As good

Was she, poor pumpkin! doomed to pie  
Should night her simple wish deny.

At this, the moonlight slowly  
Crept to the pumpkin lowly,  
And with a bright caress  
She softly whispered, "Yes;  
Thy pumpkin soul its pomp reveals;  
Soon shall thy spirit go on wheels."



Then the moonlight sped  
To a garret bed,  
And took a look  
At Anna, the cook—

"Ah! you  
Will do."

Said the moonlight, softly gliding out,  
"A capital cook beyond a doubt."



A chimney fairy beyond reproach  
Might turn a pumpkin into a coach;  
But how, alas! could Ann  
Enact so fine a plan?  
Why, by doing her best, as she did next day,  
And making her pies in her matchless way,  
Till the farmer and wife  
Had ne'er in their life,  
Nor guests asked in  
Of kith and kin,  
So tasted  
And feasted  
As they, for once more greedy than wise,  
On Ann's delicious and delicate pies.

Be happy, O pumpkin, be happy!  
'Tis night, and the household is nappy—  
Lo the powers of the moon  
Shall reward thee full soon!  
Already the fairies have conjured thy steed—  
A spirited night-mare shall answer thy need.  
Ho! pumpkin, translated,  
The sleeper is fated.  
Now low he moans,  
Now loud he groans,  
"Oh, oh,  
Whoa! whoa!"



For a big yellow coach rolls over his breast,  
And the hoofs of the night-mare are never at rest.

First through his sleep he was twirled  
In his coach all over the world;  
And he saw in deep dismay,  
How few kept Thanksgiving Day  
In Norway and Russia and France and China,  
In Africa, Greenland, and Asia Minor.  
They never once thought  
That keep it they ought—  
In countries, too,  
Where pumpkins grew,  
And life  
Was rife  
With blessings and bounties falling fast  
To cheer man's future, present, and past.

He tried to call to the sinners  
To cook their Thanksgiving dinners,  
And in frantic screech  
Their conscience to reach;  
But, alas! the coach it rattled on  
Till all the sound of his voice was gone;  
And when he jumped out  
It wheeled right about,  
And rode on *him*  
From neck to limb!  
"Oh! oh!  
Whoa! whoa!"  
The big yellow coach rolled over his breast,  
And the hoofs of the night-mare were never at rest

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM; A.D. 1870.



"THANK you—much obliged, old boy!  
Yes, it's so; report says true.  
I'm engaged to Nell Latine—  
What else could a fellow do?  
Governor was getting fierce—  
Asked me, with paternal frowns,  
When I meant to go to work,  
Take a wife, and settle down?  
Stormed at my extravagance,  
Talked of cutting off supplies—  
Fairly bullied me, you know;  
Sort of thing that I despise.  
Then he'd pause, and sip his wine;  
And remark, he'd never seen  
Any girl that pleased him more  
Than that younger Miss Latine.—

Well, you know, I lost worst way  
At the races,—Governor raged;—  
So, to sort of smooch him down,  
I went off and got engaged.



Sort of put up thing, you see,—  
All arranged with old Latine,—  
Nelly raved about it first,  
Said her 'pa was awful mean !'  
Now it's done we don't much mind—  
Tell the truth, I'm rather glad ;  
Looking at it every way,  
One must own it isn't bad,  
She's quite pretty, rather rich ;  
Mother left her quite a pile ;  
Dances, goes out everywhere ;  
Fine old family, real good style.  
Then she's good, as girls go now—  
Some idea of wrong and right,—  
Don't let every man she meets  
Kiss her on the self-same night.  
Jove ! the way some girls will act,  
Who've been out a year or two !  
Don't know what they'd blush to hear ;  
What they wouldn't say and do.—  
We don't do affection much ;  
Nell and I are real good friends ;  
'Call there often ; sit, and chat ;  
Take her 'round, and there it ends.  
*Spooning !* Well, I tried it once—  
Acted like an awful calf—

Said I *really* loved her ; then  
You should just have heard her laugh !  
Why ! she ran me for a month ;  
Teased me till she made me wince :  
'Mustn't flirt with her !' she said,  
So, I haven't done it since.—  
'T would be pleasant to be loved  
As you read about in books,—  
Mingling souls, and gentle eyes,—  
Love, and that, in all their looks ;  
Thoughts of you, and no one else ;  
Voice that has a tender ring ;  
Sacrifices made, and—well—  
You know—all that sort of thing.  
All that's worn-out talk, they say,—  
Don't see any of it now—



Spooning on your *fiancée*  
Isn't good style, anyhow.  
Just suppose that one of us,—  
Nell and me, you know,—some day  
Gets like that, on some one else,  
Might be rather awkward !—eh ?  
All in earnest, like the books—  
Wouldn't it be awful rough !  
Jove ! if I—but pshaw ! what bosh !  
Nell and I are safe enough.—  
Take place in the Spring, I think ;  
You'll be there, and wish me joy ?  
Be a groomsman, if you like ;  
Lots of fun. Good-bye, old boy."